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November 10, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

## Will Eva Cost Perón His Throne?

By JOHN LEAR

## MEN OF THE MINE SWEEPERS

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AR

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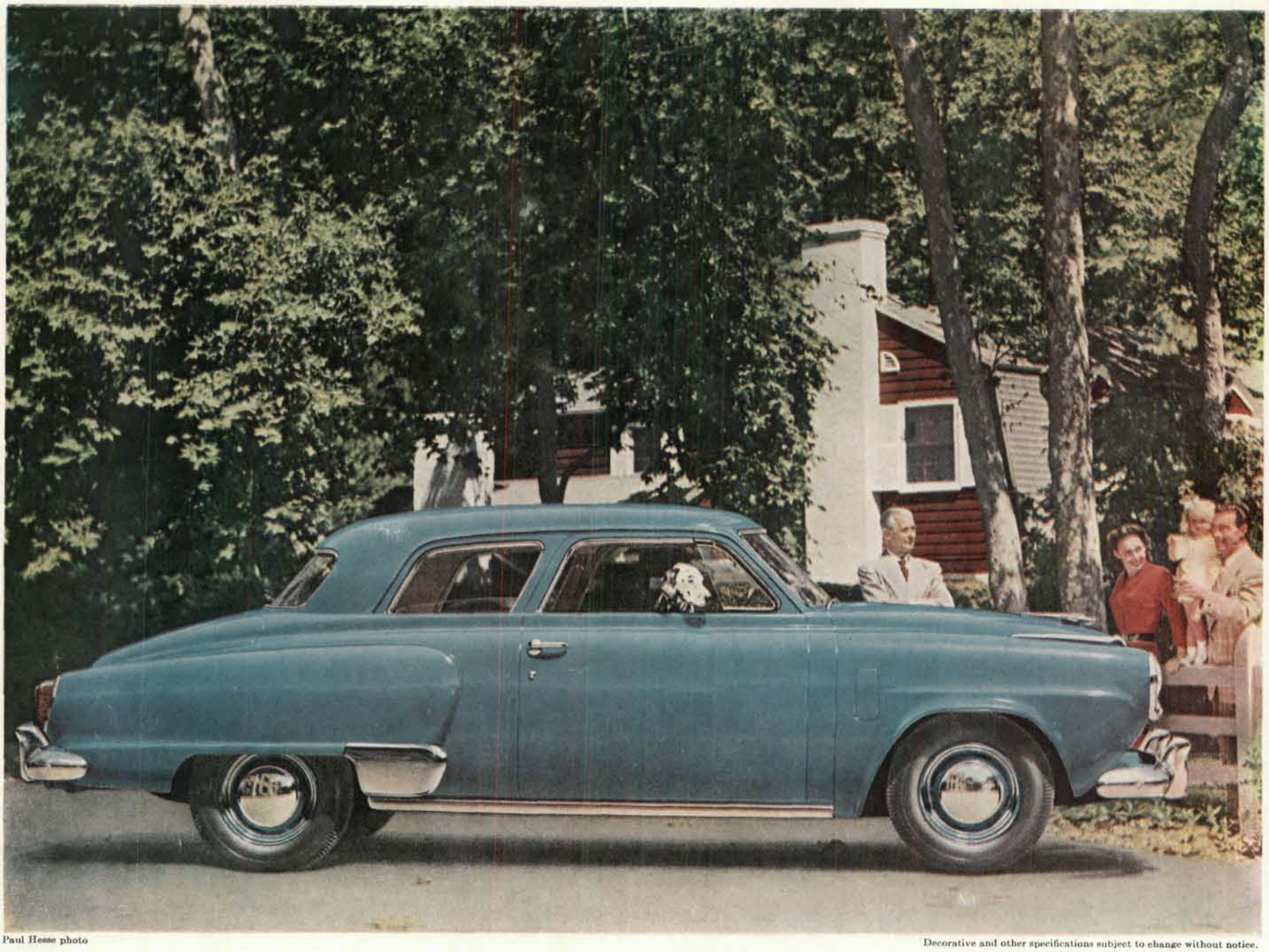

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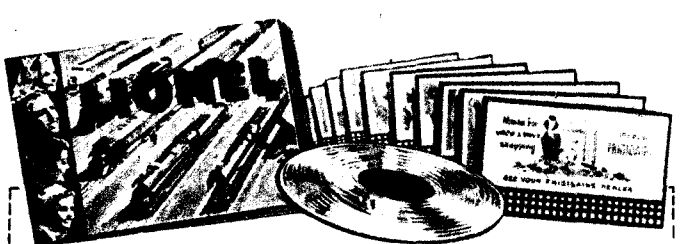


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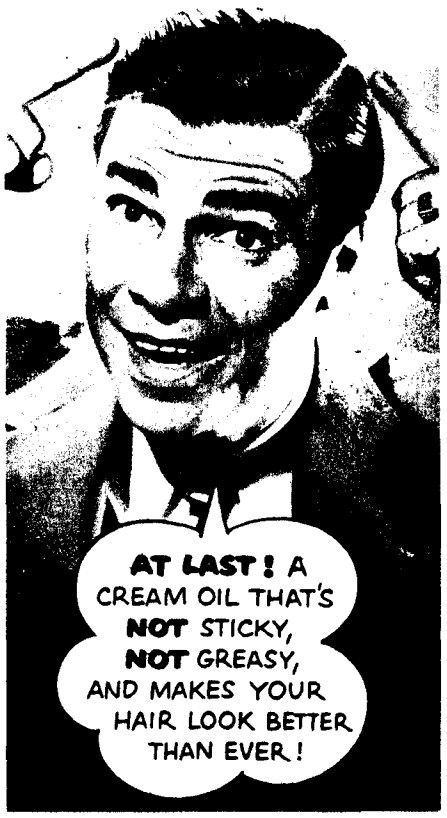


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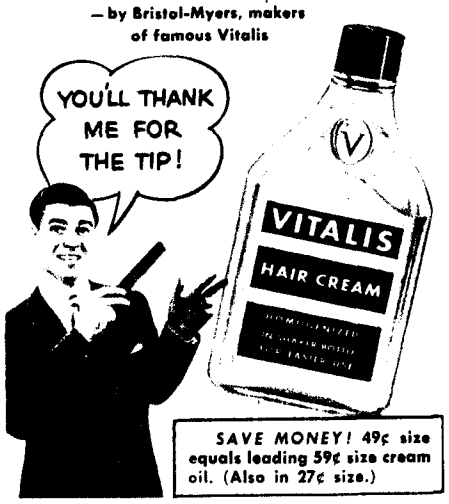




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*The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.*


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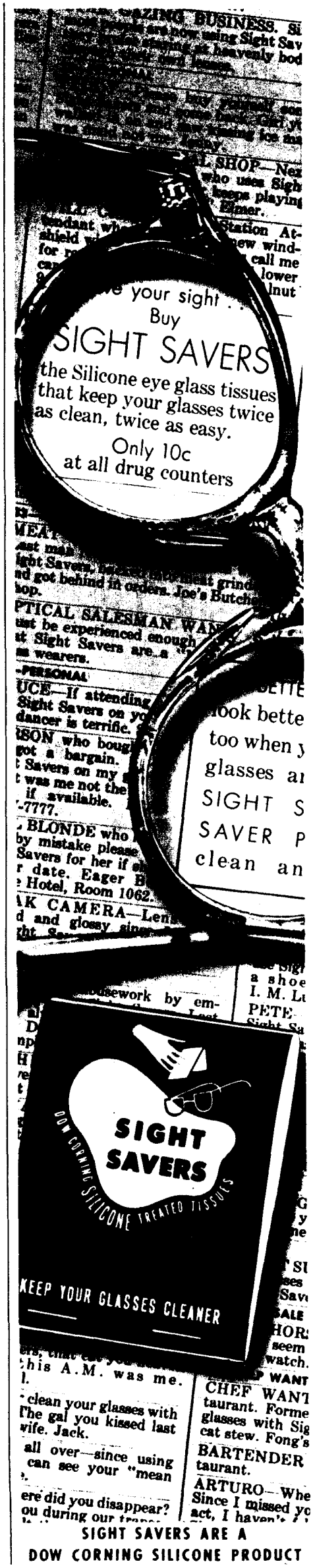
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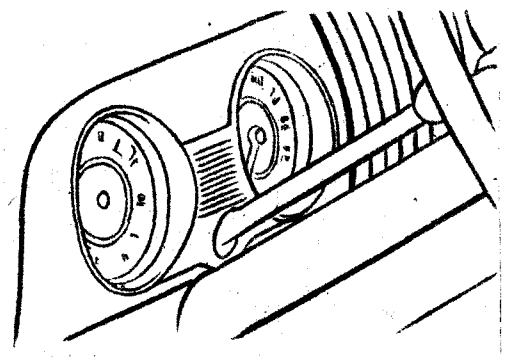

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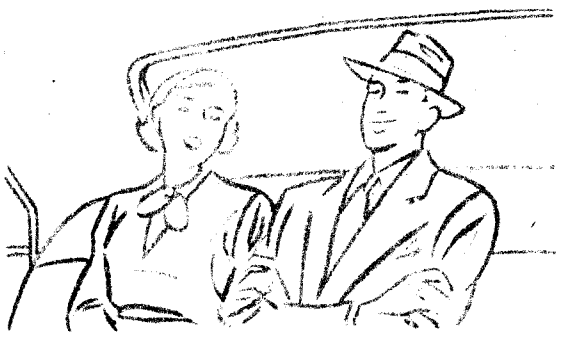

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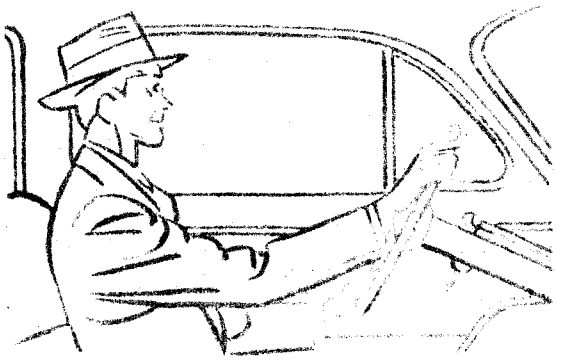

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# The Cover

This colorful autumn painting was inspired by John Sharp's amblings through the old barns in the vicinity of New Hope, Pennsylvania, where the Illinois-born and Iowa-reared artist now lives. Mr. Sharp favors Pennsylvania Dutch subjects, although he has shown his work and is currently represented in art museums from Dubuque to Manhattan, between which he can boast of several Post Office murals.

# Week's Mail

### *Churchill Admirers*

EDITOR: Having just finished John Denson's magnificent article on Churchill and His Fighting Young Men (Sept. 22d), I now almost feel as though I know him (Churchill) personally. No one else has ever been able to produce as large lumps in my throat as did Churchill in his radio speeches during the war.

Had England kept him as Prime Minister instead of experimenting with Socialism, she would not have fixed herself in the present "Slough of Despond."

MRS. C. E. LONG, Havertown, Pa.

. . . Many thanks for R. D. Taylor's splendid portrait of—and your warm article on—Winston Churchill, surely the great man of our day, and greater when history makes its consensus!

MONIQUE BAYLIN, San Francisco, Cal.

### *What's a Ballerina?*

EDITOR: Re the Week's Mail (Sept. 22d), "Volcanic Valerie" and Miss Olga Ley of Jackson Heights: horror of horrors! The American College Dictionary actually states that (1) a ballerina is "the principal female dancer in a ballet company"; (2), however, eases the situation somewhat by permitting this title to be bestowed on "any female ballet dancer."

I, for one, would like to continue to call the principal female dancer in a ballet company the "prima ballerina" and consider any of the other ladies of the group a ballerina, if she dances well enough to be part of a good ballet company.

KURT SPECK, Palisades Park, N. J.

### *Early Settlers*

EDITOR: Concerning Raymond R. Camp's article Haunt the Swale and Meadow (Sept. 22d), the first recorded attempt to introduce the English pheasant to this country was not in 1790, but about 60 years earlier, between 1728 and 1731, when New York's royal governor, Colonel John Montgomerie, put about "half a dozen couple of English pheasants on Nutten Island" (now Governors Island).

This effort was temporarily successful, for by 1733 the birds had increased and spread to nearby Long Island. In the fall of that year, Montgomerie's successor, Governor William Cosby, was instrumental in having passed a law protecting the pheasants for five years, with a penalty of 10 shillings or five days' imprisonment. Cosby himself was specifically exempted from the restrictions of the law, and could extend the privilege to any of his friends.

Protection was not enough, apparently, for there is no further record of the pheasants. That they did survive and spread for several years is recorded by Chapter 601, Colonial Laws of New York, passed November 1, 1733.

RALPH H. SMITH, Delmar, N. Y.

### *Memorable Additions*

EDITOR: Surely Helen Hayes's selection of The 10 Most Memorable Stage Performances (Sept. 22d) would have been stronger had she mentioned but one performance by the great actress who has given us Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Juliet, Candida, Antigone, Cleopatra, Saint Joan, Jennifer Dubedat, Masha, and The Constant Wife—the one and only Katharine Cornell!

THOMAS MALONEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Miss Cornell as Elizabeth Barrett in The Barretts of Wimpole Street**

. . . It may seem unfair to argue with the 10 best stage performances named by famed Helen Hayes (for 10 in itself is exceedingly narrowing) but comparing some of the choices seems to be quite strange when Judith Anderson, from The Dove, with Holbrook Blinn, to The Old Maid to Medea; George M. Cohan in The Song and Dance Man, or Ah, Wilderness! are omitted. As a matter of fact, did not TV's "man against crime," Ralph Bellamy, come close to hallowed company last season as Detective McLeod in Detective Story? How about the other side of the footlights being chosen say by a warmhearted Broadway Boswell like Ward Morehouse?

C. E. PHARES, New York, N. Y.

**Judith Anderson as Lady Macbeth**

**As Helen Hayes explains in her article, "This is simply a list of portrayals that have seemed memorable to me—not necessarily the *greatest* I have seen, but the ones that stand out most brightly in my memory." Miss Hayes's choices are, in many cases, highly personal, and the fact that she had to confine herself to 10 performances out of a lifetime of theatergoing necessarily meant leaving out many that, in her opinion, were equally fine.**

### *Fear, Fanaticism and Leadership*

EDITOR: Your editorial It Doesn't Make Sense (Sept. 22d) is very good, in so far

*(Continued on page 65)*



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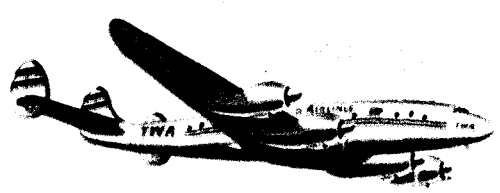
OVER THE RIVERS AND OVER THE WOODS

# to Grandmother's house we go

There's a new road now to an old tradition. It's the TWA *high* way home for Thanksgiving. And what a blessing it is to families separated by too many rivers and too many woods . . . and *so* many years! If you've let distance and lack of time keep *you* away too long, try traveling this high way. Find out how TWA can make it very *near* to someone dear —for even an *ocean* apart is only hours apart . . . by Skyliner!

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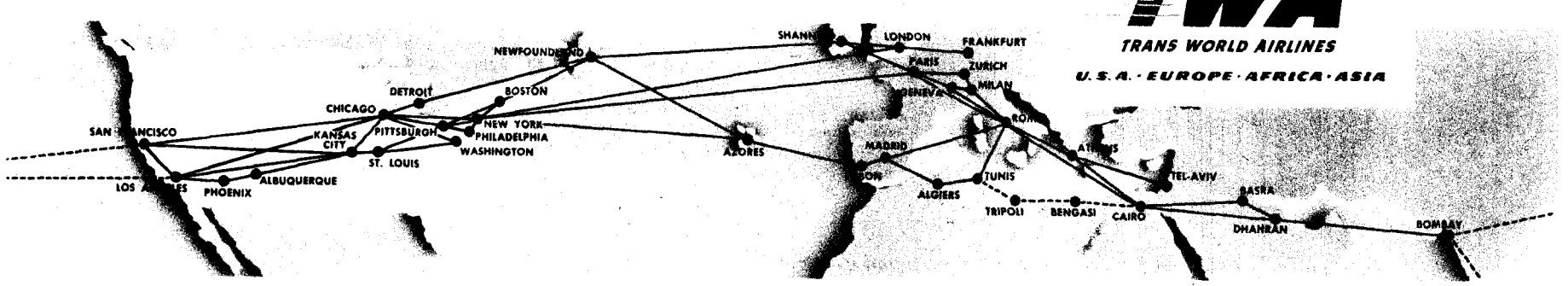


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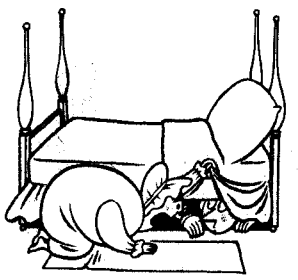
# 48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We've just heard about a lady in Muncie, Indiana, who, according to Mr. Fred A. Binder, Jr., found a stranger lurking under her bed. The real reason we're passing this story along, folks, is that it's a nice lesson



in perseverance. The lady told the cops, as they lugged the fellow off, that she had looked under her bed every night for the past twenty-five years.

★ ★ ★

And now, with proper solemnity, we report that Mr. Camp (Sh-h-h-h) Lorfinger has passed away at the age of ninety-two. Mr. Lorfinger was a bachelor and frequently boasted to his friend, Mr. Junius Morrell Simpson, of Ishpeming, Michigan—our man on the upper peninsula, by the way—that he had "neither kith nor kin worth noticing." Every July, with the arrival of the first summer vacationist, tourist or camper, Mr. Lorfinger would vanish—take to the deep woods and there abide in a cave which even his friend Mr. Simpson could not locate. When the first cold autumnal nights arrived and the summer folk retreated, Mr. Lorfinger would emerge from his mysterious hibernation, creep silently to Mr. Simpson's back door, knock gently and with his finger to his lips, whisper: "Sh-h-h-h. Have they gone?" Assured that it was indeed so, Mr. Lorfinger would heave a great sigh and return to the world for the winter and spring. But, in the end, came the meeting even he could not avoid.

★ ★ ★

Comes a report from Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bridgewater, of Brattleboro, Vermont. Among the memory-stuffing sights they saw as they toured the South this fall was what was left of the last of America's Utopian colonies—Newllano (or Llano) near Leesville, Louisiana. A few dilapidated buildings are all that remain of what Job Harriman, the dream-dazed Socialist from California, set up forty years ago as an escape hatch. Through it, he and his starry-eyed followers hoped to leave a world which saddened them and live like Homer's lotus eaters, in a place "where it was always afternoon." Of course, it went the way of its Utopian predecessors—Robert Dale Owen's New Harmony in Indiana, Frances Wright's Nashoba in Tennessee, Etienne Cabet's Icaria in Texas and the Fourierist Phalanx Colony in Monmouth County, New Jersey. It was in the latter suburb of never-never land that little more worthy of the name of food than a baked turnip was permitted to appear upon the table, except on Thanksgiving. We remember meeting an aged survivor of the Phalanx years ago. He said: "For dessert we usually smelled a flower."

★ ★ ★

A message from Mrs. L. Kenworthy, of Pocatello, Idaho, has us peering into the future. Mrs. Kenworthy is disturbed by the news that in a reasonably short time the highways of our country will be filled with jet-propelled vehicles. Mrs. Kenworthy is wondering what will happen if these jet-propelled jobs collide. We have answered her: "Nothing." There will be nothing left to happen, Mrs. Kenworthy. Just a collision and then—nothing. No riders, no debris, no clanging ambulances, no inquiring cops, no wrecking cars—nothing. Don't mention it, Mrs. Kenworthy. Wish all our problems were as simple.

★ ★ ★

And we're not alone in this crystal gazing. Mr. Altus O'Hare, of Clovis, New Mexico, caught a couple of guys at it. Overheard their conversation. Said the guy wearing torn Levi's: "Hear about this here rocket to the moon? Sixty thousand miles an hour." Said the guy with the beard: "Yeah? How do you get back?" Said the guy wearing torn Levi's: "Who the hell wants to come back?"

★ ★ ★

Collier's Bill (Fire-a-Round) Stapleton, who has been going around the world so much that we have to set bear traps when we want a word with him, is the victim of a story title. (Try to contain yourselves. We shall explain in a moment.) Last February, we ran a picture story of an American artillery battery in Korea, photographed and reported by Mr. Stapleton just before leaving the Orient for a Stateside rest. The story title read: Fire a Round for Collier's. Not too long ago the ubiquitous Stape dropped in at a Hong Kong bar and was vociferously greeted by war correspondents who'd known him in Korea with: "Fire a round for Collier's." Whereupon the barkeep set them up for the entire house and handed Stape the check. Same thing happened at the Tokyo Press Club. (See expense account.) When, again, Mr. Stapleton asked the Navy for permission to shoot a few pictures of mine sweepers in Korean waters, it was granted thus: "Bill Stapleton coming down. Sweep a mine for Collier's." Stape figures he's going to have to live with this thing the rest of his life. Incidentally, you'll find those mine sweep pictures in this issue. Just turn a few pages for Collier's.

★ ★ ★

Now here's a lady who influences more easily than we think healthy. She bought a new hat—a new idea in hats, in fact. It is an umbrella hat. When the weather is

LOWELL HESS

fine, it looks like any other hat, a fact which you may carry on from there. If it's raining, she has merely to blow into a valve in the hat's brim. The brim, being pneumatic, is designed to expand then to umbrella proportions. Thrice she was caught in a sudden shower, stepped into a convenient doorway, blew up her hat and stepped out only to find that it had stopped raining. But the third time, having inflated her umbrella hat

*(Continued on page 65)*



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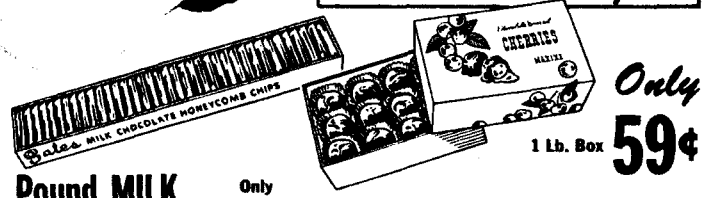


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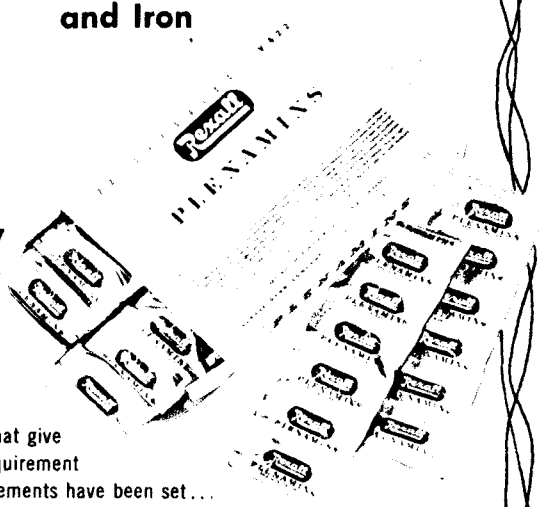


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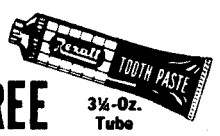


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**Rexall Cascara Aromatic,** fluid extract, 2 oz., **49¢**
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**Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape,** less irritating, sticks better; waterproof, ½" x 5 yd. ... **20¢**
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**Rexall Polydrops,** baby's vitamin concentrate; just mix with formula, milk, juices, 10 cc, **81¢**
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**Rexall Deluxe Tooth Brush,** assorted styles, **59¢**
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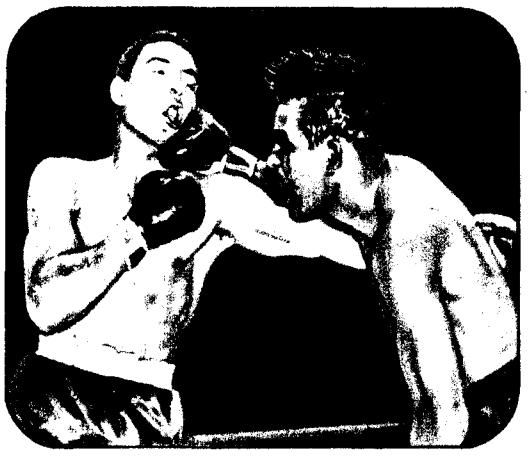

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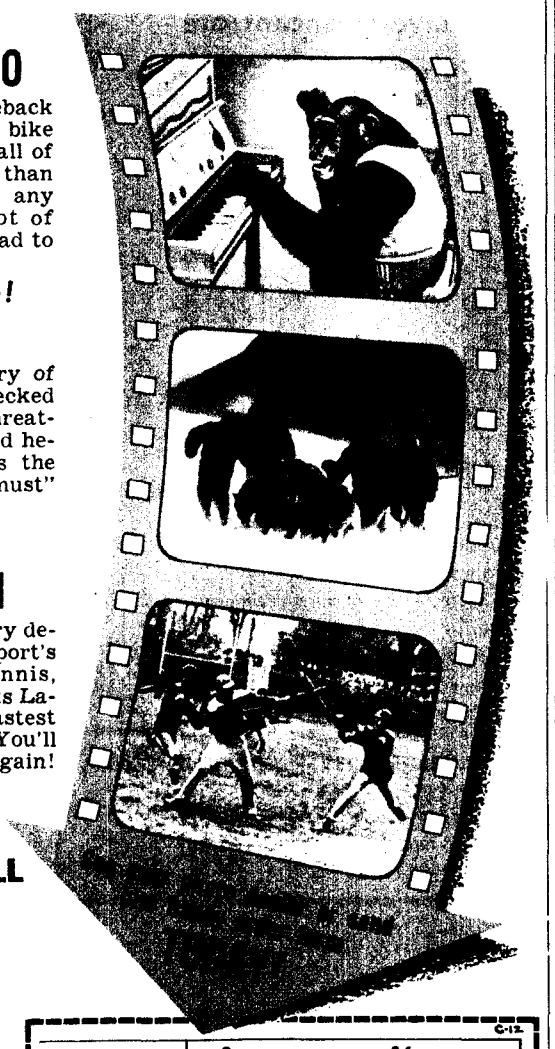

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# *Daddy, Buy Me A Hoover Dam*

By SAMUEL KURTZMAN

**I thought he was exaggerating, but he wasn't**

WHEN I started out to buy a birthday present for my four-year-old son I had no idea that I would wind up with a plan for a million-dollar business.

My boy gave me specific instructions to get him a hook and ladder that worked with gears and duplicated every move and detail of the real thing. Knowing how a child's imagination exaggerates, I felt sheepish when I repeated the specifications to the salesman.

But the man knew exactly what I meant and led me to a fire engine that not only was shaped, colored and lettered authentically, had real tires and a ladder that extended fully to the ceiling of the store, it even had a red light that lighted up and a siren that shrieked.

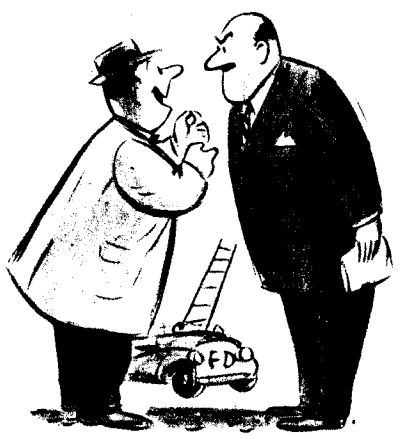
The fact that the toy was priced at $52.50 didn't seem to bother the salesman. In fact, he frowned at my old-fashioned belief that a toy should be something with a spring that you wind up and costs only a couple of bucks.

This is the toys-built-to-scale age, he explained. To prove his point, he took me into the next room where he pointed out a jeep. It was perfect in every detail, about a fourth as large as an Army model, ran on storage batteries, and any child could have it for a mere $144.95.

The back of the store had a dozen other working models. I saw a child's B-29 with a bomb bay that opened and racks that stored a dozen bombs. They had a Palomar telescope that revolved and through which any three-year-old could identify the Ring Nebula in Lyra or the Ceres asteroid. There was an Empire State Building complete with running elevators and a tower with lights and television antennas. Across the floor was a real Queen Mary marked down to $98 and at the other end of the room I saw a Hoover Dam with running water, generators, and bargain-priced at $79.50. For an additional $100 your boy or girl can have nearby Las Vegas, including hotels, swimming pools and roulette wheels.

The man explained that for years people have been spending huge sums on working models of trains and railway systems. The next step, obviously, was replicas of practically everything. It seemed that the parents didn't mind the price too much, and, as a matter of fact, the toys-to-scale were selling like hot cakes. That reminded him—they also had a perfect reproduction of the Hollywood Brown Derby with a grill that really made hot cakes.

After I bought my son a small balloon which was a perfect copy of a large balloon, the great idea hit me. It's a natural and will earn some enterprising toy manufacturer a million dollars.




**"Just a wind-up toy for two bucks," I told him**

Here is the new line of toys that should make any boy or girl happy.

1. This is shaped, marked and painted like a convertible coupé. It has real leather seat covers and a top that rises or lowers at the touch of a button. The car operates on real gasoline for its real six-cylinder motor. The price is $2,448.95 F.O.B. Detroit, plus taxes.

2. This toy can be placed on water and it will not sink. It has a 200-H.P. Diesel engine, auxiliary generator, ship-to-shore radio, three cabins, sleeps 11 children, has hot and cold water, shower, Philippine mahogany throughout and looks exactly like a yacht . . . $12,000 buys it.

3. For this life-size toy your boy or girl will need a large space. A lot 50′ by 100′ will do. It has six rooms just like Mommy's and Daddy's house, has a real shingle roof and can be connected to the city's water system. The price is $16,960, but a small down payment can handle the deal, since the cutest piece of paper goes with it that looks like a real honest-to-goodness mortgage.

The idea is hot, and I feel that any progressive toy store could easily handle this line. All I ask for my share are some life-size replicas of some life-size money.

THE END

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

**Unsinkable, and costs a paltry $12,000 complete**



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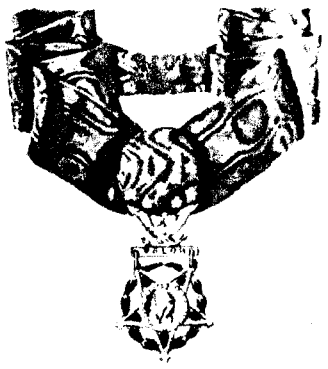
# Medal of Honor



Major General William F. Dean, of Berkeley, California—Medal of Honor. In the hard early days of the Korean War, when it was Red armor against American rifles, General Dean chose to fight in the most seriously threatened parts of the line with his men. At Taejon, just before his position was overrun, he was last seen hurling hand grenades defiantly at tanks.

General William Dean knew in his heart that it's every man's duty to defend America. You know it, too. The General's job was in Korea and he did it superbly well. Your defense job is here at home. And one of the best ways to do that job is to start right now buying your full share of United States Defense* Bonds. For remember, your Defense Bonds help keep America *strong*, just as soldiers like General Dean keep America safe. And only through America's strength can your nation . . . and your family . . . and you . . . have a life of security.

Defense is your job, too. For the sake of all our servicemen, for your own sake, help make this land so powerful that no American again may have to die in war. Buy United States Defense* Bonds now—for *peace!*

---

*Remember* when you buy bonds for national defense, you also build personal cash savings. Remember, too, if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy United States Defense Bonds now!

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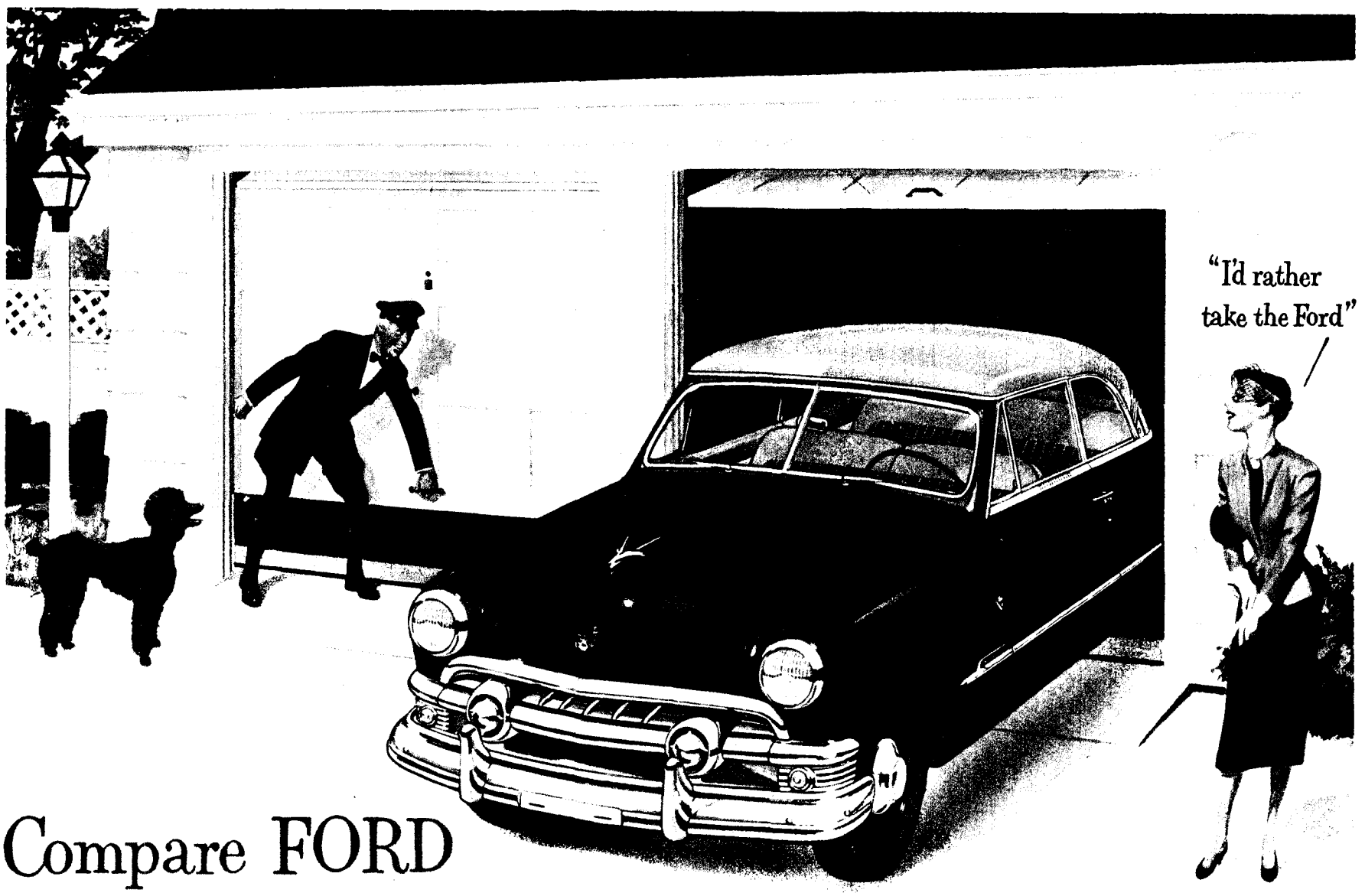


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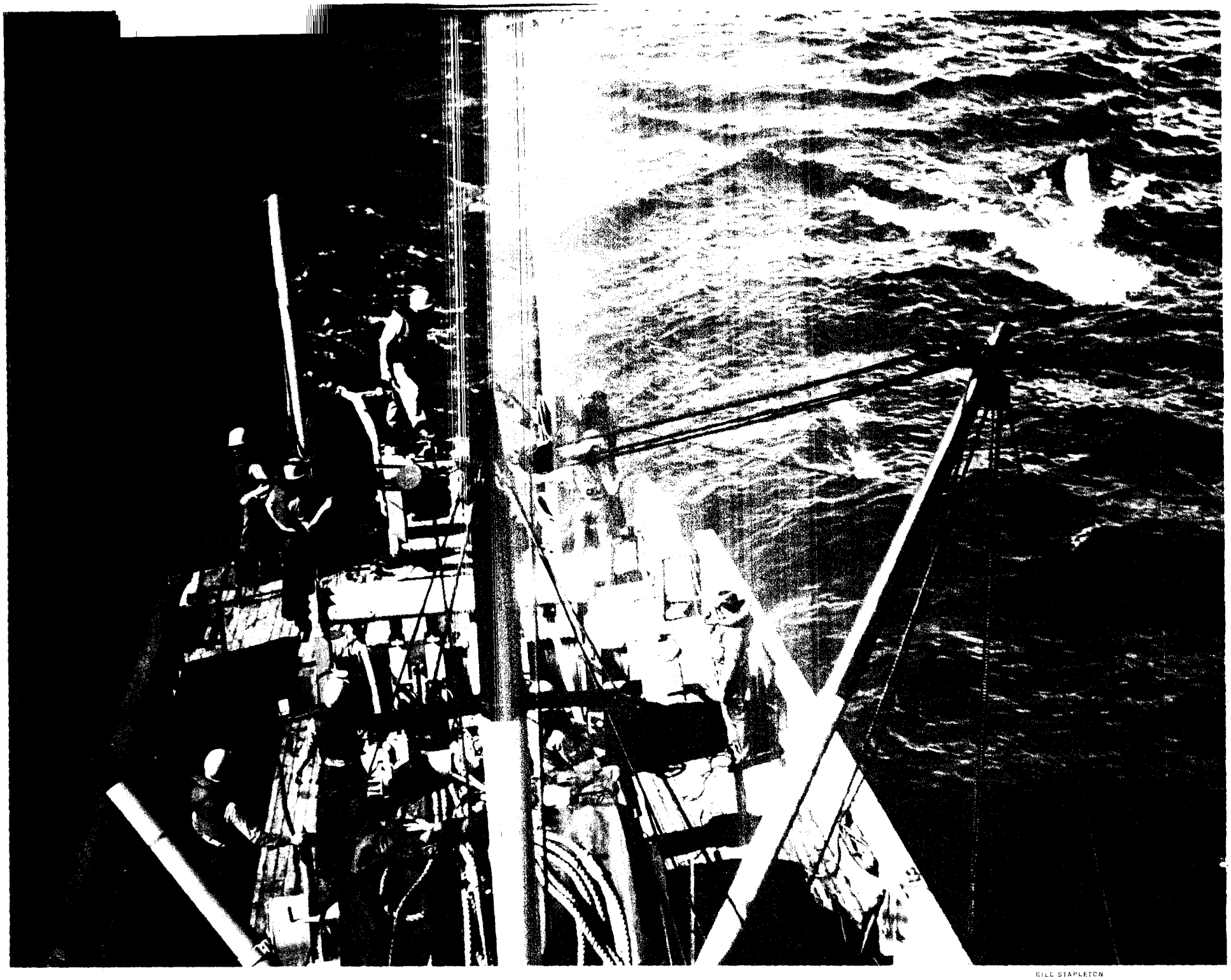

BILL STAPLETON

**Combat-ready crewmen on the tiny Osprey launch mine-sweeping gear in Korean waters. Floating "pig" (right) keeps guide lines taut**

# Men of the Mine Sweepers

## *"Where the fleet goes, we've been!"*

By CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

***Collier's War Correspondent***

**Korea**

IT WAS a grim morning and an even grimmer mission. Cold, driving rain stung our faces and beat hard on the decks of our plucky little mine sweeper, the Osprey, as we left Korea's fog-shrouded west coast and headed into a mined, "unswept" channel in the Yellow Sea. We were on the hunt for the most insidious weapon UN forces have encountered in 17 months of the Korean war: the magnetic underwater mine.

Like most mine sweep missions in this war, this was another urgent, top-priority, sweep-it-right-now assignment. Intelligence sources, evaluated as reliable, had produced information that Communist forces had laid several magnetic mines in the channel of Chawŏl-To, one of the approaches to the vital UN supply port of Inchon. The Osprey and two of her sister sweepers, the Swallow and the Waxbill, had been suddenly diverted from their major sweeping operations off Wonsan on the east coast and ordered to steam full speed for the Yellow Sea to take care of the situation. It was up to them to locate and explode the dread mines—or be able to assure our high command that the mines had become inactive and were therefore no longer a threat to UN warships.

A few mines, stealthily laid at night by innocent-appearing sampans and fishing junks, could put an immediate and very likely disastrous end to our naval operations in the vicinity, unless we first took appropriate means to counter them. Of these methods, that of physically sweeping a given area clear of all types of mines still is, after almost half a century of coping with the mine as an offensive weapon, the most effective countermeasure.

It is hazardous work—as Navy casualty figures offer somber proof—but danger is the Osprey's business and her crew takes it in stride.

On the bridge, her skipper, Lieutenant (jg) Philip Levin, of Philadelphia, set about his job with quiet efficiency and an air of calm which seemed to spread to the entire ship's company. If they were jittery, they concealed it amazingly well.

Not that anybody on the Osprey had any doubts about what could happen. For these are the sobering statistics to date: 17 of our ships have been hit



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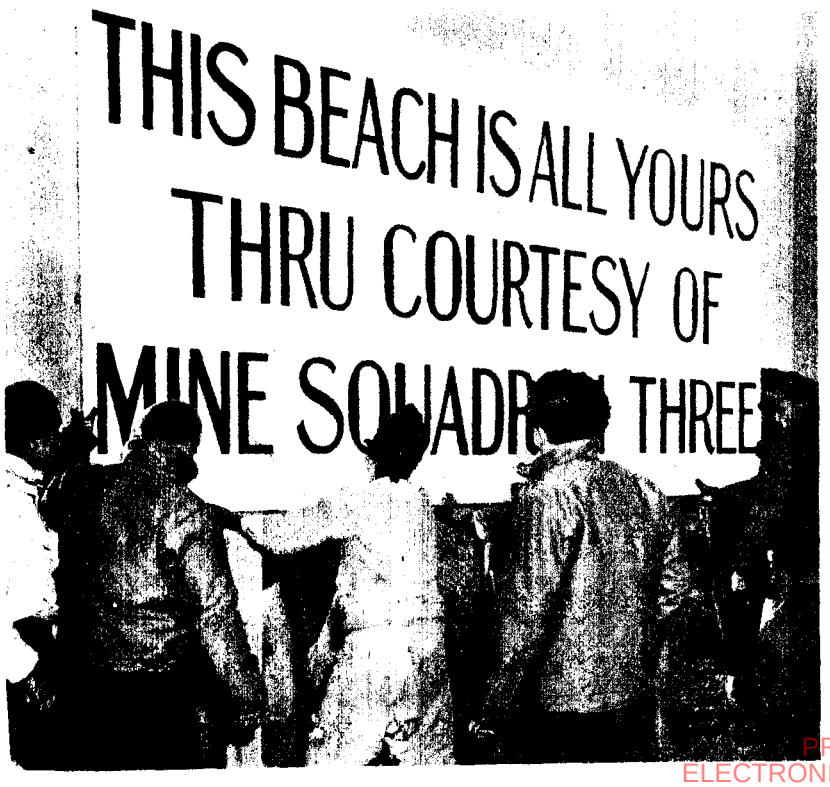
*Unsung sailors who clear the seas for UN shipping account for only 2 per cent of Navy men in Far East, over 20 per cent of Navy dead*

U.S. NAVY PHOTO

**As the USS AMS-34 steamed by, this South Korean-manned mine sweeper was destroyed by a mine off Wonsan, Korea**

**This sign greeted UN forces at Wonsan beach. The mine sweeping men are termed: "vikings of the modern Navy"**

U.S. NAVY PHOTO




by Communist mines since the start of the Korean war; the deadliness of the weapon can be attested by the fact that 12 of these vessels sank, and one of them, the destroyer Walke, suffered severe damage and 26 of her crew killed in the Navy's worst single disaster in Korean waters. Six of the ships sunk were UN mine sweepers; four were American. The Magpie, the first U.S. Navy sweeper lost, went down a year ago, with 21 of her small crew of four officers and 29 men missing in action.

Since then (although those who man the sweepers comprise less than 2 per cent of naval personnel in the Far East), more than 20 per cent of all naval dead or missing have been mine sweep people.

### No Push-Button Gadgets for This Job

"Until we can come up with a classy, remote-control, push-button sweeper, looks like we'll have to keep on doing it the hard way," said one of the Osprey's officers as the little ship rocked and rolled on our way toward Chawŏl-To, past the stately Los Angeles, the Eldorado and some of the other great gray warships. Our 136-foot wooden craft suddenly seemed absurdly small. As though he read my thoughts, Lieutenant (jg) David A. Beadling, of Prospect Park, Pennsylvania, the Osprey's executive officer, sprang to her defense. "Yeah, I know. I suppose we do look pretty silly alongside those steel jobs." (I was shortly to discover that to all mine sweep personnel, everything from a small destroyer to a battleship falls under the simple classification: "steel job.")

"I suppose they have a right to think they're pretty important—they're the only ones you read about; and nobody ever heard about the Osprey. But you ought to see 'em run for cover the minute they smell a mine field. Yes, sir," reflected Beadling with what appeared to be some satisfaction, "there's nothing like a few mines strewn about to cut the big boys down to size."

"*Don't forget our motto,*" prompted Lieutenant (jg) Gordon Shoolman, of Rochester, New York, " 'Where the Fleet Goes, *We've* Been!' "

"It may become apparent after a while that we don't quite consider ourselves part of the regular Navy—or maybe it's vice versa," continued Beadling, known aboard the Osprey only as "the Beadle."

"For instance," observed Shoolman, "when it comes to food and supply, the Navy's got mine sweepers listed *after* 'combatant' ships. What the hell do they think *we* are?"

Like any group of proud people whose jobs are specialized, dangerous, virtually unpublicized, and frequently unrecognized even in their own service, the mine sweep personnel are inclined to be a bit hypersensitive. Slights and rebuffs are apt to be long remembered. As we chugged out of Inchon Harbor, it became apparent that the humiliation suffered at the hands of one of the big warships in this very spot during the amphibious landings just over a year ago still rankled. On that occasion, it was recalled, the Osprey was steaming along in her usual cocky fashion when she intercepted a blinker signal from one "steel job" to another.

The message, which clearly referred to the tiny wooden craft, the only one of its kind around at the moment, read: "Stand by to take tug alongside."

The Osprey's men were slightly agitated. The saucy sweeper blinked the warship right off the light waves with an indignant retort: "WE AIN'T NO TUG!" and bounced on its way.

The marked disdain the Osprey's crew felt for the Navy proper was not surprising. Conversations with mine-force people over a period of several weeks had already convinced me this feeling was general. That it was not without some basic justification has been all too dramatically proved by events themselves this past year.

Almost at once, the Korean war exposed the critical neglect of our mine force. All departments of the Navy had suffered as a result of the administration's pre-Korea policy of economizing on defense by "trimming off the fat without cutting the muscle." But the mine sweepers were hit perhaps hardest of all. We were way behind in men, in equipment and in research.

During World War II, we had 150 to 200 mine sweepers in the Pacific alone; but when the Korean campaign began, our sweeper force in these waters consisted of four 221-foot, steel-hull Fleet Mine Sweepers (of which three were in "caretaker" status), and six wooden Auxiliary Mine Sweepers. Ninety-nine per cent of our mine sweep personnel in the last war were reserves; but, since 1945, we had done almost nothing to build up even a small nucleus of trained officers and men. Similarly, there had been so little emphasis on improving our sweeping gear or developing new mine sweeping techniques that we were right where we were five years ago.

At the expense of lives lost, ships sunk and entire invasion forces stopped cold, we learned here in Korea the bitter lesson of underestimating the dreadful capabilities of mine warfare. Firsthand, we have already had an unpleasant foretaste of what we are most certainly going to be up against in any war with the Soviet Union.

The prospects are somewhat terrifying. Lieutenant Commander Darcy V. (Dusty) Shouldice, of Oakland, California, then commander of Mine Division 31, had dwelt upon a few of them as he talked to me aboard his flagship, the Mainstay, a few weeks before. "Look what happened at Wonsan in October, 1950," he said. "We ran smack into 3,000 mines, one of the most concentrated fields in history. Fifty thousand men were all set to come ashore some 80 miles above the 38th parallel, on the east coast; there were all those ships waiting to get in to support the land invasion by South Korean forces. They couldn't budge for eight solid days after the original D day, until we'd swept some *safe channels for them.*

"Don't you see what a few enemy mines can do?" Shouldice continued. "All the carriers, battleships and cruisers we've got won't do much good against the Commies, unless we're able to land troops ashore, supply them and get our warships close enough to give them fire support.

"Have you thought, for instance, about what would have happened to our famous Pusan perimeter if the Commies had dropped a few mines around, here and there, when things were so critical? I used to lie awake nights worrying about how just one stinking submarine, carrying 32 mines (special mine-laying subs can carry as many as 50), could have tied up our whole effort and ended our perimeter. Just because the *possibility* existed, we had to check-sweep it every day."

### The Enemy Can Harass Us Cheaply

Dusty Shouldice was talking shop now and nobody talks it more convincingly. "Look," he said, "we have the world's most powerful Navy and we have no equal in amphibious operations. The enemy knows this only too well. But see how fast and how simply he can neutralize our best effort, even though he has no surface forces of his own. And how cheaply. It's the most inexpensive type of war.

"Mines are easy to mass-produce. Why, any toy factory or typewriter plant could turn 'em out in quantity and at very low cost. It's damned frightening."

The commander's words were reminiscent of those of the late Admiral Forrest P. Sherman in his testimony before a Congressional committee shortly before his death. When the committee chairman pointed out that the several hundred mines the U.S. Navy had swept in Korean waters must have made serious inroads in the Communist mine supply, Admiral Sherman said: "Well, sir, I would like to be that optimistic, but I'm afraid they can *(Continued on page 66)*

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIERS BY BILL STAPLETON

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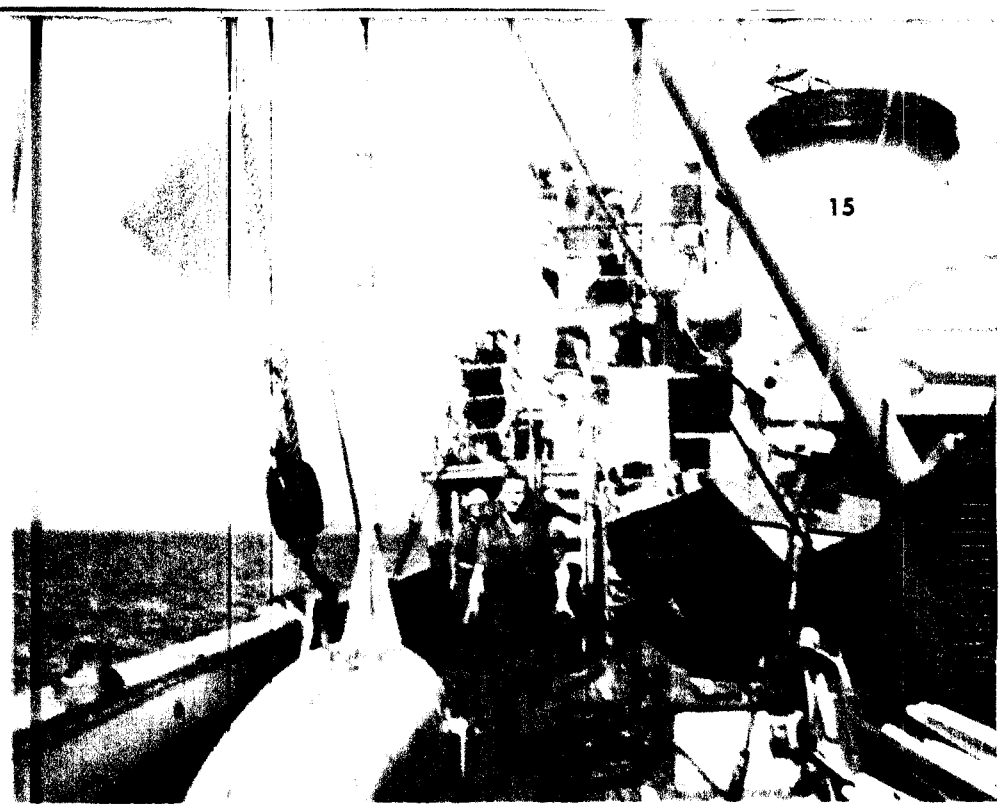
Veteran sweeper Lt. Commander "Dusty" Shouldice, of Oakland, Calif., led Mine Division 31 in Far East. He earned the Navy Cross at Wonsan



Osprey crewmen hustle to their stations in heavily mined waters. It's guessed we've swept up less than half of the thousands of enemy mines

The Osprey's Philadelphia officers map strategy. Lt. (jg) Phil Levin (front) is ship's skipper; Lt. (jg) Dave Beadling is executive officer

Norton Hampton, of Roxbury, Mass., attaches a cutter to a sweep line. Arranged about 250 feet apart in the water, cutters sever mine cables

Between trips on his Incredible, Lt. Edward Flynn, of Ozone Park, N. Y., watches sailor Ernest Mosier, of Davenport, Iowa, paint fangs on "pig"

Electronics Technician James Staples, of Seattle and the Osprey, wears his talking gear. Sweeper personnel have won over 250 awards in Korea

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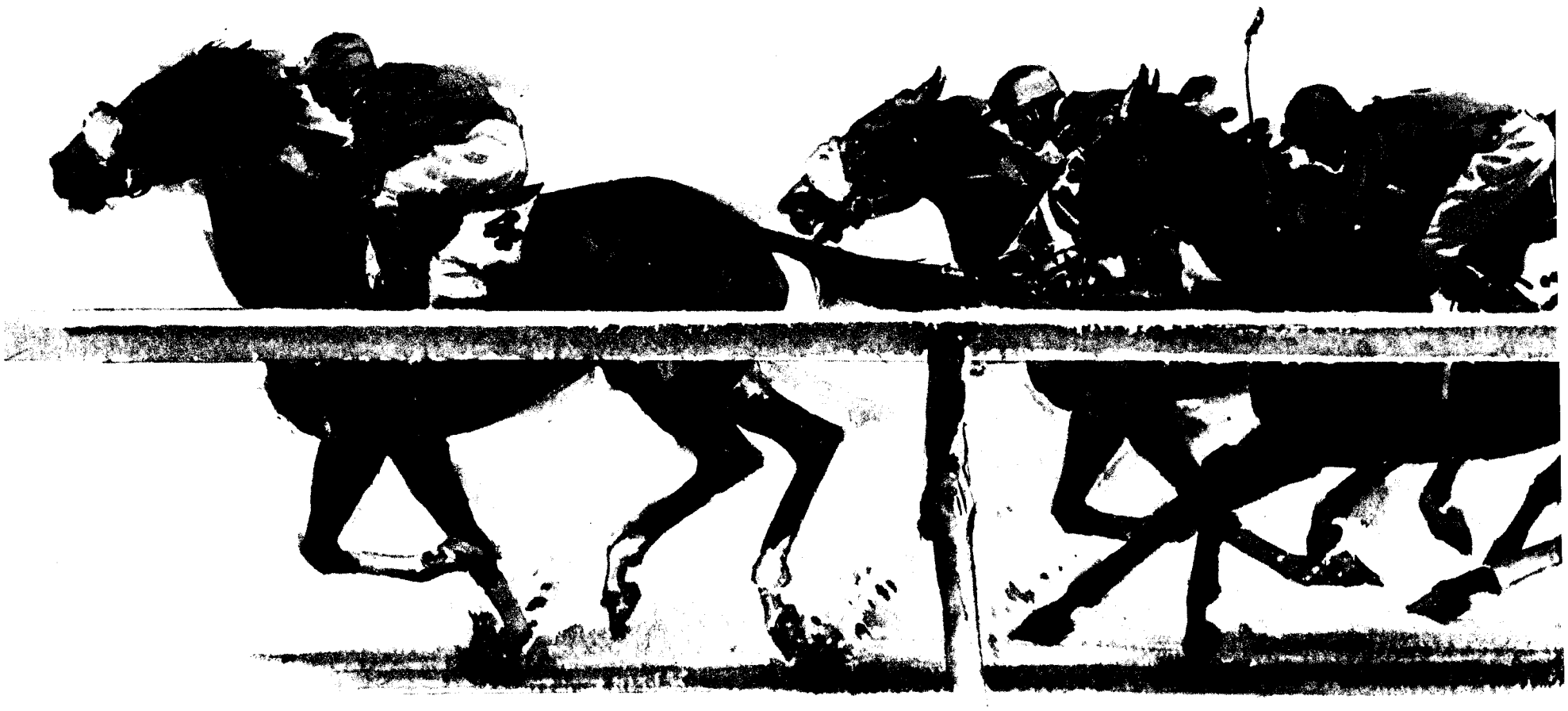

# The Money Rider

## By CALVIN J. CLEMENTS

**Hobbs had to admit that Buckley was a terrific jockey. He was bringing home an amazing number of winners. Yet the more money Buckley won for him, the less Hobbs liked the man**

FROM the doorway of the tack room Hobbs watched the man and small boy leave the dirt path bordering the Aqueduct racing strip and move across the road into the stable area. In the shade of the first barn they paused a moment, uncertain, then turned and made their way slowly in his direction. They walked hand in hand, the man short, and thin to the point of gauntness, moving with the bandy-legged gait of the professional rider.

"I'm looking for Frank Hobbs," the man said, as he and the boy approached. His features were hawklike; his pale-blue eyes were ringed by dark hollows. The cheap suit he wore looked as though it had been slept in.

Another drifter, Hobbs thought; and fighting weight, by the looks of him. He tilted the panama back off his broad, sun-tanned face and took the cigar out of his mouth. "That's me, son."

They stopped in front of Hobbs, the boy still holding on to the man's hand. "My name is Buckley—Joe Buckley, from Lakeside."

Hobbs nodded noncommittally. The name meant nothing to him. He glanced down at the boy, a freckled towhead whose solemn blue eyes shyly avoided his. Hobbs judged him to be five, six at the most. He wore faded blue overalls, patched at the knees. His shoes were badly scuffed.

"I've been riding in Chicago—the last few months at Lakeside. I thought I'd take a stab at the big time . . ."

To Hobbs, the story that followed was an old one, but he listened with polite interest. As the owner of a large racing stable, he was continually beset by small-town riders with pleas for a single mount; they were all pathetically eager to prove their worth at a major track. Some were young apprentices; others were veteran half-milers; a few were drifters, saddle tramps. Invariably, Hobbs turned each request down. Experience had taught him that hiring these riders was profitless for him and, at best, added to the track's overabundant supply of riders.

"They told me you had no one under contract," Buckley was saying, "so I figured—" He paused, his haggard eyes searching Hobbs's for encouragement. "Well, I figured there'd be no harm in asking."

Hobbs shook his head. "Not a chance, Buckley. Sorry to give you a short answer, but that's the way it is."

The rider moistened his thin lips. "Mr. Hobbs, the office okayed my license. I'm all set. If you'll just give me a chance, just one horse—"

"How were you making out at Lakeside?" Hobbs interrupted.

"Good," Buckley said quickly. "Very good. You can check the records."

Hobbs shook his head again. "What I meant was, if you were making money there, it was a mistake to leave. There's three riders for every mount here, and a sure way of starving is for an out-of-towner to come in without a contract. Unless someone offers you one, Buckley, my advice is to stay where you're known. Why leave a place when you're doing well?"

Buckley hesitated, as if he were cautiously weighing his words. "A fall put me in the hospital for a few months. When I got out I was broke and I made up my mind to go after the bigger dough. I tried Lakeside, but it was no more than a living. I needed—I wanted more than just that. Look, Mr. Hobbs, I'm not a green kid looking for a hit-or-miss chance at the expense of an owner. I've been through the mill and I wouldn't be up here if I didn't think I belonged. Okay, you heard this line before, but give me one horse and I'll show you the best rider at Aqueduct."

Hobbs smiled indulgently. "That's putting yourself above some pretty good boys." He glanced down at the child again. The boy's eyes were solemnly fixed on Hobbs's expansive middle, and suddenly the distressing thought occurred to the owner that the boy might be hungry, that Buckley perhaps had not enjoyed quite the success at Lakeside he claimed. "Your son?" he asked.

The rider nodded—almost without interest, it seemed to Hobbs. "Just one horse, Mr. Hobbs. If I come through I'd like more work. If I don't—well, we'll forget it. And thanks."

"Buckley, I'd like to help but—" Hobbs glanced toward the end of his barn, where a dark bay was being led from his stall by a groom. The bay, seven years old, was running his last race that day and being shipped to Hobbs's stock farm in the morning. Hobbs did not expect the horse to win.



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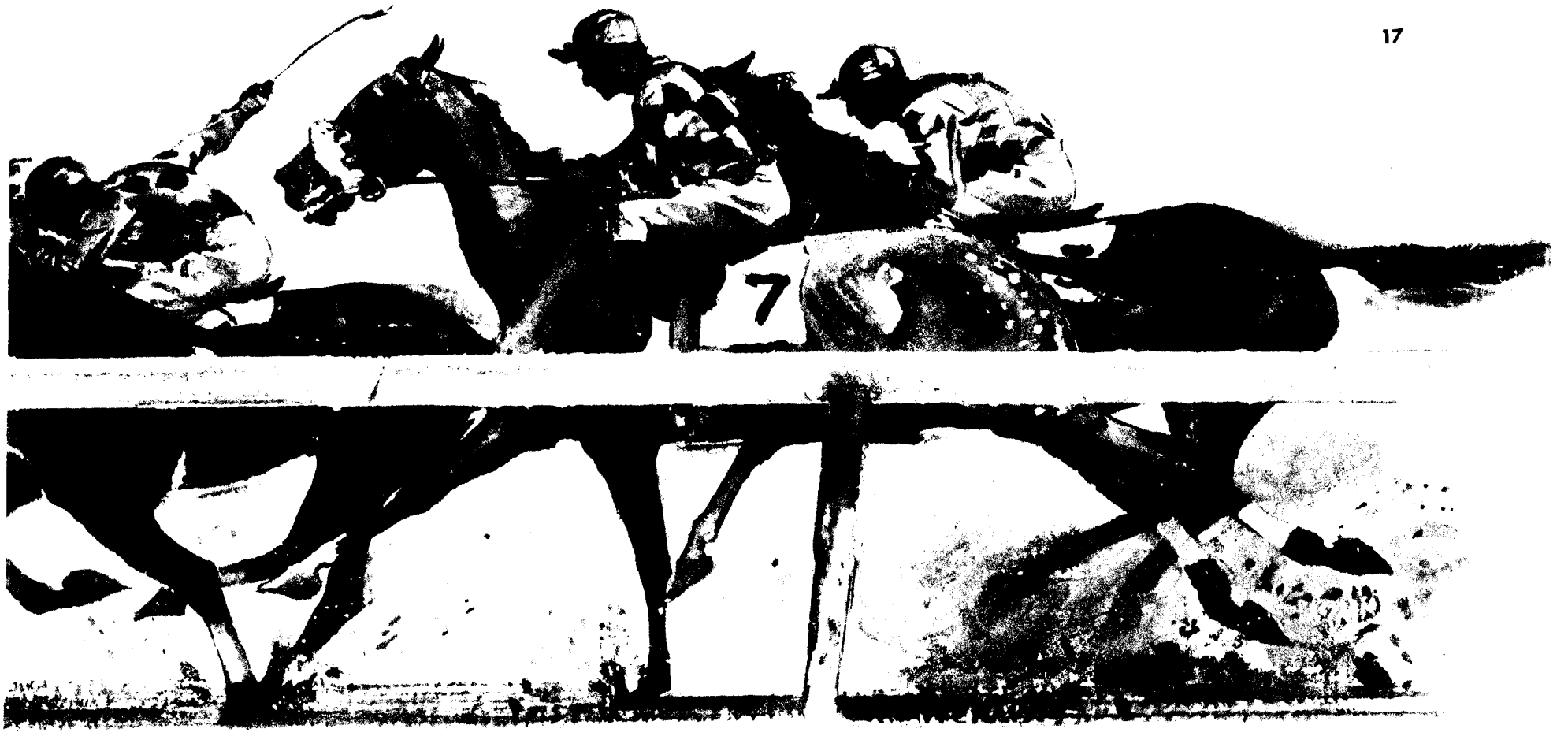

Indeed, he did not expect him to come anywhere near the purse; he was having him run for sentiment's sake, to mark his fifth productive year in the Hobbs stables. It wouldn't be important who his jockey was, but whoever rode him would be entitled to a twenty-dollar riding fee.

Hobbs motioned to the horse. "The bay is going in the sixth. He doesn't stand a chance. I'm telling you that before he starts, but you asked for any horse and there it is."

Buckley's eyes followed the horse. "If I win?" he asked.

"I'm not giving you the mount as a test," Hobbs said. "The bay is through, and a jockey is no better than his horse. You're riding because you and the boy look as though you could use a few dollars."

"Okay, he's through," Buckley said. "He can't win. We know that. But supposing I *do* win, supposing I show that you could make out all right giving me a little work?"

Hobbs studied the end of his cigar. He had no illusions about where the bay would finish in the large field that was scheduled, and he was slightly annoyed that the rider did not consider the mount a handout and let it go at that.

"You get a piece of the purse," he said finally, deciding it would do no harm to give Buckley a goal to shoot at. "Even fourth money, and I'll give you some work—enough of it to show whether or not you belong here."

Buckley nodded. "That's a deal. Can I leave the kid here at the barn?"

Hobbs reached for the boy's hand. "I'll take care of him. Come along, sonny."

HOBBS led the boy inside the tack room. He took a bag of apples from a shelf and offered one to the boy.

"Where's your mom, sonny? In Chicago?"

The boy took the apple and shook his head. "She's dead." He sat down on the tack-room cot and looked up at the riding equipment hanging from the walls. "It was snowing and I saw a squirrel." He bit into the apple and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Did you?"

Hobbs looked puzzled. "Did I what, son?"

"See a squirrel? In a cemetery?"

"No. No," Hobbs said, gently shaking his head. "I don't believe I have."

The boy looked up at Hobbs reflectively. "When people get old they go there, too—in a cemetery, I mean."

Hobbs checked the impulse to touch his graying temples. He put the bag of apples on the cot beside the boy.

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Jimmie."

"Well, Jimmie, you just help yourself there. I'll be back in a little while."

Hobbs walked outside the barn to where his old trainer, MacTavish, had taken the bay in hand, walking him in a tight circle, critically eying his slender legs, which were scarred from years of blistering.

"Something wrong, Mac?"

The trainer took a stubby pipe out of his mouth. He was a wizened stump of a man, wearing shabby suntans. "He'll be right enough under bandages." His faded eyes peered at Hobbs. "See you got yourself a new rider, Frank."

"Just one race, Mac. He needed the money."

"Is that what he told you?"

Hobbs looked at him curiously. "You sound like you know him."

The old trainer's yellowed teeth parted as he spat neatly to one side. "I saw him riding a month back at Lakeside. He hadn't been there long but he'd earned himself a reputation."

Hobbs frowned. "Dirty rider?"

MacTavish shook his head. "Tightfisted. Won't spend a dime. Keeps the kid in rags—just the way you saw him. The boys at Lakeside claim Buckley's got the money; they figure you have to have it when you don't spend it."

"There might be circumstances we don't know about, Mac. You can't make a fortune riding half-milers, and Buckley may have had a pressing debt."

The trainer shrugged, and motioned to the waiting groom to take the bay. "I think a busy rider can always manage a pair of shoes for his kid."

Although Hobbs had planned to take an afternoon plane to his Maryland farm, to spend a few days with his wife and go to a yearling sale there, he delayed leaving so that he could watch the sixth race. At post time he sat with MacTavish in a section overlooking the finish line and watched the horses being led into the starting gate by the assistant starters.

Hobbs's horse was led in last. Buckley, wearing blocked-red silks, was sitting stiffly in the saddle, his face pale and tense.

"Nice-looking lad," MacTavish said, leaning back and filling his pipe. "The little fellow, I mean. Looks a bit like your Tommy when he was a kid playing around the barn." The trainer gave Hobbs a shrewd side glance. "I figured that had something to do with Buckley getting the bay."

MacTavish, always an outspoken man, had referred to Hobbs's son, who had been killed in the early days of the war, and Hobbs, glancing down at his program, shook his head slightly. "They looked down on their luck, Mac; that was all."

Hobbs straightened up in his seat as the horses broke from the starting gate, and he watched them sweep around the *(Continued on page 34)*

**Buckley nodded. "That's a deal," he said. "Can the kid wait here at the barn?"**

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

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Eva Perón's fixation has been her longing for respectability. Acceptance didn't come and the snub changed Argentine history

# Will Eva Cost Perón His Throne?

By JOHN LEAR

**This vengeful woman's antics have undermined the vaunted power of Argentina's strong man. The army's opposition to her grows violent, and that could be the dictator's end**



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**Buenos Aires**

WHEN the Argentine dictator, General Juan Domingo Perón, suppressed an armed rebellion against his regime on September 28th last, the event was widely advertised as proof that Perón had a tighter grip on the country than ever before during his eight years as boss of the *Pampa*. His re-election as President come November 11th, the scheduled polling date, was taken for granted. But a good, hard look behind the scenes does not bear out that impression. On the contrary, it seems quite positive that Perón's government has been henpecked to the point of collapse by the dictator's wife, the beautiful Eva.

Any female with the temerity to accept a nomination for Vice-President in a Latin-American land would be asking for trouble. Eva not only allowed such a nomination, she insisted on it. So openly did she scheme that, after she achieved the nomination last August 22d and was then confronted with the threat of a military coup against her husband if she didn't quit, her public renunciation of ambition nine days later was not enough to reassure the enemies she has made on her way to power.

Their fears are fully understandable only to those who have lived under Eva's sway. For her politicking has gone unceasingly round the clock, reaching even into such intimate matters as the removal of her own appendix. *"Viva Perón!"* she stage-whispered while being wheeled into the operating room in January, 1950. To the nurses around her, she explained, emoting every syllable, that she uttered these words in case they should be her earthly last. Outside the hospital, her stooges arranged for soccer players in the Evita Championship Tournament to offer a Mass for her recovery. Railroad workers were asked to stop trains for 10 minutes—apparently to beseech God that Eva was indispensable.

After the surgeon had finished what ordinary folk consider a relatively minor cutting and sewing job, and the extraordinary Eva emerged from the ether sufficiently to be sure of an audience, she again shouted: *"Viva Perón!"*

Full details of the event were published in Eva's own newspaper, Democracia, for the benefit of historians, who, Eva said, "are certain to record these glorious moments of the Perón epoch."

Eva might have got further if she had been less concerned with history. The Argentine army also was interested in history, and it turned blue-cold at the prospect that she might be in a position to write a chapter of it as Perón's legitimate, constitutional successor. The fact that the beloved nonentity who is the incumbent Vice-President—old, sick and reputedly dying Dr. Hortensio Quijano—replaced Eva as Perón's running mate on the ticket for re-election roused grave doubts in military minds about the permanence of her retirement.

WIDE WORLD

**At Buenos Aires children's rally, Peróns posed for vote-getting photo with unidentified kids**

**Argentina was inundated with posters like this as Eva tried to get the Vice-Presidency**

¡Los EMPLEADOS de COMERCIO solicitan al Gral. PERON que acepte su reeleccion!
PERON-EVITA
LA FORMULA DE LA PATRIA
Confederación General de
EMPLEADOS DE COMERCIO

The abortive explosion in September was an expression of this suspicion. Although it had no chance of success because of the unpopularity of its plotters, it did convince Perón that Eva had to abandon her hopes of becoming his political heir. The Press and Propaganda Ministry took pains to announce that Eva was suffering from pernicious anemia, "for which there is no known cure." Which was simply the dictator's way of saying: "Look, boys, don't stay mad. The girl's not only down, she's out. In fact, she's a mighty sick woman. Goodness knows how long she'll live."

Even while he was indulging in this fatherly bit of head-patting, Perón knew that some of the boys would stay mad until the country returns to the model constitution of 1853. Under that document, no President of Argentina could hold office for more than one six-year term; nor could he exercise the sweeping power Perón enjoyed to expropriate private property. Rightly or wrongly, the dynamic strong man felt safe in ignoring hints that he give up the Presidency by the end of 1951. Obviously, Perón was banking on the conviction that only one other person in the land could approximate or conceivably eclipse his own popularity among soldiers and civilians alike. That would be Colonel Domingo Mercante, governor of Buenos Aires Province, No. 2 man in national politics, one of Perón's oldest and most trusted revolutionary lieutenants, and the sole individual the dictator had refused to sacrifice for Eva. Perón believed Mercante would remain loyal to him if Eva would behave herself as wives are expected to do in the Argentine.

What afflicted Eva, many say, was less anemia than a nervous complication familiar to females who become involved in bigamous situations. Her trouble was that her Juan was married to the army before she got him to the altar to say "I do."

In Argentine politics everything depends, in the final analysis, on the army. Not just on generals or colonels, but on the whole army—right down to the ordinary soldier. It is not a matter of violence. Revolutions are traditionally peaceful. This is in keeping with Argentine military dignity, which stands on the supposition that the people's respect for the soldier constitutes a continuous mandate for the army to sit as a sort of "supreme court" on political issues.

Under the concept, the *(Continued on page 37)*

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Molly laid it on the chest for Blaise to examine. It was a study in pencil, a reclining figure, half nude. It was un-signed, but the master hand of Renoir was in every stroke

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# RECLINING FIGURE

By MARCO PAGE

**With the delicate Renoir forgery in his hands, Blaise had a clue to the murder —and was in danger himself. Without the forgery, he was only a chump**

**The Story:** ELLIS BLAISE, a young New York art dealer, was summoned to Los Angeles by LUCAS EDGERTON, an eccentric millionaire, to aid in the disposal of some paintings from his fabulous private collection. When Blaise arrived, he checked in at the Ocean Inn, where he found that JONAS ASTORG, a rival and not notably honest dealer, was waiting for him. Astorg proposed that he and Blaise work together. Blaise refused. When he reported for duty at Edgerton's house, Edgerton told him to go into the library and talk to MIRIAM WAYNE, his secretary. Entering the library, Blaise overheard Miriam arguing with Edgerton's son, SIMON, who was demanding that she tell him what pictures were to be sold. Interrupted, Simon left, and Miriam gave Blaise a set of cards listing the paintings.

In the gallery, Blaise met Edgerton's pretty niece, CASSY. While he was talking to her, Simon came in, followed by his father, who ordered him out of the gallery. Edgerton had brought along VICTOR GRANDI, a craftsman who was responsible for keeping the pictures in good condition, whom he wanted Blaise to meet. After everyone had left, Blaise discovered that the index cards were missing. Simon was presumed to have taken them, and Miriam told Blaise that Simon was in trouble.

Meantime, at the Ocean Inn, Astorg was meeting with KENNETH LURIE, who ran a Los Angeles gallery. The impending Edgerton sale had them worried, until Simon arrived with the index cards. Lurie leafed through them, and was reassured. "Not one of our paintings," he said. But Astorg was still troubled. He told Lurie that Edgerton had seen one of his own Renoir paintings in the house of a collector named NATHAN ORDMANN, and had seemed not to recognize it. Astorg had sold the painting to Ordmann.

Back at Edgerton's house, Blaise searched Simon's room, but couldn't find the cards. Cassy caught him there, and Blaise told her he thought Simon had been stealing paintings from the collection, which had only recently been catalogued, and was rattled now because his father might be intending to sell some of them, and would find them gone. Cassy said that Simon had stolen a painting before, and sold it to a dealer named HUGH NORDEN. His father had caught him at it.

Blaise went looking for Simon at a night club called the Lido, where he found him with MOLLY DANN, a model who posed for a drunken painter named PAUL WELDON. Simon seemed very poised, and gave Blaise the impression he'd done nothing wrong. Blaise left the Lido and encountered Norden, who denied he was involved in any chicanery with Simon.

Blaise went home and went to sleep. In the middle of the night, he was wakened by a LIEUTENANT IVES of the Homicide Bureau. Simon had been killed.

## II

ELLIS BLAISE sat down abruptly, looking at Lieutenant Ives. "Surprised?" the detective asked, and Blaise said, "What the hell do you think?"

"Do you own a gun, Mr. Blaise?" Ives asked, and when Blaise shook his head, he motioned to Sergeant Bonner. "Mind if the sergeant has a look around?" Blaise shook his head again and Ives motioned his aide into the bedroom. Then the lieutenant sat down in a chair near Blaise and hunched it forward so that he was in an attentive pose. "You were searching Simon Edgerton's room last night. Later on, you were with him in a night club." When Blaise didn't speak up, he asked, "Ever have much to do with the police?"

"Not much," Blaise said.

"I have," Lieutenant Ives said genially. "One thing I've learned: in a murder you've got to tell what you know. That's how it's got to be."

"I know," Blaise said reluctantly. "The thing is, I work for Lucas Edgerton."

"You're a picture dealer," Ives said, "not a priest or a lawyer." He looked up past Blaise as Sergeant Bonner came from the bedroom. The sergeant said nothing but shook his head.

As Bonner took up his post at the door, the lieutenant said, "What about it, Mr. Blaise?"

Blaise nodded. "Sure. I guess that's how it's got to be."

"Wait in the car, Bonner," Ives said.

"Have you talked to Cass Edgerton?" Blaise asked.

"Some. Not a lot."

Blaise told Ives the nature of his assignment to sell some paintings and about Simon's tension earlier that day; then about the loss of the cards and what he knew of Simon's earlier escapades. "That's why I went to the Lido to talk to him. The odd part," he said thoughtfully, "is that he told me he wasn't in any trouble, and I believed him. Then, as I was on my way out, Hugh Norden was going in." He described the simple maneuver that had revealed Norden's identity, and described Norden's conduct with the gun when he had pushed his way into Norden's apartment.

"What time did you leave Norden?" Ives asked.

"Between twelve thirty and one—say twelve forty-five."

"Simon Edgerton was shot at about three," Ives said. "We sent a car to pick up Norden at four thirty. He was gone—packed in a hurry, and gone."

"I had the damnedest feeling about him last night," Blaise said. "He was scared to the trembling point when I came in, but when I told him I thought he and Simon had been selling stolen paintings, he seemed relieved. He wasn't frightened any more, but actually patronizing, as if he knew something big and private."

"He didn't get around to any details?"

"No. He and Simon had some kind of a racket going, and it involved the Edgerton collection—I'm sure of that. It wasn't anything as simple as unloading some stolen paintings, because both of them—Simon and Norden—reacted with obvious relief when I brought that up. I don't know what they were up to, but I think Simon died because of it."

"The gatekeeper," Ives said, "tells me he let Simon's car in a few minutes before three. Apparently, he went right up to the house. A few minutes after three, the gateman thought he saw a light on the beach. While he was investigating, he heard a shot and found Simon's body outside the gallery, under an open window. He'd been shot by someone standing right beside him, at point-blank range. It was a mess." The lieutenant looked out at the gray dawn that was starting to stretch over the ocean. "Been a long night," he muttered, and yawned heavily. "How were things at the house? All one big, happy family?"

"I just got here," Blaise said pointedly.

Ives nodded. "The old man's secretary—Miriam Wayne—she was hit hard. An emotional type, would you say?"

"I would if I could."

"Anything special going on there?"

"I wouldn't know."

Lieutenant Ives stood up wearily. "Sorry I broke up your sleep. Thanks."

Blaise took him to the door. It was after six now. He dressed quickly and fortified himself with some coffee at an all-night stand, then drove to the Edgerton place. There was a police car in the driveway, just inside the gates, and a trooper was standing by the gatekeeper. The gatekeeper identified him, the gates were opened, and Blaise drove up to the house.

Lucas Edgerton was standing in the driveway between the house and the gallery. He watched with dull, somber eyes as Blaise parked the car.

"I'm sorry," Blaise said. "The police woke me up, and I drove out to see if I could help."

EDGERTON beckoned him into the gallery. Miriam Wayne was seated at the desk. A pot of coffee was on a typewriter table, and she had a cup before her.

Edgerton said, "Show him the cards, Miriam."

She lifted the blotter on the desk, first moving the coffee to one side, and handed him the small, flat package of cards. "They were on the floor, between those two cabinets," she said, pointing to the nearest section of the index.

"Did you look there when you missed them?" Edgerton demanded.

"Yes, I did. I made a point of looking under the desk, back of the files—everywhere."

"The damn' fool," blurted Edgerton. "The poor, damfool boy," he said again, and then turned away abruptly. After a moment, still with his back turned, Edgerton said, "I want an inventory taken right away."

Miriam Wayne nodded. "I'll start on it at once."

Edgerton faced them again. His face was lined and tired, and his eyes were burning. "We'll do it together," he said.

"I see." She faced him steadily, her voice, as always, perfectly controlled. "Very well, then. Whenever you're ready." She picked up her purse, which was dangling on the back of the chair, and started out. "I'll be in my room," she said.

Edgerton was already pacing up and down between the desk and the door. "Blaise!" he snapped. "What kind of trouble was the boy in?"

Blaise found it hard to meet the old man's eyes. "I don't know that he was in any trouble at all. For a while yesterday I thought maybe Simon had been helping himself to some of your paintings. I talked to him about that last night and then I talked to Hugh Norden. I came to the conclusion that I was wrong—that Simon hadn't taken anything."

"I'd like to think it was true," Edgerton said. "I'd like to be sure it was true."

"The police will sift it all now. Last night I thought I might be able to throw a scare into Simon—or into Norden. They both laughed at me."

"What could it have been?"

Blaise shrugged. "That's anybody's guess." Confronted with Edgerton's staring, hopeless expression, he added reluctantly, "If I come on anything, I'll follow it up. Mostly, though, it's for the police."

"All right." The old man walked to the window, cranked it open, and shook his head as if to clear it of weariness and anxiety. "I'm an old man, Blaise," he said dully. "I was past forty when the boy was born. Not a good age to be a father. Not if you're busy with a bank, factories, real estate and an art collection. I was hardly aware of my son until he was in trouble." *(Continued on page 53)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

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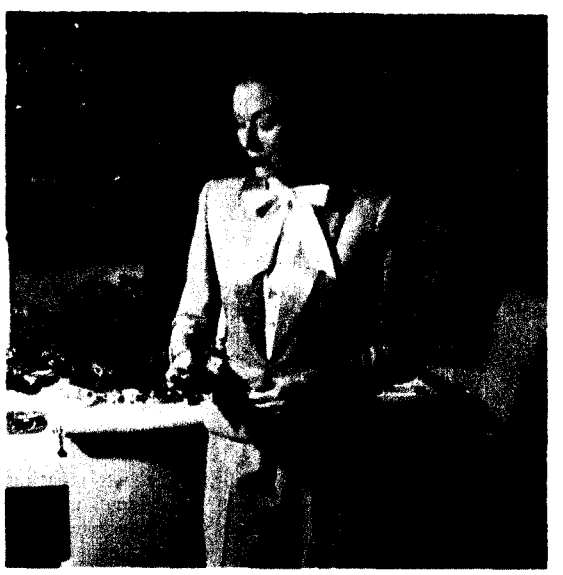
One of the nation's best-dressed women is Carola Panerai Mandel (above). She's also one of the best skeet shooters in the country. Major reason for both accomplishments is her poise

In knit dress, Mrs. Mandel admires trophies: hers for skeet shooting, husband's for polo



In "tuxedo" she designed herself for dining at home, Carola arranges flowers for table

# SKEET and LOVELY

CAROLA PANERAI MANDEL, of Chicago, is a slim, elegant, raven-haired beauty who conveys the impression that she has never lifted anything heavier than her long-lashed eyelids. Her hands are delicate instruments seemingly designed solely for the ladylike task of arranging flowers in a crystal bowl. Mrs. Mandel does well with her eyelashes, and she's an expert in the flower department, but in her spare time she likes nothing better than to blast 4½-inch skeet targets whizzing past her at something like 70 miles per hour.

Last August, when other Chicago ladies were sitting primly under protecting parasols, Carola Mandel, wife of Leon Mandel who owns one of Chicago's biggest department stores, was down in Dallas, Texas, ignoring a 103-degree heat wave to win two national skeet-shooting titles. Dressed for work in plaid shirt and tweed skirt, the fragile Cuban-born lady captured the 20-gauge shotgun competition for women with a perfect score (100 out of 100), and the 12-gauge event with only two misses (98 out of 100). A few weeks earlier, triumphing over a platoon of veteran male marksmen, she had become the first woman to win the Illinois Open-High-Over-All Championship in that contest's 25-year history.

Expert observers who guessed that Mrs. Mandel must have been born with an eight-pound gun in her hand were surprised to learn that the thirty-one-year-old socialite has been shooting skeets for only three years. Before that, like many another resident of Chicago's swank Near North Side, she had spent much of her time decorating her three-story town house and living up to her reputation for being one of America's best-dressed women—a distinction bestowed upon her by New York's Fashion Academy for the third time in 1951. Today, despite her enthusiasm for smashing high-flying clay disks, her home remains a show place and her sartorial reputation is undiminished.

In the enviable position of being able to buy virtually anything in sight, and being, because of her figure (five feet five and 118 pounds), able to wear practically anything with consummate grace, Mrs. Mandel might be expected to own more dresses than her husband's big store. She doesn't. She buys moderate quantities of simple clothes, and depends for effect on well-chosen accessories.

"I keep a drawer filled with scarves," she says. "I wear them around the neck, or at the waist like a sash. It's really wonderful how merely changing a scarf gives an entirely different look to a simple dark suit."

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Mandel seldom feels at home in an outfit until she's worn it six or seven times. "It takes that long," she tells more extravagant friends, "to learn which accessories create the best effects. If a woman builds her wardrobe around clothes which are fitted to her own coloring and figure requirements, she need not depend on season-to-season fashion trends. She can wear what she has for years."

Mrs. Mandel doesn't try to overpower anybody with her clothes. "In skeet shooting," she says, "the secret is to let the target run into your shot. It's the same with clothes: you look your best and the target will be suitably impressed without being hit in the eye." Even Annie Oakley wouldn't have argued with that.

BILL FAY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR SHAY

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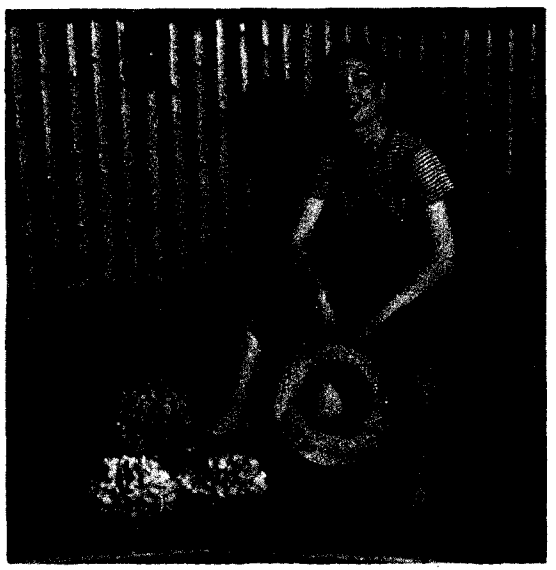
For lunch in the Pump Room with Mrs. Eddy Duchin, pianist's widow, Carola prefers a suit



Relaxing by small pool in her drawing room, she wears her "best" lounging clothes—jeans

Mr. and Mrs. Mandel spend many afternoons together at Chicago's skeet fields. This summer Carola became first woman in 25 years to capture Illinois's Open-High-Over-All championship

This 13-year-old dress was in Mrs. Mandel's trousseau. She says that it's eternally stylish

Mrs. Mandel budgets time to include community service, like helping at Passavant Hospital, where she clerks, sells sodas, does other odd jobs. But she never neglects skeet practice



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# *The Inspiring Story of* ARCHBISHOP CUSHING

**The progressive spiritual leader of 1,300,000 Catholics in Boston's vast diocese is a genial, forthright man who uses a modern approach to strengthen an ancient wisdom**

## By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

ON THE day the fiery Rev. Mortimer Twomey suddenly came upon his favorite sixteen-year-old acolyte standing on the tailboard of a horse-drawn wagon and delivering an eloquent political speech for a congressman then up for re-election, he took fast and characteristic action. Father Twomey, who hated Satan and his works with such venom that he forever banned roller coasters and merry-go-rounds from tough South Boston's City Point, pushed his way through the fast-dispersing crowd.

Face red, eyes blazing and arms flailing, he pulled young Richard Cushing down by the legs and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. Then he lifted the toe of his substantial boot forcefully to the base of Richard's spine and roared: "You'll either be a priest or a politician! Make up your mind!"

Father Twomey's parishioners always got his point quickly. Richard Cushing made up his mind to be a priest.

The episode, 40 years ago, had no effect upon the political result; as it happens, the congressman in question, Donald W. Carey, won. But the kick was Cushing's first lift up the ladder to the position he now holds as Archbishop of Boston, the second largest Catholic diocese in population in the United States. The next step up would be the red hat of a cardinal, and Catholic opinion in Washington, New York and Rome holds that he will be thus elevated. It is unofficial tradition in the church to create a cardinal in an archdiocese once it has been administered by a cardinal (as Boston has been); and, further, Cushing's remarkable achievements merit the award.

The morning after Paul Dever's election as Massachusetts governor in 1948, his first public act was a courtesy visit to the archbishop's residence. To many, this merely signaled the deference which all men in public life pay to the most pervasive social force in the city of Boston. Others would also rank the Catholic Church as the most potent political influence in the state. The first judgment is perhaps true; the second, justifiable only in a limited way.

Cushing knows and understands Boston politics and politicians. His attitude is that of an impartial though sometimes tight-lipped observer of both. His personal popularity is stronger than that of any other figure on the local scene—a result of more than 30 years of constant fund-raising appearances before Catholic men's and women's clubs, societies, sodalities, fraternities and guilds, as well as before a large number of non-Catholic groups.

Thousands of Bostonians "knew him when" he sat in their clubrooms talking baseball after a speech, or stood in the kitchen at the women's gatherings and complimented the cook. Elderly Irish women who then called him "Father" were at the same time likely to look upon him as "son." His audiences knew him as an entertaining raconteur, cheerful, quick-witted, able to switch their moods deftly in appeals for contributions to foreign missions, dramatizing faraway projects to make them urgent parochial causes.

When Cushing's advancement in the church finally came, Boston Catholics found it hard to adjust to the sudden transition from one extreme to the other. William Cardinal O'Connell died in April, 1944, after a 37-year reign. Men and women then in middle age could not remember when the cardinal had not been head of the Catholic Church in Boston. And Cushing's rise from monsignor to archbishop took place in less than five years, hardly a moment as the church measures time. To the Boston laity it was as though a private in the ranks had been jumped to commanding general.

Cardinal O'Connell had been a power in Boston. Cushing had served him as priest, supersalesman fund raiser, executive and administrator—a talented, spirited junior whom the cardinal never could quite dominate or do without. Both had remarkably comparable backgrounds, but were cast in different molds.

The cardinal was aloof, austere, a stern disciplinarian. Cushing is forthright, genial, smiling. His discipline is just as effective, but the co-operation he inspires more so.

Any archbishop of Boston, as the shepherd of a flock of 1,300,000 Catholics, would have political power and influence whether he uses it or not. The cardinal endorsed or criticized certain men and measures obliquely and somewhat ambiguously. It explains, in part, why he was so often thwarted. A 1938 amendment to the state constitution (in favor of horse racing) which he attacked was carried overwhelmingly in a popular referendum. His personal attorney, Frederick W. Mansfield, was once defeated for mayor (although elected several years later).

The cardinal was influential only when public policy impinged upon private morality. But book banning and birth control in Massachusetts are areas which the average politician considers unimportant. As a political force, the Catholic Church under Cardinal O'Connell had a terrific potential but little self-starting energy.

### Two Prelates of the Church Compared

His successor uses it openly, boldly, within larger moral premises. His horizon is much wider. A comparison of the two explains what has been happening in the archdiocese of Boston and what is likely to happen to the Catholic Church in the United States.

The old order was conservative, slow-moving and cumbersome, short-based financially upon regular but indifferent contributions and occasional drives; it ventured warily into social welfare and reform to prevent crime, aid the sick and the insane, the poor and the aged. The new order, by contrast, features streamlined financing, modern fund-raising techniques, scientific planning, multi-million-dollar organization and administration.

Cardinal O'Connell's parents, driven out of Ireland by the potato famine, had come to Lowell, Massachusetts, where both worked at the looms in the textile mills. Archbishop Cushing's parents left a far less troubled Ireland in a succeeding generation and came to Boston, where his mother got a job as a cook for the family of a judge, and his father found work as a blacksmith's helper.

The cardinal, however, became an aristocrat, an aesthete, a composer of music, a collector of works of art. The archbishop has the hardheaded practicality learned among the South Boston tenements, and he never has forgotten that he was born in one.

As a Prince of the Church, the cardinal had invariably insisted upon all the deference and honor due his position and dignity. The archbishop, by contrast, once asked a gentleman who wanted him to visit a home for the aged: "Can I wear this Prince Albert or must I come in the tall miter, the red vestments and carry a crozier?"

"This is probably the only chance the inmates ever will have to see a real archbishop all dressed up," the man pleaded.

Cushing nodded. "Okay," he said. "I'll be there—and they'll get the whole show."

Nobody ever was able to call His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell "Bill." But the tongues of toastmasters slip often in introductions of Cushing. At functions where he is called upon to speak, he has been presented as "His Excellency, the Archbishop of Boston, Dick—I beg your pardon—Richard Cushing." He is known as "Dick" so widely that the mistake is understandable.

There are but two orators of great distinction in Boston: the silver-tongued politician, James Michael Curley, and Archbishop Cushing. The two are curiously comparable in eloquence, delivery, diction and drawing power. Long before he became archbishop, people came for miles to hear Cushing, and shelled out generously when he asked for money. Sales managers studied his techniques and sent their staffs to do likewise.

Jack Lacy, an expert giving courses in persuasion to the Sales-Managers Club of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and similar groups (Collier's, January 20, 1951), urged his audiences to watch Cushing in action. Merchandisers of group insurance plans, annuities and such were given the same tip. So were community fund, Red Cross and Red Feather speakers. Cushing welcomed them, but could give them no particular instruction. He could not define his own performance in public fund-raising appeals any more than a pitcher could teach exactly how to throw a curve.

The archbishop's background provides no clue to the origins of his sense of leadership. His mother, Mary Dahill, left her native village of Tournegehee, in County Waterford, as a steerage passenger aboard the Cunard liner, Pavonia, in the late eighties. The oldest of six children, three boys and three girls, she was soon sending money back to Ireland to "bring out" the remaining Dahills. They found a tenement near the South Boston water front. Mary's mother forthwith became a pillar of nearby Saint Eulalia's Church. Her two sisters worked in domestic service or in local factories and shops; her brothers, James, Thomas and John, became day laborers.

The archbishop's father, Patrick Cushing, had already come to South Boston from Glenworth, County Cork. Patrick met and married Mary. They had five children. Richard was the third. His playgrounds were congested city streets, nearby City Point beach and the *(Continued on page 61)*

**According to many informed Catholic laymen, Archbishop Richard Cushing probably will be donning a cardinal's red hat before too long**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY ERLICH

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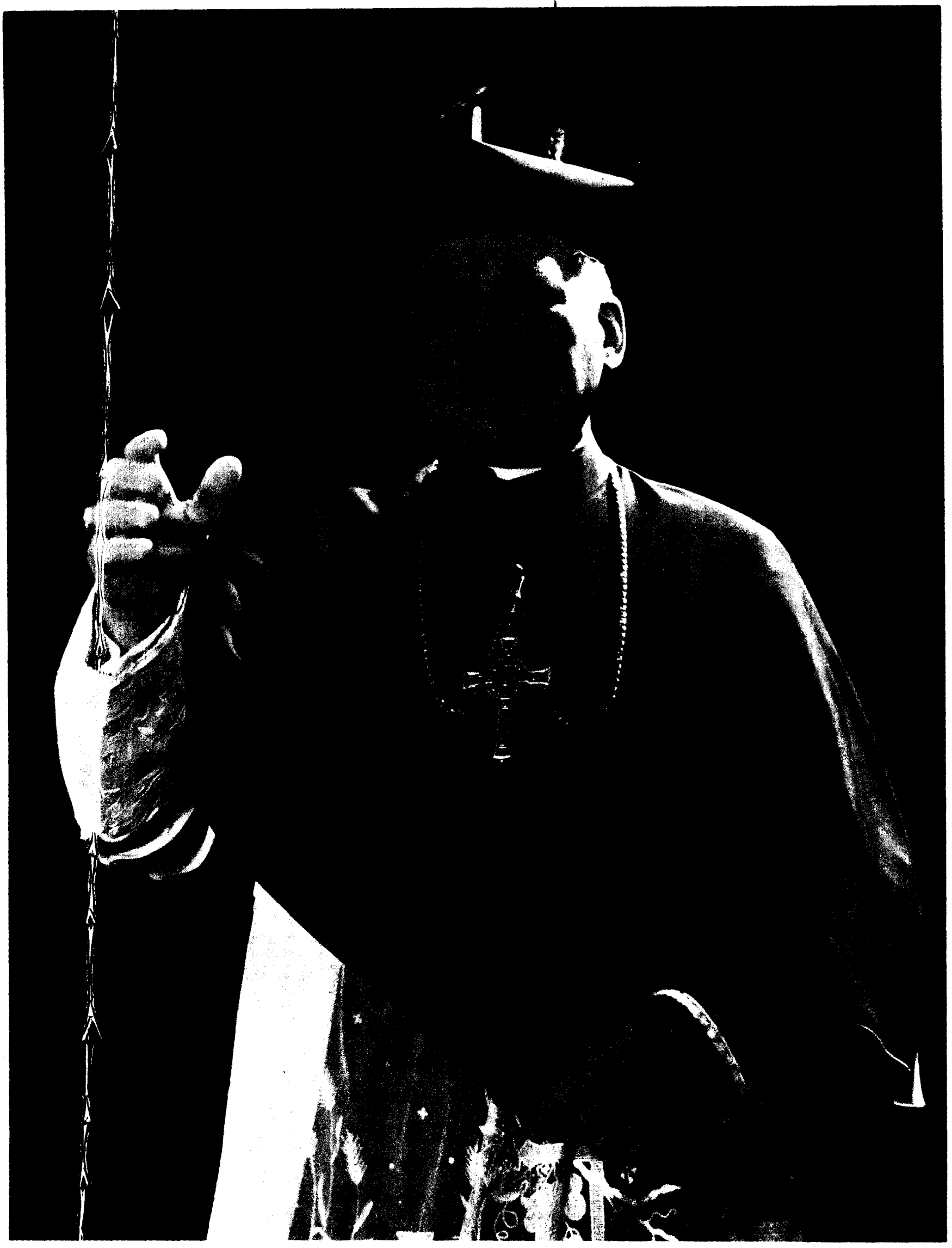



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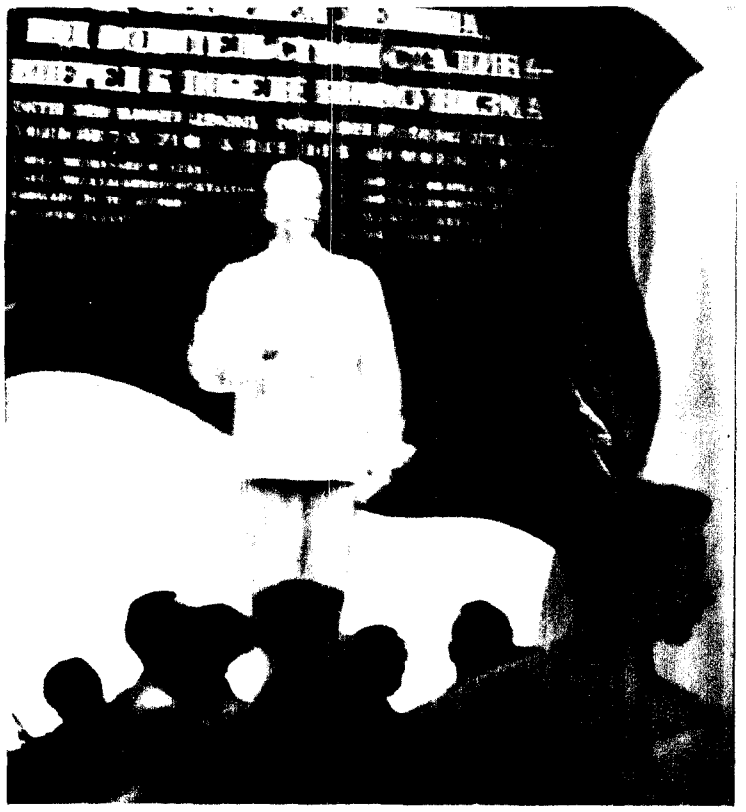

Author's camera shook as he sneaked this shot of Americans looking over the Soviet exhibit

Festival headquarters: House of World Youth. Note banners proclaiming Peace, Friendship

Members of U.S. delegation (backs to camera) and German youths chat with Russian officer

# I CRASHED

**What kind of "Americans" attended the Communist Youth Festival in East Berlin? A U.S. college student, who fled just a step ahead of Red cops, takes the lid off**

## By GEORGE GOODMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I KNOW what it feels like to have a Communist cop knock on your door in the middle of the night and escort you, politely but firmly, to headquarters for questioning. It feels like a bad dream that you want to wake up from, but can't.

It happened to me in the Russian part of Berlin one chilly night last August, and I guess it was my fault. But, as I looked out of the window between interrogations into the bleak stillness of Alexanderplatz, there were just two questions running through my mind. The first was, "How am I going to get out of this jam?" The second, less pressing but just as nagging, was, "Why did I ever get into it in the first place?"

It didn't help that I knew the answer to the second question only too well. I had come to East Berlin to find out what the American delegation to the 1951 Communist youth festival did and thought, and what the other delegations thought of these maverick Americans. I had done it on my own hook, and pretty much as a lark.

In Berlin, I had been welcomed as a "peace-loving" fellow-traveling delegate, but it looked that night as though my welcome had about run out. That's why that big first question was beginning to bother me.

As I waited for my German hosts to resume their interrogation, I firmly resolved that there would be no more of such insane adventures, and that my life from that point on would be devoted to an occupation tranquil and serene—like tossing empty beer cans into a corner of the Harvard Crimson's newsroom, back in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

For that's how this adventure, like many other madcap ideas, was hatched one placid afternoon last April. I was having a what-shall-we-do-this-summer discussion with John Sack, a fellow Crimson editor.

"I have an idea," said Sack, "that this World Student Festival the Communists are staging in East Berlin this summer may prove to be a very good story."

"I had the same idea," I said, "and I had it first."

"No you didn't," Sack replied, tossing a beer can gracefully into the corner. "Come on down to my room and I'll show you my collection."

We retired to his quarters, where there was a small mountain of literature on the World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace—most of it on the past two festivals in Budapest and Prague, and some on the coming one in Berlin. For several hours I read about the happy world youth who would demonstrate against the imperialist warmongers. When I finished reading, I was convinced: it *was* going to be a good story. And it appeared that Sack had already decided who would go get it.

"All you have to do," he was saying, "is to be a Communist for two weeks. It's really very simple. *Somebody* has to expose the American delegation. Think of the American Way of Life."

I did. It was fine. But Berlin . . . Berlin meant shadows, cloaks, daggers, exotic women purring over vodka-powered Mickey Finns. In the far, far distance, I could hear faint chords of zither music.

"Okay," I said. "I'll go."

Four months later—on August 4th—I stepped off a plane in West Berlin's Tempelhof Airport.

I was pretty well briefed on some details of this so-called *Weltjugendfestspiel*—World Youth Festival. It was to be a demonstration "for peace," to show the capitalist world that youth everywhere was united against war-and-imperialism. For two weeks—August 5th to August 19th—delegations from all over the world would give colorful presentations of life in their homeland. They would meet, as one of my booklets said, "on the sporting field in friendly competition, and in the discussion hall."

Their hosts were the FDJ—the *Freie Deutsche Jugend*, or "Free German Youth"—who had commandeered all of East Berlin for the festival. Every public building—city hall, schools, police stations—was to be turned into a bunksite for the expected million-odd festivalites (mostly from within Germany), and every loyal householder was supposed to open his house to guests. Finances would come from the treasury of East Germany, with subsidies from the other Eastern "People's Republics," and a whopping contribution from the biggest "People's Republic" of them all: the Soviet Union. Bombed-out Berlin would show the ravages of war; happy World Youth would sing hymns of peace.

For my own personal background, before leaving the U.S. I had written to several scarlet-tinged organizations in New York City. I had climbed creaky stairs to musty cubbyhole offices. For my pains, I had been equipped with a batch of letters from them indicating I was interested in the "fight for peace."

Now there was the last essential step: I had to check in with the American authorities in Berlin and explain where I was going, and why.

They didn't like it one bit. "Something could easily happen to you," U.S. officials told me, "and there wouldn't be anything we could do." One man carefully recorded my vital statistics and next of kin, then got up and solemnly shook my hand. "Good-by, son," he said gravely. I could already see myself in the salt mines. But I had come too far to quit, and it *was* going to be a good story—one I wanted to see published (as it's being published now). The next day I went over to the East sector on a reconnaissance trip, with a student from Berlin's Free University as a guide.

There's no trick in getting from West to East Berlin. Anyone can ride the subway *(U-Bahn)* or the elevated *(S-Bahn)* over the line. Or you can just walk over. But when you go into East Berlin, you aren't always sure you'll leave it. The police can pick you up on the slightest suspicion, and if they find anything at all to identify you as an "enemy of the people" (a Selective Service card may do), your return trip may be indefinitely postponed. Even the West Berliners stay out of East Berlin.

The contrast between East and West Berlin was stunning. Residential West Berlin, for the most part, was as quiet and suburban as Winnetka, Illi-

George Goodman is a twenty-one-year-old senior at Harvard College, majoring in history and literature. He is an editor of the Harvard Crimson and a correspondent for both the New York Herald Tribune and the Boston Herald. His home is in Clayton, Missouri



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# STALIN'S PARTY

**Anti-Communist Goodman poses in East Berlin with a couple of unsuspecting Soviet soldiers, against background of bombed-out buildings**

nois. Well-dressed commuters, brief cases in hand, ran puffing for the eight five at Krumme Lanke station. Traffic honked through the streets. Things were normal.

In East Berlin, though, things were far from normal. Instead of bright new cars and busses, there were only "official" vehicles to be seen—trucks and decrepit prewar automobiles. Every building in East Berlin was festooned with flags and festival signs like, "We Greet the Youth of the World," and "Third World Festival of Youth for Peace."

"Peace" was written in every language: *Peace, Paix, Pax, Friede, Pace, Beke, Pokoj.* On every corner there were clusters of black-uniformed men with high boots; these were the *Volkspolizei,* my guide informed me—the "people's police."

The center of this circus was Alexanderplatz, a circular, open area in the "downtown" of East Berlin. Alexanderplatz was ringed with modernistic structures, one of which was the sleek, oblong *Haus der Weltjugend*—Festival Headquarters. From every vantage point, portraits of Stalin benignly watched the proceedings; there were also huge likenesses of Lenin (intense sincerity) and East German President Pieck (smiling patriarch).

But behind the façade of flags, steel and concrete, East Berlin was a grubby city. Much of the war rubble had yet to be cleared away. There were few shops, and little in them. The people who walked slowly by the shop windows were scrawny and ill-dressed. Only the masses of young people in the blue shirts of the FDJ seemed animated. Hordes of them, boys and girls from nine up, streamed through the streets. In the air there was a tension, a fever-pitch excitement whipped up by the steady drumbeats and sporadic outbursts of shrill trumpets. Mr. Hitler, I thought, you should see this.

"How do you like it?" my guide asked.

"Let's go back to West Berlin," I replied. "I feel as if I need a bath."

Next day, August 7th, I returned alone, to present myself as a newly arrived American "delegate." It was tougher than I'd expected. Everyone in the *Haus der Weltjugend* seemed to be running important errands from office to office, but all anyone knew about an American delegation was the address: 31 Schnellerstrasse.

So I set out toward the subway and 31 Schnellerstrasse; but I had forgotten about my obviously American clothes. The thousands of blue-shirted youngsters swarming around Alexanderplatz were all equipped with autograph books, and they mobbed anyone who looked like a foreigner. The autographs were something to show one's friends the year round. There was a definite scale of values: Chinese, Arabic, Russian and American signatures were the most prized, followed by English and French.

It took me half an hour to sign my way through 500 yards of FDJers, scribbling a lot of good American names like Cotton Mather, Martha Washington, Robert Ingersoll, John J. Sack and Senator Joseph McCarthy.

When I arrived at 31 Schnellerstrasse, I told the FDJ guards that I was an American who yearned to be with his delegation. The guards (called "guides and interpreters") *(Continued on page 45)*



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# The MOON MAIDEN

**Publicizing underdressed starlets should be easy, but it never is for Dear George. Now he has to send one hurtling to the moon in a rocket**

## By HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

October 11, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Book-Cadillac
Detroit, Michigan

Dear George:

George, old boy, things are about to pick up. Have you ever been to the moon? For a real visit? If I were you, all I'd take would be light summer things, with maybe a tennis racket and a small keg of oxygen. Travel light, I always say, particularly if you intend to go straight up.

In other words, to business. You have perhaps heard that we are about due for a second round of pictures about the moon, flying saucers, little men from Mars, and other interstellar nonsense. As though people didn't have enough these days to scare the pants off them, we have lately been working on some pictures that are guaranteed to cause a general rush to the psycho ward. For once, when we run that line about not attending if you have a weak heart, we will mean it. These things will make the Frankenstein pictures seem like a day in the country.

But as usual, ours not to question why; ours but to get busy and sell some tickets. Personally, I would rather have the aspirin concession in the theaters concerned, but I fear that is impractical. The popcorn cartel would never allow it.

So I guess the only thing we can do is go along. And if we are going to help toot at all, we might as well toot loud.

Which is what I am working up to at the moment. Our own can of interplanetary corn is called The Moon Maiden, and it's about what you might expect. Same plot, of course. We spend a million dollars apiece to make these fool pictures, but we naturally can't spend too much time on the story. We get that done in about ten minutes, which leaves us more time to make the picture.

At least in this one the background will be new and fresh, as we personally built our own moon on which to shoot it. Also the costumes should prove appealing, since the designers have gone practically nuts on a Buck Rogers sports line, and without wasting one bit of material. I hope it's warm on the moon, as otherwise I fear the citizens will be chilly if they go there clad like our Moon Maidens.

But, as I was saying, to business. What we naturally have to do to sell this jet-propelled turkey is to tie it in somehow with the day's science news. The Air Force or any legitimate American scientist naturally wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole, and I was going crazy looking for a gimmick until I suddenly remembered Professor Waldo Zoom and that idiotic rocket to the moon he's been slaving away at for five years in a vast barn outside Pittsburgh. As you undoubtedly know, he's the German rocket expert who came over here after the war to induce somebody to give him a large sack of American dollars so that he could continue his lifework of actually getting to the moon.

The Air Force and the government, and most of our big companies, rapidly fobbed him off, and, as I remember, he finally got some retired corset manufacturer to back the deal. For a while there was a terrific hoorah about it in the papers. Interviews and pictures every hour on the hour. Then, as these things do, the fire sort of died down, and I didn't see one more word about it till the other day, when I saw a little item on page 14 saying that after five years of toil the professor was finally getting gassed up and expected to take off shortly.

Which is where you come in. Because if anything is really ready to break over there, let us hasten to get a seat before the crowd gathers. If the professor is really getting the sandwiches aboard, he'll shortly be back in the news with a loud bang, and every publicity hack in this town will be after him to tie him in on their fool Buck Rogers pictures. And I intend to get him first. So go.

Here is the program: Speed to Pittsburgh, circle the town rapidly till you find the professor's barn, and somehow sell him the idea of taking along with him on his actual flight to the moon our breathtakingly beautiful Laurie Lane, who in a small uranium halter plays the role of head Moon Maiden in the picture. The idea being that there will naturally be several men along on the trip, but that Professor Zoom also wants to show the citizens on the moon a perfectly formed earth woman. And after a wide search he has chosen Laurie to take along. We are, of course, highly honored, and accept gladly. We will immediately fly lovely Laurie to Pittsburgh, and the story of her plans to go along, together with the pictures of her doing her last-minute shopping and of her inspecting the rocket daily, clad in the little plutonium sunsuit she wears in the picture, can hardly help but panic every paper and newsreel in the land. As publicity stunts go, it should be a whizzer.

So get her on the passenger list by any means necessary. Buy her a ticket at whatever price. If necessary, slip the professor a bundle of bank notes under the table. Actually, you'll no doubt be able to arrange the whole thing without spending a nickel. I can't imagine any man, even a scientist, demanding money to take Laurie Lane anywhere with him, even to the moon. And the old duck who backed the thing no doubt went into it largely for personal publicity, and we can certainly assure him of plenty of that. Incidentally, when you sell them the idea, naturally sell it straight. As far as they're to know, Laurie will definitely go any time they blow the whistle.

Which of course won't be exactly the case. As usual, I'm betting my all on my intense knowledge of human events. I've never seen one of these first-time deals yet that wasn't postponed at least forty times before they finally got ready to go. And after about the tenth postponement, by which time we will have ladled all the possible cream off the stunt, we will simply announce that due to the many postponements we have regretfully been forced to cancel Laurie's passage, due to necessary picture commitments. And that will be that. The professor can then take off and break his neck, if he so desires.

Isn't it a beauty? Go, boy; go. As though your pants were on fire.

Love,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
THANKS, BUT UNFORTUNATELY CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ROCKETS TO THE MOON AT THIS TIME. MY DRAFT BOARD FORBIDS ANY UNNECESSARY TRAVEL OUTSIDE THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL BOOK-CADILLAC DETROIT MICH
NO DRAFT BOARD HAS HAD THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST IN YOU SINCE THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. SO PUT DOWN YOUR DRUM AND BUGLE, AND LET'S GET GOING. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
DICK, YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT ANYWHERE NEAR A ROCKET TO THE MOON IS NO PLACE FOR ME. I WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY POKE THE WRONG TRIGGER, AND THE LAST SEEN OF OLD GEORGE WOULD BE A DIM GLOW HIGH ON THE WESTERN HORIZON. THANK YOU, BUT NO. I LIKE IT HERE. JUST PLAIN OLD HERE. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL BOOK-CADILLAC DETROIT MICH
GEORGE, THERE IS NO NEED FOR YOU TO GET ANYWHERE NEAR THAT FOOL ROCKET, AND YOU KNOW IT. IN FACT, I BEG OF YOU, DON'T. JUST SEE THE MAN, SELL YOUR MERCHANDISE, AND AWAY. A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY COULD DO IT. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
TEN-YEAR-OLD BOYS UNDERSTAND ROCKETS MUCH BETTER THAN I DO. PERSONALLY, I HAVE ALWAYS CONSIDERED THE HORSE DANGEROUSLY SPEEDY. BUT, AFTER ALL, IT'S YOUR NICKEL. NOW WHERE DID I PUT MY GRAVITY-DEFIER BELT? OH, THERE IT IS . . . WHOOOOOOSH! GEORGE.

HOTEL WILLIAM PENN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 14, 1951
Air-Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, you were right on one thing. Professor Zoom's rocket nursery is indeed near Pittsburgh. It's here all right, sitting on a knoll over behind one of the steel mills, like a tremendous misplaced cow barn. The only thing that you failed to remember was why.

After a morning spent in rapid reconnaissance, allow me to inform you of a few facts. The main one being that there is no more chance of carrying out this mad scheme than there is of my personally flying to the moon using only the simple breast stroke. Nobody connected with this project has the slightest interest in any snide publicity schemes. Your "retired corset manufacturer" happens to be in reality Mr. J. P. Mullrath, former head of the Great *(Continued on page 50)*

**First we took a series of pictures inside the rocket of Laurie harmlessly twirling various dials. Nothing untoward happened**

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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*Continuing: FOOTBALL IS MY LIFE*

# Coaching from Muskingum

**Back in 1915, the football mentor took his first college job, at $85 a month. Six schools later he was at New Haven, where he helped produce upsets and such stars as Larry Kelley and Clint Frank**

By GREASY NEALE with TOM MEANY

An anxious Neale watches the Yale Bulldogs, whom he coached for seven successful years

***Alfred Earle Neale began his remarkable football career on the high-school team in Parkersburg, West Virginia, later starred at West Virginia Wesleyan. As a coach for seven colleges, a professional player and mentor, he has known the game as few other men have. In this article, he continues his story of football as the famous know and live it***

II

ALTHOUGH it was a matter of economics which brought me into the college coaching field in 1915, the actual money involved was small. I had received about $1,000 for playing professional baseball in the first year of my married life, but in those days of low living costs, Mrs. Neale and I actually managed to save about a hundred dollars.

I will make no odious comparisons with the current living costs except to say that we paid $10 a month room rent.

There wouldn't be another baseball pay check until the following spring, however, and when Bob Montgomery, the son of the president of Muskingum College, in Ohio, and today the president himself, offered me $500 to coach football and basketball there, I readily accepted. Subconsciously, I suppose, I had always wanted to be a coach ever since my experience at Parkersburg High, Parkersburg, West Virginia, in 1910. The immense possibilities of football strategy always had intrigued me, plus the even more involved details of handling a squad of football players. No matter how big the squad is, or how small, there are never two personalities alike on it and each has to be handled in a different manner.

My pay for coaching figured out to a trifle less than $85 a month, which had been my first salary in professional baseball. The football background I brought with me to Muskingum was sketchy, consisting, as it did, of two seasons of high-school play and two of college. The plays I used were those of my own devising, plus some that I borrowed from Frank Mount Pleasant when he coached at Wesleyan. Frank had been Pop Warner's quarterback with the famed Carlisle Indians and later had played at Dickinson with John Felton, my first coach. Football players got around in those days.

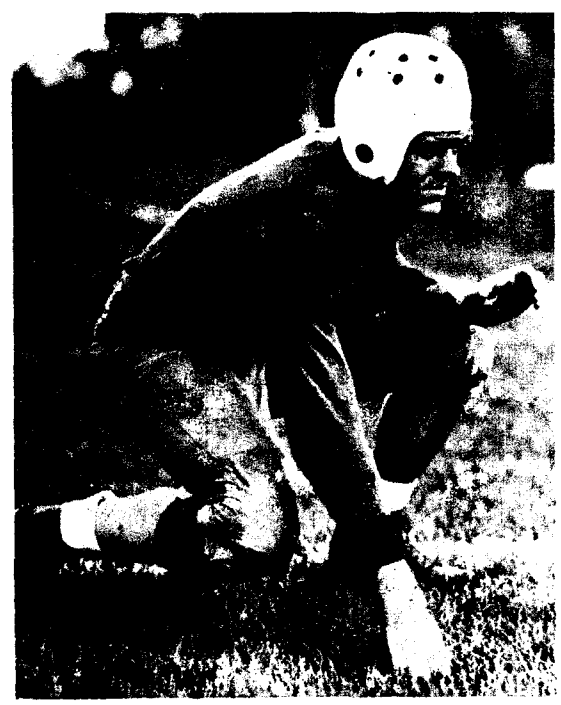
At Muskingum the football team did better than I had any right to expect, considering the size of the squad and my own inexperience. We beat the teams in our class and never folded against obviously superior teams. The basketball team, which I enjoyed coaching, did quite well, including among its victories a triumph over my alma mater, West Virginia Wesleyan.

When I returned from my first major-league baseball season with Cincinnati in 1916, I received an offer to return to Wesleyan as football coach. Harry Stansbury, who had induced me to go there in 1912 and who had been a teammate of mine, was now athletic director there and gave me a bid of $1,200 to coach football and basketball. This offer, was matched by Muskingum, but I decided on my alma mater.

When I arrived at Wesleyan, I found football in pretty much of a mess. Joe Guyon, a transfer from Carlisle who had been heavily counted on, had

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The great Jim Thorpe hired Neale for Canton. Greasy caught 6 TD passes in one 1917 game



INTERNATIONAL

Larry Kelley, says Neale, was an opportunist who could catch fire just when he was needed

INTERNATIONAL

Greasy remembers quarterback Clint Frank as one of best college players he ever coached



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# o Yale

packed his bags and moved to Georgia Tech. The first thing I did was to land Honest John Kellison, who had played tackle alongside me in 1912-'13, as my line coach. This was a procedure I was to repeat no fewer than four times in my coaching career and it was the beginning of a partnership which still endures.

Wesleyan's big rival was West Virginia University, as it had been in our playing days, but any thoughts I may have had of repeating the upsets I enjoyed as a player were smashed. The Mountaineers whaled us 54 to 7. Ira Rodgers, one of the country's great backs, passed us dizzy.

That pasting, administered at Fairmount, West Virginia, concluded a dismal season for us. That night Kellison came up to me in the Manley Hotel and told me he had just overheard a fan say, "Wesleyan never will beat West Virginia as long as Rodgers is there."

"He's wrong, Kelly," I answered quickly. "We'll beat 'em next year but we'll need a team to do it. And I'm going to start getting that team right now."

It was my first experience with subsidizing and I can't say it started off encouragingly. I approached a wealthy man whom I knew to be a Wesleyan rooter and asked him for a contribution to a scholarship fund to help us beat West Virginia next year.

"Sure," he said. "Here's fifteen dollars. And I'll add a hundred to it when you beat West Virginia, if you ever do."

We opened the 1917 season with a team that cost us $4,400 to recruit, about a dozen scholarships. And all we had collected toward this was $2,100. I was getting $1,200 and Kellison was getting $2,000 as my assistant and as athletic director (he replaced Stansbury, who was now athletic director of West Virginia University), and it looked as though we might have to turn back our salaries to the school to make good on the deficit unless we defeated West Virginia. As I look back on it, $4,400 wasn't much of an investment for an entire football team. From the prices I hear quoted in some places today, a school couldn't get a second-string quarterback for that kind of money.

**Neale subsidized players only where it was the practice. "When in Rome, I did as the Romans did"**

INTERNATIONAL

**Herb Kopf, later both college and pro coach, was on Neale's 1922 W&J Rose Bowl team**

This may be as good a spot as any to express my sentiments on football subsidization. First of all, I never subsidized at any school where subsidization wasn't the practice. When in Rome, I did as the Romans did. At some schools today the rush to obtain football players has degenerated into a rat race. Whoever gets to the boy last gets the boy.

I believe that a boy who can play football should be given the opportunity of obtaining an athletic scholarship, but I don't approve of boys being moved from the Midwest to the South or from the East to the West. Within reason, a high-school football player should attend college within the limits of his own state, for that is where, in most cases, he will have to live when he graduates. If a boy wants to play outside his own state and can pass the entrance examination at the college of his choice, there is, of course, no reason why he shouldn't enroll at that school.

Our subsidized team of 1917 did well enough in our early games, losing only to Penn State when Charley Way, one of Walter Camp's All-America selections made a 40-yard runback of a punt with less than a minute to go to beat us 8 to 7.

Preparations for our big game with West Virginia would be considered crude in these days of the two-platoon system. For the week before the game my brother Widdy, who weighed 152 pounds, impersonated the great Rodgers in scrimmage and I masqueraded as Rip King, the pass-catching halfback of the Mountaineers. The reason for this was that we simply didn't have enough players for a full-scale scrimmage.

In one of the workouts I was knocked cuckoo leading the interference and had to be led from the field. When I came to, one of my players, Piggy Gill, said, "Coach, we've already played West Virginia and beaten 'em." I was woozy, but not that woozy.

Rodgers was one of the great football players of his time. I knew we'd need something extra to beat any team which had a back of his ability and I devised a play which often has been called a "triple pass," but which more accurately was a double reverse. So far as I know this play was never used before we employed it against West Virginia in 1917.

Wesleyan's quarterback was Dad Snedegar, a boy who weighed only 143 pounds but stood six feet three inches tall. On this play, which was employed in a sequence with standard off-tackle plays, Snedegar started from tailback as if to go off tackle but when he reached the line of scrimmage passed to our wingback, Myron Hymes. Myron ran behind the line of scrimmage to the opposite side, as if working the old-fashioned crisscross and then passed to our end, Ed Fisher, who came back again in the direction Snedegar had originally started.

The game was played at Clarksburg, West Virginia, on a cold, bleak day. West Virginia was an overwhelming favorite, 5 to 1 in the betting, which was even money that we *(Continued on page 69)*

COLOR PHOTO FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

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ROBERT BUGG

**He reached a short, stubby arm into a barrel beside his desk. "Care to have one?"**

# The Cadmium-Plated Nail

## By CHARLES EINSTEIN

IT OUGHT to be specified that Victor Robbins was not a superstitious man. He did not advance cautiously in business affairs when his moon was in Capricorn, nor did he see the value of throwing salt over the left shoulder. He loved his wife and two small children dearly, and he frequently passed under ladders in his haste to get home to them.

Thus, when the nail came into his life, Victor was prone to pass it off as one of those silly things. The fact is, he never went anywhere without it. When his wife changed the contents of his pockets from one suit to another, he would caution her: "The nail, honey; don't forget the nail."

"I changed it first thing," Norma Robbins would reply. Inwardly, though neither cared to admit it, they regarded the nail with a kind of awe.

It was a symbol of reality to them in the world's troubled times. They were a young couple with a family, and they were buying their first house with all the complete hopeless hope of a bush-league Mr. and Mrs. Blandings. The building of their house, and of perhaps forty other houses almost exactly like it in a new suburban community known superlatively as Woodvale Acres, depended on the whimsey of two banks, a dyspeptic contractor, and, it seemed, several thousand government regulations which were clamped on one day and removed the next in such profusion as to convince Victor Robbins at intervals that he was losing his mind.

Added to all of this, there was Mr. Pulaski, the sales agent for Woodvale Acres, a mysterious god in baggy tweeds.

"You'll have to vent the washing machine," he told Victor over the telephone one day.

"I wasn't planning to," Victor answered.

"You should have," Mr. Pulaski said, and hung up the telephone. Victor took it up cautiously with his lawyer.

"He says I have to vent the washing machine."

"He's crazy," the lawyer said. "What you want to worry about is the nails. Make sure he uses copper nails."

Victor went over to see Mr. Pulaski.

"My lawyer said you were crazy about the washing machine."

"What about the washing machine?"

"Venting it." Victor felt as if he had just coined a word.

"You tell your lawyer he's crazy," Mr. Pulaski said cheerfully, "and tell him Herman Pulaski said so."

"I'll tell him. He also said to ask you do you use copper nails?"

"No," Mr. Pulaski said.

"He said you ought to."

"We don't."

There was a silence. "What kind of nails do you use?" Victor asked, at last. He did not want to hear the answer.

"Cadmium-plated," Mr. Pulaski said, and reached a short, stubby arm into a barrel beside his desk. "Care to have one? Compliments of the company."

That was how Victor got the nail.

The events which deified the nail were not tremendous in scope. At his desk in the insurance office where he worked, Victor occasionally found his fingers in his coat pocket, massaging the nail. The feel of it was a message from the world of the future; a world that would cost money. It spurred him on. He had the nail held clammily in his fist when he went in to see Mr. Sylvester, his boss, about a raise in salary.

"Getting yourself a house, hey, Victor?" Mr. Sylvester inquired. He was a lean, ascetic man, who wore the kind of rimless glasses you look over but not through. "You ought to bring in the plans someday. Sort of a hobby with me, looking over the plans for new houses."

"There are no plans," Victor said.

"No plans? What are you building? A log cabin?"

"Not exactly."

"We'll be calling you Daniel Boone," Mr. Sylvester said, and guffawed. "How can you build a house without plans?"

"It's built from a model," Victor explained. "They file the plans for the model, and they build your house from those plans, so you don't have a set of plans yourself."

"Good to have plans, though," Mr. Sylvester said. "Sort of keeps you in touch with the construction."

"Oh," Victor said, opening his fist, "we're in touch with the construction, all right. See? I've even got one of the nails they use."

"Let's see it."

"Here," Victor said. "It's cadmium-plated."

"You don't say," Mr. Sylvester murmured, and held the nail up to the light. "So it is. So it is."

"I'm thinking," Victor added confidentially, "of venting the washing machine."

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"Why?"

"Costs more money."

"That's what I came in to see you about."

Mr. Sylvester looked at him over his glasses. He made a noise in his throat. "The fact is, Victor, we've been keeping an eye on you. You've had a raise coming. I just want to say you have just brought up the damnedest excuse for one that I, in my twenty-four years behind this desk, have ever heard."

"I didn't bring it up," Victor said. "You were the one who said it would cost money."

"Don't you know it always costs more money to vent?"

"I suppose so," Victor said.

"Well," Mr. Sylvester said, and coughed. "Let's say twenty-five dollars a week more. For you, not for the damn' washing machine. Now kindly take your cadmium-plated nail and leave me alone. And let me know if you need any help."

In similar vein, Victor's wife Norma utilized the being of the nail. She was unable to utilize the nail itself, since Victor did not permit it to leave his possession. But Norma was a pretty girl, and there were ways.

"We're going to use cadmium-plated nails in our house," she informed Mr. Busskind, the butcher.

"Seeing is believing," Mr. Busskind replied. "They told me they was going to use brass leaders in my house, and the first time I found out what a leader was I found out they forgot to put up any leaders at all."

"My husband took care of it," Norma said. "He brought one of the nails home with him."

"There's a smart one, that husband of yours," Mr. Busskind said. He leaned over the counter, his girth swelling the apron he wore. "I got a particularly nice special on steak."

"If it's tender," Norma said.

"For you, special," Mr. Busskind pledged. He rolled his eyes and diagramed the steak with his hands. "May your house always be nailed together good, and I'm sorry you're moving out of the neighborhood."

AND so did an importance come to be attached to the nail. Being of no more than an averagely reflective turn, Victor and Norma Robbins failed to search for a moral. But they did attach extraordinary meaning to a day in November, when the nail, having worn a tiny hole in Victor's pocket, fell through and was lost.

"What am I going to do?" he said to Norma.

"Go see Mr. Pulaski," she said. "Get another nail."

"It won't be the same."

"Don't be silly," she said, feeling the same way he did.

Victor went to see Mr. Pulaski. "I need a minute of your time," he said. "You'll think this is a dopey story, but I have to tell you something." And he told Mr. Pulaski about it.

The two of them sat in silence when he was finished. "You're foolish," Mr. Pulaski said, at length. "Here." He reached a stubby arm into the barrel of nails next to his desk. "Here is another one just like the first one. In a million years, you couldn't tell the difference."

"I hope you're right," Victor said.

"I'm right," Mr. Pulaski said. "Remember," he added, cryptically, "the world is full of good people. You know Mr. Grimsley?"

"No," Victor said, feeling a little ridiculous.

"Ought to meet him. He'll be your next-door neighbor when the houses get built. Nice young man. Wife, two little ones. An accountant. He can do your income tax for you." Mr. Pulaski smiled slightly. "He lost his nail, too." THE END



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# Money Rider

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

clubhouse turn, their riders jockeying for position. In seventh place was Buckley. He was driving through the inside and cutting the sweep close. When they rounded the second turn, into the backstretch, Buckley used the whip only once to keep the horse in position, close on the inside, running easily, now in sixth position.

"Nice maneuvering," MacTavish remarked "He knows his riding."

Hobbs had to admit this was so as he watched the field move down the backstretch, Buckley holding his position along the rail, saving ground. There was none of the frantic pace setting Hobbs had half expected, and when the front runners opened a tentative gap at the far turn, he nodded approvingly to see the bay held steady, Buckley refusing to go after them. Hobbs watched through his binoculars as they went into the stretch, Buckley using the bat, and he gauged the bay's remaining strength with a practiced eye. He was wearying; his head was drooping; there might possibly be enough to hold his position but that would be all. Skillful handling was helping him to make a showing.

They came down the stretch, Buckley still sixth, and now he was giving full play to the bat, sweeping it back in perfect rhythm with the bay's pace. To Hobbs's surprise the bay's head rose and he began to edge up slowly; at the quarter pole he took over fifth position. Still moving up at the eighth, he was less than a head from fourth place, the position Hobbs had named as a condition to Buckley's riding other horses. Through his glasses Hobbs watched Buckley bare his teeth as he snapped the bat to the bay's flank in a last desperate effort. It was wasted motion. The bay had reached his limit. He neither gained nor lost through the final furlong, crossing the finish line fifth.

Thoughtful, Hobbs turned to MacTavish. "Mac, he rode like there was a blueprint in front of him. He deserves a couple of good horses."

The trainer shrugged. "You're the boss, Frank."

"Let's give him a week—or until I get back. If he flops badly, use your own judgment on paying him off."

IT WAS at the yearling sale in Maryland, late the next afternoon, that the news was broken to Hobbs by the auctioneer.

"Four wins?" Hobbs said in surprise. "Are you sure?"

The auctioneer nodded. "Just caught the Aqueduct results. How many did you have entered?"

"Just four," Hobbs said, slowly. Four winners out of four mounts going to the post—and one a handicap. To Hobbs, who had been an owner for thirty years, it was incredible. It was partly luck, of course, but accomplished riding was there too.

"He'll be writing his own ticket after today," Hobbs told his wife that evening, as he watched her preparing dinner. "Maybe I've got another Arcaro on my hands. I wouldn't object to that one bit."

His wife's gentle eyes showed concern. "And you think he's neglecting his boy?"

Hobbs shrugged. "MacTavish can be wrong about that. People are quick to talk, without understanding a situation."

Mrs. Hobbs turned from the stove. "A stable's no place for a child to be hanging around. If Mr. Buckley's willing, you could send the boy to me. I wouldn't mind the job at all of minding him."

"You mean of *spoiling* him," Hobbs corrected, with a smile.

"A little mothering never hurt any child," she said. "Anyway, you might mention it."

Hobbs agreed that he might. It was a week later when he returned to Aqueduct. During his absence, fifteen of his horses had been taken to the post by Buckley, and eight of them had been winners. Hobbs was quick to congratulate the rider when he appeared at the barn with his son.

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"Takes a bit of luck," Buckley said. "Listen, Mr. Hobbs, I want to thank you."

Hobbs waved this aside. "Forget it." He turned to watch the rider's child standing on tiptoe before a stall, offering a wisp of hay to a disdainful colt. Suddenly he noticed that the boy was still wearing the same shabby clothes.

"Have you got a check from the office yet?" Hobbs asked. "If not, I can let you have an advance."

Buckley's eyes moved to his son. He lowered them. "I've been paid," he said.

Hobbs frowned. He glanced at the little boy again. "What do you think of sending the kid to my farm for a while? My wife would be delighted to have him, and I know he'd get a kick out of being there."

Buckley shook his head. "I'd rather keep him with me."

"You could visit him occasionally—on Sundays, maybe."

"I'd rather keep him here, with me."

Hobbs turned away, shrugging. "Let me know if you change your mind."

MacTavish snorted when Hobbs mentioned Buckley's unwillingness to be away from his child.

"I should think he'd be glad to get rid of the boy," the trainer said, with outright bitterness in his voice. "It would save him a few pennies each day. Frank, they were right at Lakeside: that man is the limit when it comes to parting with a dollar. A few days ago he collected seven hundred dollars at the office, and I thought sure I'd see some new clothes on the kid. Do you know where they're living? On Crane Street, in a two-by-four room over a garage! Damn it, Frank, I don't mind a man squeezing a penny if that's the way he chooses to live, but when it falls on a kid it gets under my skin."

"That's really none of our business," Hobbs said, after a moment's thought. "And there's nothing wrong with his riding."

"No complaints there," MacTavish admitted. "He's got an instinct for being in the right place at the right moment, saves ground and wind, and comes ripping through the stretch like Sande used to."

"Which doesn't do us any harm," Hobbs said lightly. "Cheer up, Mac. I doubt if he really mistreats the kid."

Throughout the Aqueduct meet, Buckley continued to ride with the same skill and determination that he had shown on his first day, and Hobbs suddenly found himself with one of the leading riders of the meet. Scarcely a day passed that Buckley didn't ride at least one winner, but whether he was in the money or hopelessly out of it, he fought every inch of the stretch, refusing to let up until he passed the finish line. His riding had a peculiar savage quality, as if the outcome were a matter of life or death, and he was quickly tabbed "the money rider" by the sports writers.

"He's a money rider, all right," Hobbs said, near the close of the meet. "When the chips are down he's unbeatable on a good horse."

"He's unbeatable off a horse, too," MacTavish growled.

Hobbs knew that the trainer meant Buckley's niggardly habits, which were becoming the talk of the stables. The rider seldom carried money and therefore seldom parted with any, ignoring completely the conventional tipping for small services. Both he and his son still lived in the room above the garage and wore the same clothes they had the first day they arrived—in spite of Buckley's sizable earnings. It was bound to create talk, and it did. The stable hands suggested that he was entertaining a lady whose ideas were keeping one step ahead of Buckley's pocketbook. Hobbs and MacTavish, however, didn't think he was, both agreeing that the rider was hardly the playboy type and that, in all probability, he was putting his riding fees in the bank.

If Buckley was aware of the feelings of people around him, he failed to show it. He seldom spoke to anyone and he displayed no interest in what went on about him, with the exception of the mounts he would be riding that day. During the mornings he kept entirely to himself, occasionally strolling with his son along the path circling the racing strip, one arm resting lightly about the boy's shoulders.

When Hobbs, one morning, tactfully mentioned that the boy could use a new pair of shoes, Buckley briefly replied that it wasn't important.

"Say, Buckley, what kind of a father are you to leave a kid run around like that?" Hobbs said angrily. "Of *course* shoes are important!"

"As long as they fit," the rider replied, "it doesn't matter how they look."

"That's nonsense!" Hobbs snapped. "Besides, he'll be going to school soon, playing with other kids. He'll want something besides those rags he's wearing, so why not get them now?"

Buckley hesitated. "He won't be going to school—not for a while, anyway."

"He's old enough, isn't he?"

When the rider remained silent, Hobbs's voice became brittle. "I'll buy the kid the outfit, if that's what's worrying you."

The rider's pale eyes suddenly turned frosty. "There will be time enough for school next year, Mr. Hobbs."

"I suppose," Hobbs said, his voice heavy with sarcasm, "you expect the shoes to last until then."

Without waiting for an answer, the owner turned away, and that afternoon, during the races, he took Jimmie into a local store and bought shoes for him. While he was there, thinking he might as well go all out, Hobbs bought the youngster an Eton suit and two pairs of new overalls. When Buckley saw the boy proudly wearing the suit that evening, he blushed, but he offered neither comment nor payment.

MOVING into Belmont, and then on to Aqueduct, Buckley continued to gather a high percentage of purses. On opening day at Belmont he won the Fall Highweight with a four-year-old colt not long graduated from the plater class. A month later, at Jamaica, he rode six winners in a single day, two of the mounts belonging to Hobbs, four to other owners who were quick to utilize the rider's open dates.

"I've never seen the likes of him," MacTavish admitted grudgingly, "but it's taking something out of him. At the end of each race he looks like he wants to lie down and forget about getting up."

Hobbs had noticed that, too. It had always been obvious that Buckley was not a strong man physically, and he now appeared on the verge of collapse each evening. He walked heavily, his thin shoulders sagging, his face more drawn. His hollowed eyes had a haunted expression.

Hobbs questioned him about his weight one afternoon, as the rider rested on the cot in the tack room, asking whether Buckley was struggling to keep it down.

"My weight's okay," he answered, his voice reflecting his weariness. "I just get tired fast. A night's rest brings me around."

Hobbs shook his head doubtfully. "You look the same in the mornings to me. Better take a week off."

"I said I was okay."

"Now don't tell me you can't afford to lose a week's work, Buckley. You must have earned over fifteen thousand in the past three months."

The rider was silent a moment as he lay on the cot, his hands clasped behind his head, his eyes fixed on the rafters overhead.

"Maybe after the Demoiselle Stakes I'll take a little time," he said finally.

"Do it now," Hobbs insisted. "Take the kid down to my farm and spend a week there with him. Stay two weeks. Hell, man, get acquainted with your son. Someday you'll want to think back and remember the things you did together."

Hobbs thought he saw a wistful expression flicker in the rider's eyes as he got up from the cot.

"After the Demoiselle Stakes," Buckley repeated.

"That's a while off. Why not now?"

"Well—well, for one thing I'm on a good streak, and the money's rolling in—"

Hobbs stared at him with disgust. "Good Lord, Buckley, don't you ever think of anything but money? There *are* more important things, you know. Did you ever go fishing with your kid? Or take him to the beach on a summer afternoon, or—"



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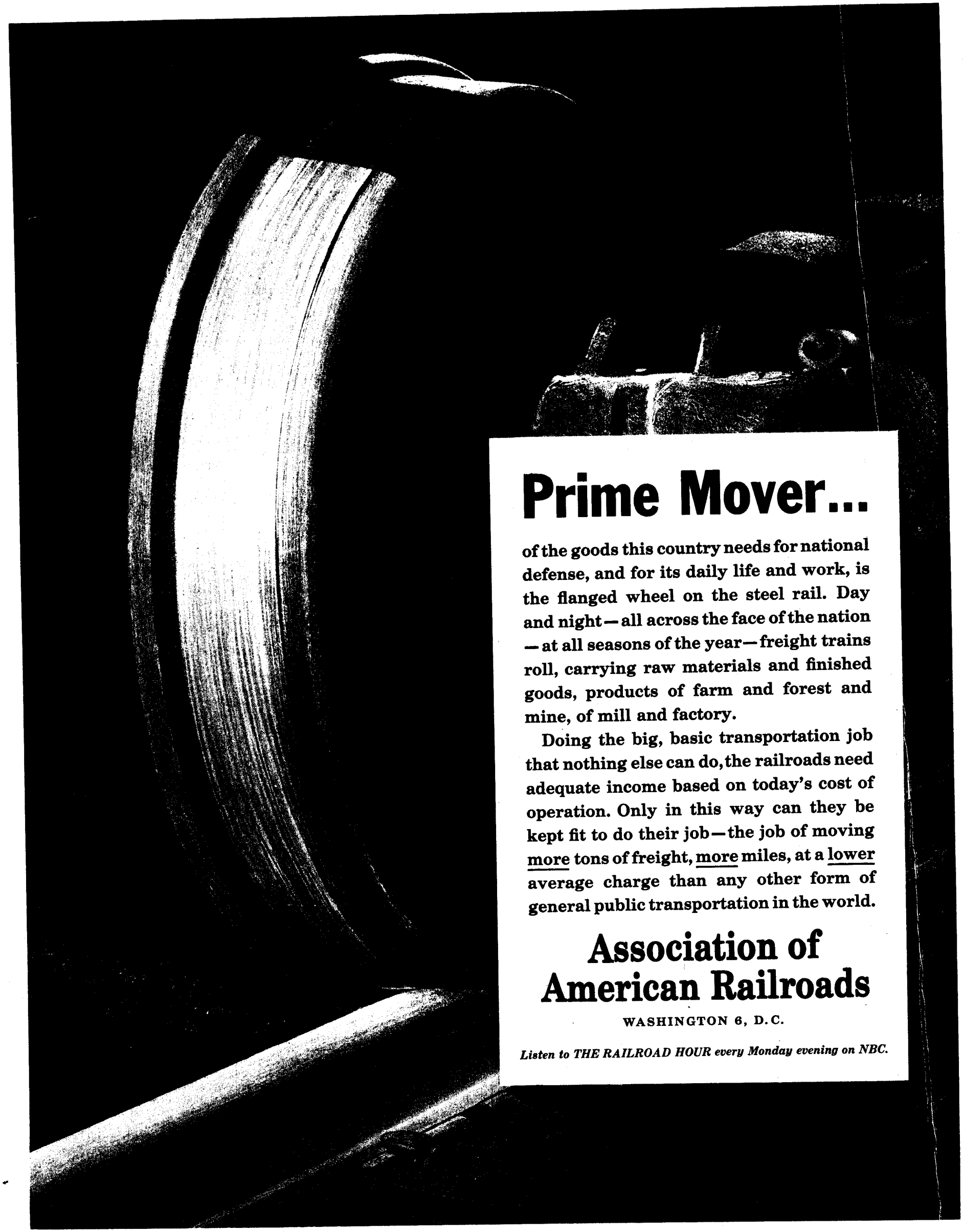

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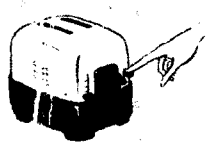

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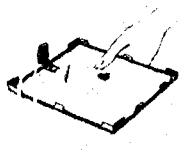

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The owner broke off as Buckley turned abruptly and walked from the room.

On the morning of the Demoiselle Stakes, Hobbs and MacTavish stood by the rail and watched Buckley work Mimosa Girl, a dappled gray filly Hobbs had entered in the race. The filly's heels kicked high as she breezed along the inside rail, the sunlight flashing on her long mane.

"She's full of herself," Hobbs said. Then he added, "But she'll have to go some in today's company."

"The race is in the bag," was MacTavish's answer. "When the jockey's end comes to nearly five grand, our boy will be right up there, never fear."

"Doesn't really seem to be the type, does he?" Hobbs said, as he watched the rider straighten in the irons, slowing the filly to a gallop. "I mean, at times he reminds me of a kid with something on his mind."

"Yeah," grunted the trainer. "It's money. All he can get his hands on."

MacTavish and a valet were saddling Mimosa Girl, and Hobbs was talking to a group of owners when Buckley arrived in the paddock. Hobbs took one look at Buckley's face and left the group. He took the rider into the privacy of the paddock stall.

"You're sick!" Hobbs said sharply.

BUCKLEY shook his head. There was a yellowish tinge to his skin, and his lips were parted as if he were having difficulty breathing. "I need that week off you spoke about. That's about all."

"You're on a vacation, as of now," Hobbs said, grimly. "I'm getting another boy for this one." He started to walk away, and the rider stopped him.

"Mr. Hobbs, I've been waiting for this one—counting on it."

"You're sitting this out," Hobbs said bluntly. "Handling a horse is no job for a sick man."

MacTavish joined them and spoke quietly. "Let him ride, Frank. He won't let us down."

"I'm not thinking of the purse!" Hobbs snapped. "He simply isn't fit to ride."

"But he deserves this chance," the trainer insisted. "It's his first really big race."

Hobbs hesitated, looked from the trainer to Buckley, then turned away, shrugging.

Hobbs knew he did not have the best horse in the race, but he was positive of one thing as he watched the entries break from the gate and swing into stride around the clubhouse turn: he had the best jockey. Through binoculars, he watched Buckley pull Mimosa Girl off the pace as they rounded the turn, swing in close on the rail and stay there, paying no attention to the jockeys who had leaped ahead to gamble on stealing a lead and holding it. Along the backstretch, Buckley moved the filly up, still along the rail, edging into fifth position behind the favorite, Salvia. It was a clever move, for Hobbs was well aware of Salvia's habit of veering on the turns, creating openings for any horse directly behind to come through.

At the far turn, Salvia moved up and assumed command, Mimosa Girl doggedly at her heels. They went into the stretch, and Hobbs found himself on the edge of his seat as the crowd began to roar. When they took the final turn, Salvia, under skillful handling, veered only slightly off the rail—but the small opening was enough. Hobbs was on his feet as Buckley moved through, cutting the turn sharply.

"That's it," MacTavish said.

The trainer was right. The race was won when Buckley straightened into the stretch, a length in front, riding high in the irons, whip flailing. He brought the filly down to the wire, and they flashed across the finish line a length to the good.

"He's asleep, Frank."

MacTavish drew Hobbs aside from the group of owners who had been congratulating him in the winner's circle.

"Asleep?" For a moment Hobbs was puzzled, then he remembered the trainer walking Buckley into the clubhouse after the rider had weighed out, ignoring pleas from the photographers.

"Frank—" MacTavish caught Hobbs by the arm as the owner started to move off toward the clubhouse. "Frank, listen."

"It can wait, Mac. That boy needs medical attention."

"Frank—" The insistence in the trainer's voice made Hobbs turn, frowning.

"He came to me an hour before the race," MacTavish said slowly, "looking no different than when you saw him—like he belonged in bed. He knew you'd object to his riding, and he asked me to speak up for him. After he talked to me for a while, I agreed. Listen, Frank," MacTavish went on hurriedly, as Hobbs started to interrupt, "riding this race made no difference. His time was up. They gave him a few years to live if he took it easy, six months if he didn't. He chose the six months. He wanted his kid to have a chance."

The trainer gripped Hobbs's arm tightly as his voice broke. "Frank, he's asleep in there, but he's not going to wake up."

Hobbs's eyes were on the track ambulance speeding toward the clubhouse.

"He knew that sooner or later he'd be leaving his kid in an orphanage. He didn't want that. You gave him the break he was looking for," MacTavish said. "He had six months of riding left, and every minute of it went to the kid."

Hobbs blinked as the ambulance stopped at the clubhouse steps. He slowly shook his head. "You should have told me, Mac."

"Perhaps, Frank, perhaps. But what difference did one more ride make? He said his job was almost finished. He said other things—like after the race, if he could make it, he'd take you up on that trip to the farm with his kid. He said if he couldn't make it, perhaps you'd take the boy down there for a few weeks—or longer, depending on how you felt. He said there were papers at the bank, putting everything in your hands."

DUSK had settled over the barns. A young colt moved noisily in the stall next to the tack room. The boy lay on the cot, moving restlessly in his sleep as Hobbs entered.

The owner drew a chair up to the cot and sat down. For a long moment he watched the troubled movements of the child, the tear-streaked, freckled face.

"Jimmie—" Hobbs bent forward and touched the boy lightly. "Jimmie—"

The boy's eyes opened, filling with fright as he started to sit up. Hobbs pushed him back gently and adjusted the pillow under his head.

"Jimmie, in the morning we'll be going to the farm I told you about." Hobbs raised his hand slowly, to a level slightly above the boy's eyes. "He's this big, Jimmie—the pony, I mean. I guess I never told you about that, did I?"

The boy looked uncertainly at Hobbs's hand; then his eyes moved to the fading light at the window. His lips trembled.

"He's sort of reddish," Hobbs said, quickly. "Sort of reddish brown with a white star on his head. He hasn't a name, yet, so you'll have to think of one." Hobbs attempted a smile as he touched the child's cheek softly. "Can't have your pony walking around without a name, Jimmie. Better think hard."

Hobbs caressed the boy's cheek while he talked. He spoke of things he had almost forgotten, like the shallow pool hidden away among fat maples, where he had once watched a small boy splash about in cool green water. He spoke of the wild geese in autumn skies, and of the exciting moments that came with the arrival of each new foal. He spoke of these things for a long time, and he watched a calmness steal over the boy, a dreamlike quality enter the sleepy blue eyes that gradually closed.

It wasn't really a lie, Hobbs thought, when he stood up; the pony would be there before they arrived. And it would be reddish brown with a white star.

In fact, he would see to that right away. THE END



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# *Will Eva Cost Perón His Throne?*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

army not only decides but enforces its own decisions. The organization of the "court" varies from time to time, and the identity of the "chief justice" at any given moment often isn't known until all judges are polled. But when an opinion is handed down, it sticks.

In June, 1943, this peculiar Argentine instrument of justice arrived at a vital decision. Up to that time, the army had been content to reflect the thinking of a handful of rich men who ruled Argentina through their ownership of vast (23,000- to 65,000-acre) tracts of land. Accordingly, revolutions had occurred when the land barons thought it convenient. But in 1943, the younger officers of the military got fed up with the political corruption this select minority had tolerated. Under the leadership of a clique of colonels known as the GOU (Group of United Officers), they took over the government.

Perón was secretary of the GOU. As such, he shared responsibility for the revolutionary government with GOU chief Colonel Eduardo J. Avalos. In those days it was easier to manage a President than be one. Avalos operated as an anonymous veto without portfolio; Perón was content to be Minister of War, until he could set up a new Ministry of Labor and Welfare.

A widower at the time, the dictator-to-be was not at a loss for feminine companionship. He symbolized a tremendously popular movement. He was also personally magnetic—a dynamic male with smoldering black eyes, tough chin, jet hair and powerful shoulders.

When Maria Eva Duarte, a twenty-four-year-old fluffy-haired radio bit player, first appeared in Perón's company at a Buenos Aires broadcasting party, his brother officers accepted her as just another of Juan's women. They overlooked the assiduity with which she plunged into the labor union movement, which he was then developing as a political argument against whatever opposition might arise within the army "court." As time passed and Eva was seen in Perón's apartment in the Calle Posados at all hours, the military still shrugged her off as a passing infatuation.

Only one person saw what was really happening—Avalos, who, as Perón's silent partner in the revolutionary front, necessarily saw Juan at home more often than anyone else did. Very early in the romance, he observed that, while Perón sometimes would hesitate or compromise, Eva had a way of keeping after what she wanted until she got it. Avalos warned Perón that Argentina's long tradition of masculine supremacy would never admit petticoat government. Perón scoffed.

Avalos quickly polled other army officers and was laughed at for his pains—until Eva's mother's closest boy friend, Oscar L. Nicolini, was suddenly appointed to the Ministry of Communications.

That settled it. Eva couldn't be tolerated any longer. But Perón refused to part with her. So, in October, 1945, Avalos assembled a drumhead court and obtained a decision that Perón must go. Out from the Campo de Mayo, blue-ribbon military establishment, whence for decades Argentina's revolutionary marches have been launched, two officers carried the bad news.

### When the Strong Man Cowered

Perón received them in his apartment. Eva was there. So was their closest personal friend, Colonel Mercante. An eyewitness, who must remain unnamed, reports the episode that followed.

"Perón slumped in his chair when he heard the sentence, as though someone had struck him. Eva whirled at him.

" 'Don't just sit there!' she screeched. 'Do something!'

" 'No, *negrita*,' said Perón. 'There must be no bloodshed.'

"And Perón, without raising a finger to prevent his own arrest, went off to the army prison on Martin García Island."

The purpose of this internal coup was to remove Eva from the government. For the army to admit that, however, would have been scandalous, and Argentine military pride simply does not admit scandal. The public was encouraged to believe that the strong man was toppled to atone for hundreds of arrests he had made after a day-long parade in which the marchers demanded a return to the constitution.

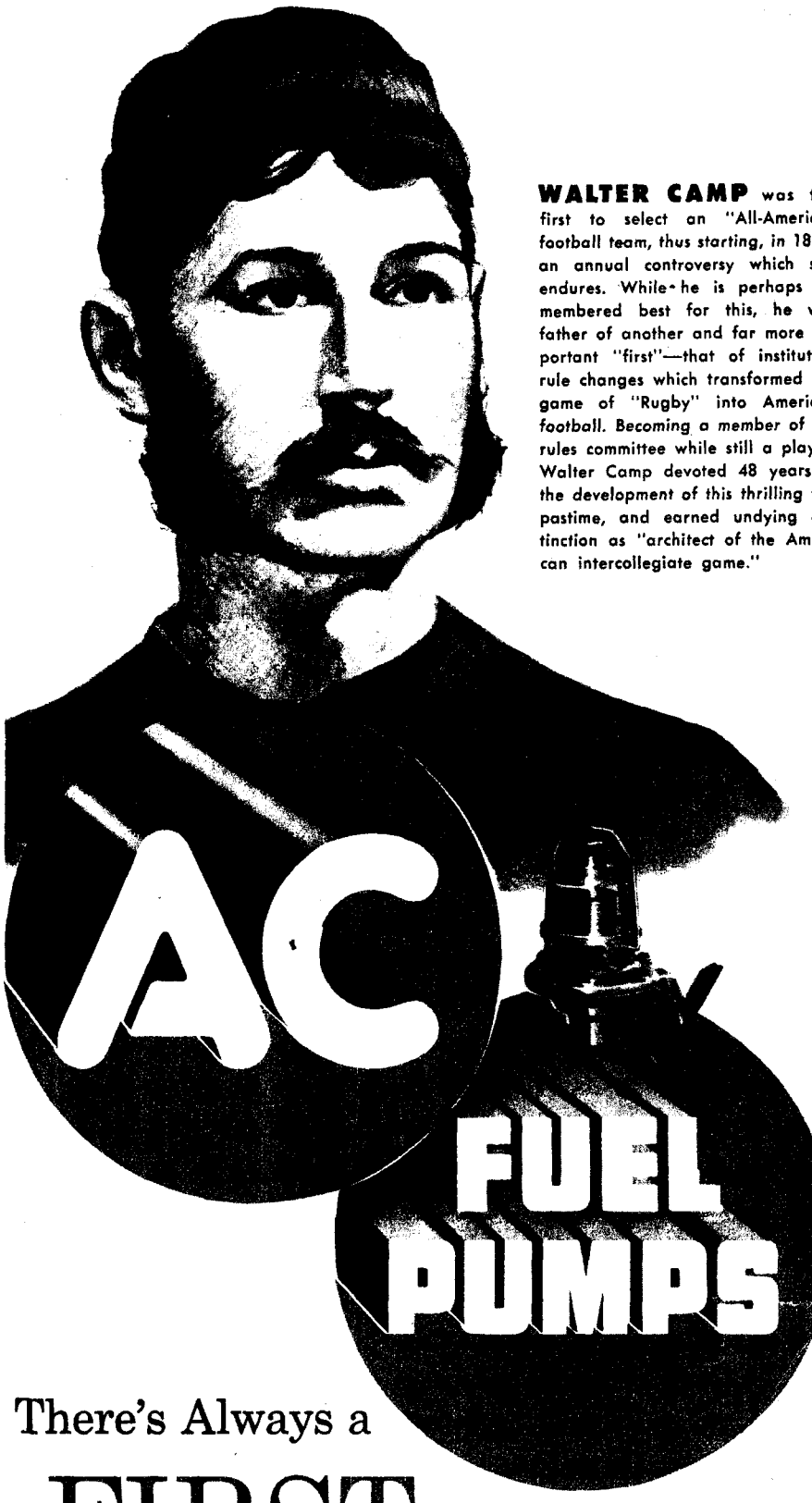
Eva fought with such consummate skill to hold her man in power that few Argentines—and practically no foreigners—today realize that she herself was the real cause of Perón's 1945 arrest. According to the Juan-and-Eva legend now generally accepted in Argentina, the frail blonde maiden scurried madly through the workers' quarters in Buenos Aires and roused the proletariat to force Perón's return.

But the truth, as told by men on the inside, is that while Perón was in jail, Eva

COLLIER'S

**"I still say we must be wearing each other's eyeglasses!"**

FRITZ WILKINSON



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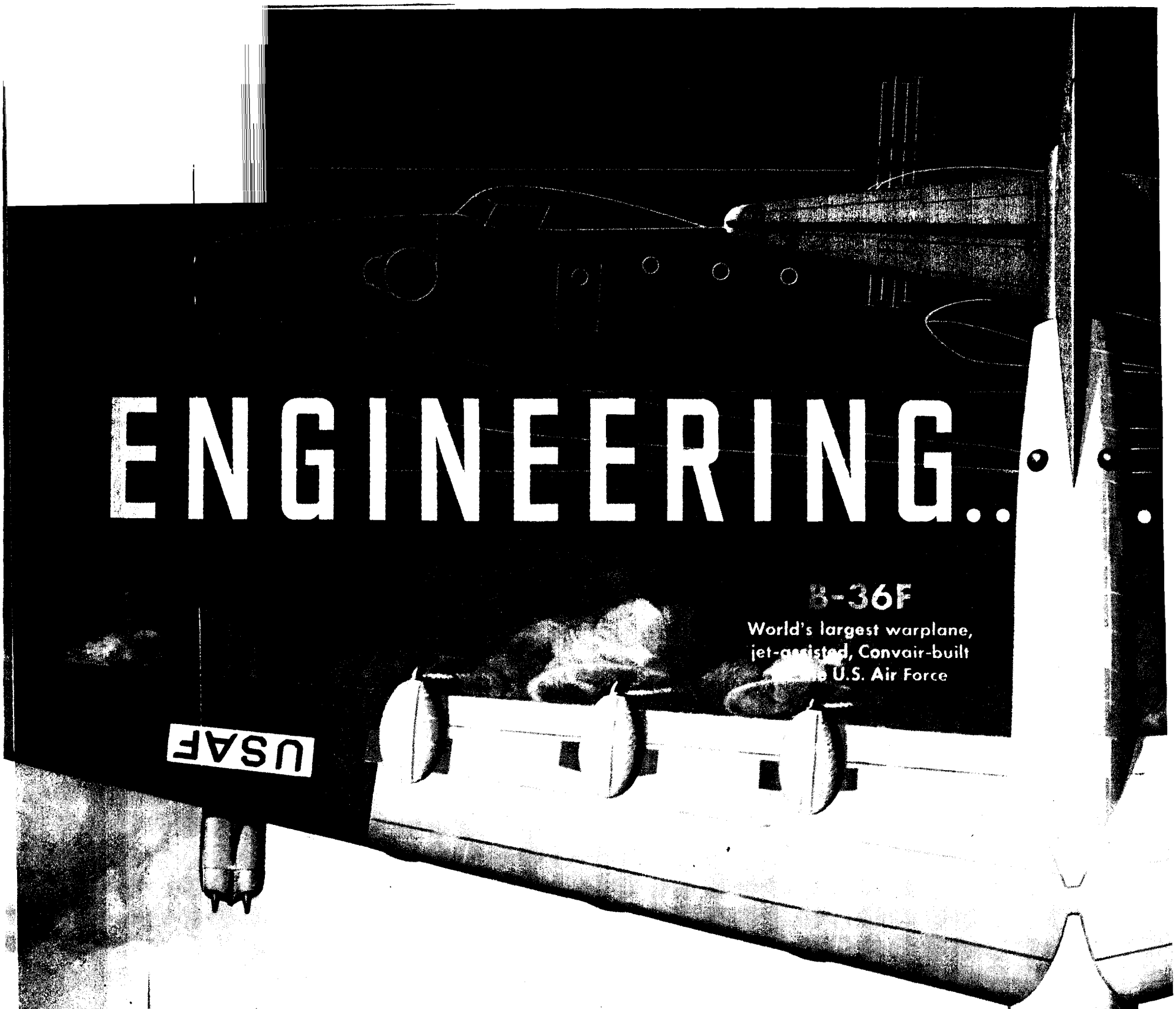


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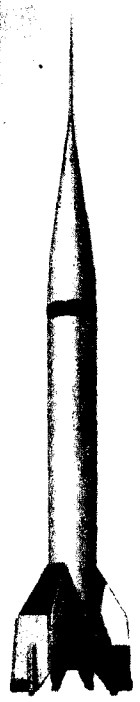

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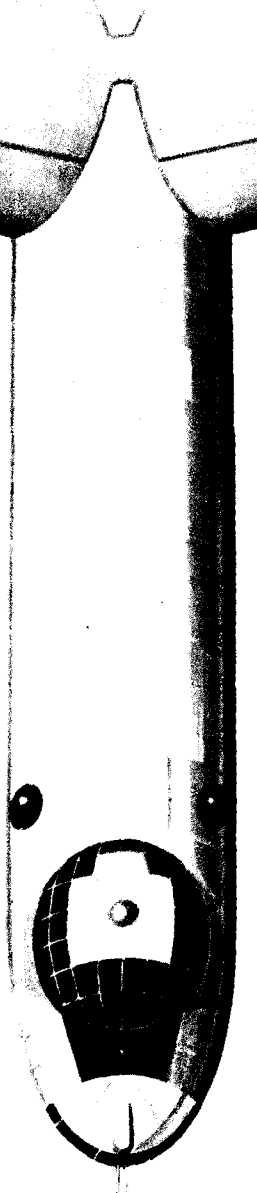

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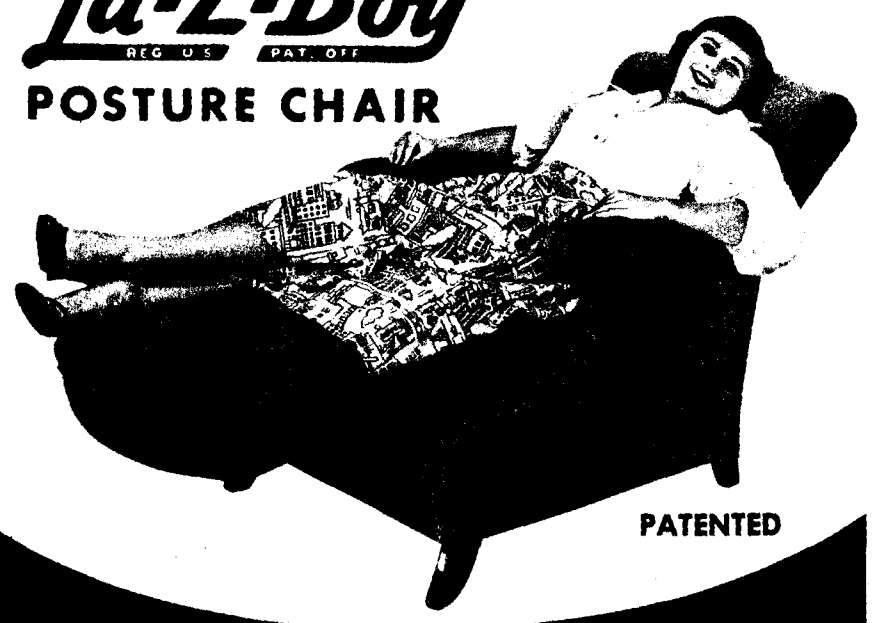

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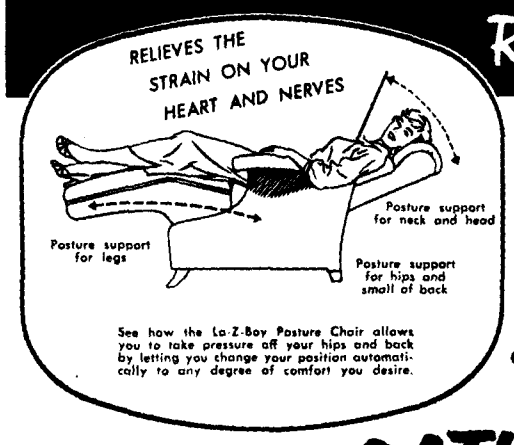
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rode luxuriously about the streets in another admirer's expensive motorcar. Meanwhile, the man who had masterminded Perón's original labor movement—railroad union attorney Juan Bramuglia—stirred up the toughest workers in town, the stockyard and slaughterhouse hands, with the help of their gun-toting union boss, Cipriano Reyes.

Angel Borlenghi, leader of the white-collar clerks, now Interior Minister, rounded up his followers too. And Buenos Aires Police Chief Philomeno Velazco, since promoted to governor of Corrientes Province, stationed men on the river bridges to make sure only friends would join the crowd. Under the pretext of needing hospitalization for a lung examination, Perón slipped out of jail. At two A.M., he was on the balcony of the Casa Rosada addressing his deliverers in the Plaza de Mayo.

The maneuver would have failed if Perón's erstwhile partner, Avalos, had been able to form a new government in the interim. But Perón's political opponents were too absorbed by their own petty jealousies. His supporters, on the contrary, were evidently legion. So the army again went through its supreme-court mechanics, and decided that Perón could stay if he'd make everything legal by marrying the girl and running for President. Avalos dropped into retirement and Perón ran for the Presidency on a platform built of promises of more money for everybody.

Perón was elected with 55 per cent of the votes cast. Eva wasn't elected to anything, but she took over the government—not according to any plan, but by her own excessively feminine, hop-skip-jump technique which soon buried the fundamental achievements of the revolutionary regime under a hodgepodge of emotion.

Do many people today recall that Perón ended Argentina's long servitude as an economic and political colony of Great Britain? That he swung Argentina out of feudalism into modern industrialism in less than a decade? That the origin of his huge labor following was a voluntary response to the fact that he was the first Latin-American political leader who deliberately encouraged workers to organize? That he gave tenant farmers a reasonable guarantee of security for the first time in Argentine history? That he paid off the country's foreign debt and laid the foundations of a native Argentine industry? The answers to all those questions are negative. Perón is remembered now almost exclusively in terms of Eva's antics.

### A First Lady of Lowly Origin

Eva is like a well-wrought figurine of stainless steel—smooth, hard, cold and beautiful. She is what the Spanish call *tenaz;* the word implies not only persistence, but inability to depart from a fixed line of thought. Her fixation has been a deep longing for acceptance by the respectable world. An illegitimate child, she grew up in the streets and then fought her way up through the lower reaches of the theater, as much by favors from the men she charmed as by the skill with which she played bit parts. She did not pretend to culture, but she did consider herself a true woman of the *descamisados*—Argentina's "shirtless ones," the equivalents of our "forgotten men."

After Perón married her, and subsequently made her first lady of the land, she felt fully entitled to all the social honors normally bestowed upon a Presidential spouse. Ironically, these could come only from the wealthy, old, cattle- and corn-raising feudal oligarchy which the Perón regime had overthrown.

Through most of her first year in the Casa Rosada of the Presidency, Eva waited for the oligarchs to offer her the traditional Honorary Presidency of the Sociedad de Beneficencia, the country's top-crust charity. It never came. The snub changed the course of Argentine history. Eva wiped out the Sociedad and supplanted it with her own Eva Perón Foundation.

After that, any institution that bore the mark of distinguished respectability was a natural target for her. She put a fish peddler in front of the ultrasnobbish Jockey Club to sell price-fixed fish through the hottest days of the Argentine summer. And she humbled the Rural Society, the land baron clique that ruled the country over Scotch and soda in prerevolutionary days, by giving them two weeks' notice for their annual stock show, then ordering the show buildings razed, and finally "inviting" them to ask her to run for Vice-President.

### Names Used as in Prayer

"Without fanaticism one cannot accomplish anything," she once observed in explaining her social philosophy. What she meant was spelled out in an issue of Democracia in October, 1949. Nineteen passengers were trapped in a burning Argentine air liner. The story took up four entire pages of the paper, including every line on the front page. Why? The hysterical planeload had shouted "Perón! Evita!" to ward off the flames. "It seemed impossible that fate should deal harshly with us with those two names on our lips," Democracia quoted one survivor as saying. Editorially it added: "This is the mystique of the new Argentina."

One shrewd observer defined this mystique in more earthy terms. "Eva is like a teakettle," he said. "She can go only so long without popping her lid." He might have added that, when the lid pops, the aftermath is scalding and the burn lasts a long time.

Reyes, the packing-house union boss who helped save Perón's political neck in 1945, made the mistake of telling Eva that she would be better off if she stayed in the kitchen at home. He is still in jail, held without trial, and reputedly has been tortured by applications of electric current.

Bramuglia, whose key role in Perón's labor beginnings earned him elevation to the Foreign Ministry, also had to drop out of the government. He committed the unpardonable sin of becoming a prominent international figure by following a policy of intelligent moderation in foreign affairs. Eva had tried hard to win world prestige. She had traveled all over Europe. And she had failed miserably. How dared anyone else succeed?

Mercante also went into her doghouse for refusing to prosecute Ricardo Balbín, who was running against Perón for the Presidency on the Radical party ticket. Balbín in his campaign speeches had said some nasty things about Eva.

Plotting the elimination of her rivals for Perón's confidence gave the señora a complex. She saw conspirators behind every lamppost. Thousands of innocent people were thrown into jail on all sorts of trumped-up charges.

A man named Victor Belardo was arrested because he answered the jack-pot question on a radio quiz show and broadcast the statement that he would give his prize money to a charity which happened not to be administered by the Eva Perón Foundation.

Two hundred other individuals were questioned and 24 were arrested because of a cable dispatched from one Raford W. Herbert in Rio de Janeiro to a Frank Kirton in Buenos Aires. Days passed before the heavy Argentine sense of humor caught up with the fact that Herbert's message—"Congratulations on arrival 3½ kilos dynamite"—was intended to inform Kirton that his wife had given birth to a seven-pound son in a Rio hospital.

By getting rid of the few really competent men in the labor leadership, Eva made it easier for herself to become labor czar of the country. Although she still had no more title than when Perón had assigned her a desk in the Labor and Welfare Department after the 1946 election, there was no one with stature enough to risk saying no to her. And there was an exceedingly glib yes man.

He was José G. Espejo, a porter in the



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apartment house where she and Perón had made history together. At her behest, Espejo became Secretary-General of the CGT (General Confederation of Labor), Argentina's monolithic confederation of workingmen. And labor quickly discovered that the pay raises went to those unions which did as Eva suggested, while those which held out for independent action failed to win recognition from the government in bargaining disputes. Under this air-tight system, CGT's membership rose to 5,000,000 of Argentina's 7,000,000 workers.

Since Perón's personal bargaining power before the army's "court of political last resort" rested on the unions, Eva's labor influence made her a political figure of no mean consequence to the man she called "My General." A duplex motto was invented to bracket the reigning couple: "Perón Keeps His Promises. Evita Dignifies."

Eva was visibly affected by this change in her life. The playgirl with the soft and clinging curls disappeared. A cold, fiery blonde, her hair swept back severely, took her place. Workmen loved this woman. She was tough. The argot of the streets was her natural tongue. Her longings were their longings. Had not her formative years loaded down her shoulders with such a tremendous chip of defiance, she could have helped Perón achieve a completely authentic social revolution. But she simply could not learn that it is safe to exercise power with restraint.

### The Opportunity She Missed

Eva's resentment against the oligarchy for refusing to accord her simple civility was entirely human. Many more people than she ever supposed silently applauded her indignant gesture of sweeping into her own hands the government subsidies which traditionally had gone to the unbending blue bloods of the Sociedad de Beneficencia. Had she stopped there, had she channeled her sympathy for the underdog into a soundly financed and operated welfare agency, Argentina would have benefited and the world might have honored her.

Unfortunately, Eva did not elect that course. She chose to improvise. In building her own Eva Perón Foundation, she created a political slush fund in the guise of a welfare institution.

Industrialists and businessmen were assumed to know that their community obligations included periodic gifts to Eva. Two factories slow to sense this were closed down for failure to meet the sanitary standards of government inspectors. Thereafter, any strange face that appeared above an outstretched hand in a prosperous office was assumed to represent the Eva Perón Foundation.

No one minded giving the money. Profits were higher than ever before. All anyone asked was some kind of system. But people turned up and said, "Eva sent me," when Eva hadn't in fact sent them. Eva finally ordered the arrest of some impostors. Yet, she still refused to bring her beloved institution under any kind of regulation, apparently in the conviction that if it were regulated, it wouldn't be hers.

### Workingmen Heavily Assessed

All taxes on gambling were set aside for the foundation's use. From other revenues, Argentina's Congress voted two special gifts totaling 80,000,000 pesos (roughly $5,000,000). By far the largest and steadiest support, however, came from the CGT. Every workingman in the country was assessed his holiday pay for each May Day and Columbus Day. Clauses were inserted in collective-bargaining pacts (which Eva had to okay before they became effective) to provide that the foundation would receive the amount of the raise for the first two weeks after any pay increase. Altogether, the foundation's capital soon ran into billions of pesos, specifically exempt by law from taxation or accounting.

Eva poured out money to build low-cost houses, hospitals, schools, homes for the aged and orphaned, student cities, vacation camps, playgrounds, restaurants, stadia, swimming pools and fixed-price retail stores. Once again, however, she had no plan. Projects were not allocated to meet the relative needs of diverse parts of the country, but to accord with political exigencies of the moment. Still, the Argentine masses, impressed that anything was being done for any reason, accumulated in vast numbers whenever and wherever something new was dedicated. At Tucumán the crush was so great that eight people were mashed to death.

Eva's ego expanded to fit her new role. "The love of the people feeds me," she told an interviewer. "At times, in my travels, I have seen in the eyes of children, women and even men an expression of adoration, as though I were a supernatural being. I believe this happens precisely because the difference between living conditions in Argentina in the days of the oligarchy and now is almost as great to simple and humble minds as the difference between the natural and supernatural. An example that confirms what I am saying is that in Jujuy a child approached me and said, 'Mama Eva, give me your benediction.' "

Having given the benediction, "Mama Eva" turned her attention to another matter. Doña Maria Unzue de Alvear, president of the ruined Sociedad de Beneficencia, had died at the age of eighty-eight. The family expected to bury her in the crypt of the church her own money had built. But Eva had not forgotten the insult the Sociedad had dealt her. She dug up an ancient sanitation ordinance which prevented the old lady's body from being buried anywhere except in a cemetery.

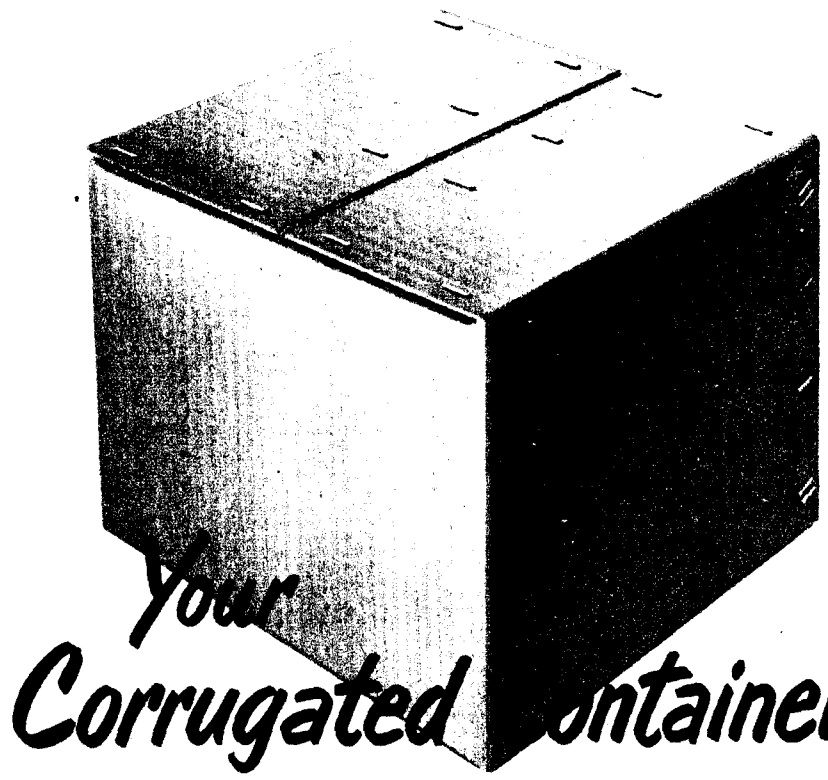
Proud army men bridled at this desecration. It was not in keeping with the dignity of the Presidency. They were getting weary of being blamed for tolerating Eva. But what could they do about it? Perón insisted that she was worth five ministers to him because of her popularity with the workers. What evidence was there to the contrary?

It appeared in the night on wall posters reading "Long Live Perón—as widower." Railroad workers were in open rebellion because food and clothing prices were soaring beyond reach of rising wages. A second poster, verging on the indecent, depicted Eva as a naked figure triumphant over an army of Lilliputian men marching in docile file between her outstretched feet.

What happened after that must be translated in terms of the fury of a woman

**"Dad was sure happy when he heard that you were coming, Grandma. Why, he laughed and joked and he sang songs and played the piano, but this morning he had to stay in bed with an icebag on his head"**

COLLIER'S — HAROLD CURRIER

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**SAVES CLOTHES** . . . no tearing in wind or fading in sun.

**SAVES TIME** . . . wash when you like, dry when you please.

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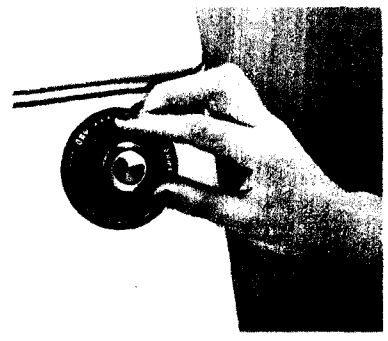
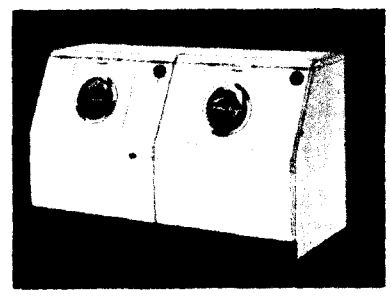


***Exclusive Dry-Dial*** automatically dries clothes exactly as you want . . . thoroughly dry for immediate storage or damp-dry for ironing.



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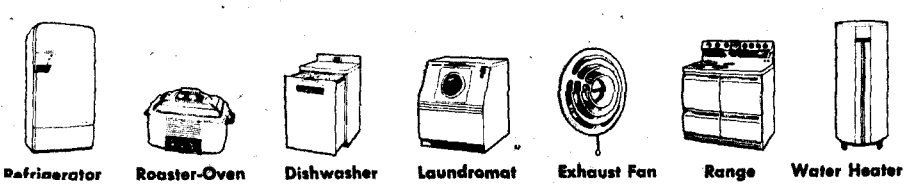

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scorned. For the vital force involved was Eva's hope that one of the prerogatives she would exercise as the President's wife was the privilege of seeing her name on the society page of La Prensa, the great Buenos Aires newspaper.

Perón didn't set much store in social items. But he was concerned with La Prensa from the day he first became the Argentine strong man, on June 4, 1943. At the outset, he planned to harness the famous journal to help plow the political fields of Peronism and plant the seeds of social change. Early in his regime he tested his plan by forcing the paper to suspend publication for attacking the dictatorship's educational and social-welfare policies.

After losing five days of the richest advertising harvest in South America, Doña Zelmira Paz de Anchorena, the aging lady who then decided the newspaper's course, mistakenly assumed that intelligent compromise was possible, and agreed to apologize in order to resume publication. That convinced Perón that La Prensa fitted his over-all theory on human institutions—that everything has a price.

### Tone of Criticism Grew Mild

La Prensa did not cease its observations on the faults of the Perón government, but did speak in mild tones. And the dictator was able to accept a modicum of criticism. It is too late now to tell what might have happened if he alone had been involved. But he was not alone. By his side was the ubiquitous Eva.

Eva's name was often mentioned in La Prensa's political news columns. But no matter how big or how gay her parties were, or how noted her guests, she never attained the social page. And her feminine pride was outraged.

Beginning in March, 1947, she let the rising heat of her wrath be felt. Through the Subsecretary of Information, her personal appointee, she issued posters reading "La Prensa against the country." Eight days after that, the Ministry of Labor and Welfare relayed to La Prensa the news vendors' demand that the paper eliminate all subscriptions, so that the vendors could monopolize sales. But La Prensa's direction now had passed from Doña Zelmira Paz de Anchorena to her son, Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, who courageously refused to be intimidated.

His resistance drove Eva to wilder extremes. In October, 1948, she saw to it that La Prensa's newsprint supply was seized by government order and parceled out to other papers by limiting the size of an edition to 16 pages a copy—between a third and a half of La Prensa's norm. In March, 1949, even that niggardly limit dropped to 12 pages. Then, any paper that published Perón propaganda was allotted additional newsprint. But Gainza Paz declined this bribe. So Eva struck deeper by throwing restrictions around the small want ads that were La Prensa's lifeblood. She decreed that houses for rent could be advertised on certain days only; on others, only job seekers could buy space. Government employment-agency ads had to be run free. Individuals who wanted to place ads had to get government permission.

Still Gainza Paz steadfastly refused to perform what a member of the House of Deputies has described as the "Dance of Madame de Pompadour," and the Argentine people steadily increased their readership of his journal. From an organ of the well-to-do upper-middle class, La Prensa developed almost overnight into a broad middle-class bible, then swiftly extended its appeal to apartment-house porters, elevator operators, maids and laborers. Its prewar circulation—something over 250,000 daily—doubled. In its last year of existence, the steady climb became spectacular. Eva ended that by slashing La Prensa's newsprint order to cover only 80 per cent of the circulation of November, 1950. Again the people indicated their support of the paper by passing it from hand to hand.

At the height of this phenomenon, in late 1950 and early 1951, the railroad unions—which Bramuglia, as their legal adviser, had originally brought to Perón to form the nucleus of his labor following—pasted their anti-Eva posters on the walls and followed them up with a series of strikes.

Having given his wife virtual carte blanche in the government, against the advice of his few intelligent counselors, the dictator could not afford to have Eva look like a bungler. Further, if the break in the labor front widened, he would have no argument left against those fellow officers who, for five years, had been trying to oust him because of Eva. Consequently the working people in general could not be allowed to sense that Perón and his regime were in any danger.

Obediently, the Perón press, in harmony with the radio, chorused that no such thing as the strike existed. But La Prensa stubbornly reported exactly how many trains were not running. Discontented workers who read the news were thereby encouraged to consider work stoppages of their own. Thoroughly frightened, Perón drafted the railroad workers into the army, thus depriving them of the right to strike.

The time plainly had arrived for Eva to test Perón's theory of the ultimate purchasability of the human spirit. Methodically, she set about demonstrating to Gainza Paz that the only alternative to complying with her will was financial ruin. She provoked a strike among the news vendors (who were not La Prensa employees, but independent businessmen) which could have been settled only by granting the vendors' union 20 per cent of the paper's classified-ad income, abolishing home subscriptions and turning over to the vendors the entire press run of each issue. This would have placed control of La Prensa's circulation entirely in the hands of the union, which was itself in Eva's grasp.

Gainza Paz was not expected to agree and be thus hog-tied. The strategy was to make impossible publication of La Prensa as a free-speaking voice, and to hold the paper responsible for paying a huge staff in idleness until Gainza Paz would surrender. For him to shut up shop permanently by way of escape was not even considered, because it would have entailed doling out severance pay in amounts that would have led to bankruptcy.

### Murder Forces Perón's Hand

Eva's objective was to persuade Gainza Paz to print only what she wanted him to print. The possibility of failure to achieve this purpose did not occur either to her or to Perón. The publisher escaped complying with their will through an unforeseen accident. His staff, with an idealistic heroism rarely seen anywhere and distinctly unexpected in practical-minded Argentina, marched back to work through a picket line of Eva's hired armed thugs. A printer fell dead from their bullets. Afraid to admit his wife's responsibility for this assassination, Perón tried to shift the blame by having his rubber-stamp Congress expropriate La Prensa amid the atmosphere of a Roman circus.

Once under the dictator's control, a neon-lighted placard proclaimed, *"Ahora Es Argentina!"* ("Now it is Argentine!") across the front of the paper's stately old home. And on top of the shuttered building, La Prensa's famous torch of freedom was blacked out by a wooden kimono hung with half a hundred giant tinted portraits of Perón and Eva. There was bold talk of renewed publication by the CGT, but a great tradition was dead.

There is ample evidence that Perón would not have permitted Eva to squeeze Gainza Paz to such an extreme, if he had anticipated what actually happened and the rage it aroused in the U.S.A. For the Argentine strong man knows that only with vast numbers of machines from North America can he hope to complete the evo-



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lution from feudalism to which he owes his popularity at home. Furthermore, he is acutely aware that his fellow army officers are growing sincerely respectful of and friendly toward us. It takes considerably more than coincidence to account for the appearance of General George Catlett Marshall's photograph on the desk in the private study of Argentine Defense Minister General José Humberto Sosa Molina.

For lovers of freedom the deep tragedy in La Prensa's closing was that it came at the very moment when events were forcing Perón to choose between a milder-policy government or political oblivion.

### In the Grip of Shortages

A long drought had devastated grain crops and depleted the cattle herds which are Argentina's normal source of dollars to buy abroad what the country needs to live.

The Korean war had cut Perón's chances of obtaining from us the machinery he requires to complete the industrial independence he promised his people and without which he cannot maintain the industrial development he has achieved up to now.

Galloping inflation had pushed the cost of living so high that labor was growing restive. In an effort to slow down the price spiral, Perón's Labor-Welfare Department (which rigidly controls all collective bargaining) for months had been moderating the size of wage increases (which had averaged 25 to 40 per cent while first Perón, then Eva were weaving the unions into a single power, the CGT) and tying the unions to an understanding that no further increases would be forthcoming for at least two years.

Perón had moved the Presidential election date up from February, 1952, to November, 1951, for fear that in the months between he might be forced to stop pay increases altogether and thus lose the labor following on which his political life depends.

Given all these circumstances, it is not unreasonable to suggest that had La Prensa continued to circulate, it might have helped bring about a return to constitutional government in Argentina, with a Congress that would be something more than Perón's present rubber stamp, and courts that would honor writs of habeas corpus to free hundreds of Perón's political enemies.

Such a consummation would have left room for Perón to remain somewhere in the government, as a symbol and guarantee that the social and economic reforms he instituted—even his bitter critics concede their reality and wisdom—would not be watered down. But if events continue as they are, the price Perón ultimately will have to pay for silencing La Prensa is complete political exile.

Why this paradox?

Because, at the time of its demise, La Prensa was one of only two independent, nationally read newspapers in the Argentine. The other, La Nación, had been the organ of the discredited land barons for too long to have much popular confidence. With all the radio stations bleating the Peronista line, with 10 government owned or bossed newspapers daily clamoring the dictator's praise, La Prensa was the people's only effective means of learning anything like the truth about their country. Without La Prensa, political—as differentiated from military—opposition was dead for lack of a voice that would carry beyond the public squares, where opposition orators occasionally spoke. That made it safe for Perón to risk an open election, which he scheduled for November 11th. But it also freed Eva to wreck what little was left of Perón's dignity.

In spite of contrary outward appearances, the Argentine dictator prizes his prestige abroad. The closing of La Prensa practically destroyed that. Eva was on the defensive about it to him, and the CGT was on the defensive about it to her. For her labor goons had done the shooting that finished the paper off.

The sound approach would have been to face the truth: (1) the Argentine people alone would have done nothing to save or restore La Prensa, because they had been thoroughly conditioned to press restriction in the last decade; (2) even if this were not so, the disturbing strike news in La Prensa's columns was not an ailment but a symptom; the disease itself was economic; (3) the immediate need was for oil, chemicals, drugs and machinery, in that order; they could have been obtained in sufficient quantities to avert a serious crisis, if Argentine exports had been increased to pay for them; (4) exports could have been increased if the home consumption of meat and grains had been held down.

That, however, was a complicated solution. Eva preferred something simple, like a popularity contest. Certainly the army had no one prettier than she!

### Engineering Her Nomination

Late in February, Eva marched into the white salon of the Casa Rosada at the head of a delegation of the Peronista Woman's party, organized in anticipation of the first feminine vote in Argentina. She handed her husband a gold watch and formally proposed that he run for re-election. Back home she waited for a male contingent of Peronistas to return the compliment. When that failed to happen, she nudged the CGT, and it announced a monster rally for August 22d to "nominate" Eva as Perón's ticket mate.

The Peronistas split wide open on the issue. Eva, however, was adamant. And one of the silliest electioneering campaigns in history got under way.

Two one-legged men, one minus his right leg, the other his left, rode bicycles from Sunday to Friday to show their support of Perón-Evita. Another of Eva's adherents drove his automobile around his neighborhood for 123 hours and 10 minutes without

COLLIER'S "I know you did, but *what* did you call him?" BOB PAPLOW



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stopping. A chauffeur from the Ministry of Education topped that by driving continuously for 139 hours, five minutes. A third motorist made a shorter run—backward.

Mario Aldo Tordo and his wife, Delia, carried their baby daughter, Maria, on foot over one fourth of the length of Argentina. He wore a sweat shirt inscribed "Perón Keeps His Promises"; the front of her sweater read, "Evita Dignifies." One very hardy individual walked across the *Pampa* with a bag of wheat on his shoulder. A man whose back couldn't stand that strain carried a sack of sunflower seed behind him on a motorcycle. And Juan Martin, a municipal employee from the town of Sana Fé, walked atop a rolling barrel from the city of Rosario to Buenos Aires, a distance of 222 miles.

The cynicism with which such innocent souls were encouraged to make fools of themselves to put Eva's name in the papers has seldom if ever been matched. But it was surpassed in bad taste by a children's rally at which gate prizes of bicycles and dolls were dangled as bait to swell attendance and lend an audience to the spieling of Eva's propagandists, who flaunted the Biblical admonition: "Suffer little children to come unto me." Tens of thousands of young ones went unto Eva hoping for bikes and dolls. Most didn't get within blocks of her. They trudged weeping and wailing homeward. Two never saw their families again. They lost their footing in the mob and were stepped on.

News of that, however, was withheld from publication. All the public read was: "The children want Perón and Eva."

### As the Oil Supply Dwindled

Every day that brought August 22d nearer depleted the supply of oil on hand to keep Argentina running. The flow from Iran had been completely cut off for weeks. The British, under contract to ship fuel in return for meat, were hunting vainly for alternate sources payable in sterling. Sooner or later, Perón would have to turn to the U.S., and that would be possible only if he meanwhile sold exports for dollars.

Nevertheless he did not ask his people to tighten their belts, as the English did in a comparable spot. It would have been a painless prospect in view of the fact that Argentina eats 80 per cent of its own meat now, compared to 60 per cent when Perón took power. Instead, the dictator actually cut off even the meat he was shipping to Britain in order to feed the throng he and Eva thought would jam Buenos Aires for the "nomination." This was his solution to what was essentially only a distribution problem. And he recklessly dipped into the oil he had left to carry Eva's backers into the city free of charge on all railroads, busses and boat lines.

Throughout Buenos Aires, working heart of the nation and home of a quarter of the nation's total population, electric lights were too dim to read by at night. Yet, every Peronista headquarters in town was lighted up by at least one big, bright neon sign proclaiming Eva.

The night before the big "convention," a contingent of women slept on the concrete of the Avenida Nueve de Julio directly in front of a scaffold that held a spectacular balcony topped aloft with the mammoth letters "Perón-Evita." They were to be the cheerleaders for the million or two faithful that the trains, busses and boats were supposedly bringing.

Their practiced chants, skillfully magnified by the government's broadcasting engineers, impressed radio listeners. Without them the big day would have been an utter dud. Word had gone in advance through the CGT that the show was to last from Thursday morning to Sunday night. But less than 250,000 people showed up. The Peróns took one look at the relatively meager crowd and wound up everything that very night. Thousands walked away before Eva could put on the pretense of being persuaded to run. The head of the CGT tried to call them back, but they kept going.

Eva had been given her big chance to prove her popularity, and flubbed it.

When Perón received the ultimatum this time, he felt differently than in 1945. Then he had stepped down for Eva. Now it was her turn to take the rap. Eva did her best to make it appear that she acted of her own free will. But it was no use. Argentina knew that the army simply wouldn't run the risk of having her in line for the Presidency.

The iron rule of Latin-American politics is this: once a break appears in the party front, a general crack-up follows very shortly. The break between the Peróns cannot be smoothed over. There are too many reminders of what might have been, in photographs and campaign slogans, recalling Eva's now frustrated nomination, plastered the length and breadth of Argentina.

The September army rebellion was publicly known to have been scheduled originally for the first days of August. The resentful railroad workers had struck at that time. Tracks leading into Buenos Aires had been dynamited at strategic points. But the troops that were supposed to march stayed in their bunks. To keep them out of action, Perón encircled the Campo de Mayo barracks with an autonomous force of "blackhead" outlanders: the roughneck border guard.

That any soldier would even think of moving against the dictator after that is proof of the extremity of dissatisfaction. That hundreds of soldiers moved simultaneously at two army airfields, a navy air base and the surrounded Campo de Mayo on September 28th is plain evidence of the scope of opposition. Even though there was no march on the Casa Rosada, and shooting did not develop beyond the firing of two artillery shells, the dictatorship had to censor details on casualties.

Moreover, Captain Vicente M. Baroja, rebel air base commander who took refuge in Uruguay after the *Putsch* was thwarted, told reporters he had flown over the Argentine capital from the beginning of the movement early in the morning of the first day until two o'clock that afternoon—within an hour and a half of Perón's public announcement of termination of the affair—waiting to co-ordinate his planes with "ground action."

To divert attention from his own weakness, Perón felt it necessary to summon Argentine Bugaboo Number One—"foreign intervention"—and blame the whole thing on former U.S. Ambassador Spruille Braden. That didn't fit with the fact that the retired general whose name was fixed to inflammatory leaflets dropped by rebel planes was Benjamin Menendez, a rabid anti-Yankee.

Today on the streets of Buenos Aires there is open talk about the approaching scandal. Deals in import and export permits, running into millions of pesos, have been hinted in Congressional debates. Names have been mentioned on the floor of the House of Deputies, but the papers haven't printed them because Perón has a law dividing treason into two classes. One carries the death penalty and applies to treason against the country. The other carries long prison terms and applies vaguely to treason.

Is it treason to discuss lack of professional capabilities? Treasury Minister Ramón Antonio Cereijo is head of the National Economic Council, which controls export and import permits, and he manages the Eva Perón Foundation on the side. He holds his jobs because he is a soccer crony of Eva's brother, Juan Duarte, personal secretary to Perón. Duarte, who never had much money before Eva married the President, is now one of the richest men in the Argentine.

Eva's antics have cost Perón his throne. How soon the dictator will fall is anybody's guess. If the army allows the election on November 11th, he will probably win; but only because the country knows no choice. A more convincing platform than his has not been offered. If he is elected, he may last a year or so.

Conceivably he could hold out longer by a thorough house cleaning. But that would entail admitting so many mistakes that it seems impracticable. In any event, the time has come for the U.S. to begin thinking about what our policy should be toward Perón's successor.

Any sound Argentine government will have to remember what Perón, in his resentment of the oligarchy's treatment of Eva, tried to forget—that the farm is still the real source of Argentina's wealth. The vengeful multiple-exchange-rate system—which holds down farmers' income in terms of dollars, while forcing up the prices they pay in dollars for imported machinery—cannot be continued indefinitely without returning the country to medieval agriculture. Even now, the lack of mechanized farm equipment has increased the number of horse-drawn plows above the prewar total. At the same time, it must be recognized that Argentina will never return to the control of the land barons.

There is one thing we should not expect to see changed. That is Argentina's healthy determination to stand on its own feet and talk back when it disagrees with us. Argentina more than once has spoken for all of our American neighbors when they have been too timid to speak for themselves.

Uppermost in our minds should be the realization that when Perón's applecart finally upsets, the fruit can spill in either of two directions. One direction could lead to the sound, long-range development of industrial independence Perón has haphazardly begun. That is the road on which unselfish technical help can develop Argentina's huge oil fields, rich natural gas wells, coal and iron deposits, important tungsten and tremendous sulphur reserves.

The second direction leads to Communism, which could take over with little change in the proletarian organization Perón has built.

This we must understand. THE END

## NEXT WEEK IN COLLIER'S

# I See Them Kiss and Cry

**An MP sergeant paints a poignant picture of the rhapsodic and tearful dockside reunions that occur when returning Korea vets rush down the gangway into their loved ones' arms**



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# I Crashed Stalin's Party

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

replied that no one could see the Americans and that no one was admitted without a participation card.

"Okay," I said. "Give me a participation card."

That, they explained, was impossible. I'd have to go back to Alexanderplatz. It sounded like another hard day's work—and it was.

I spent a peaceful night in West Berlin, and returned early the next morning to the *Haus der Weltjugend*. I filled out forms, waited in line, talked to officials, and filled out more forms. By noon I was at the last desk, within arm's reach of my participation card.

### This Argument Got Nowhere

"Your passport, please," said the official. I protested in fumbling German that I was very fond of that passport, and would like to hang on to it. I offered him my international driver's license, my vaccination certificate, my Harvard Athletic Association card, and a picture of my little brother on horseback. He wasn't interested. We argued nearly an hour, with regular pauses while I looked up words in my German-English dictionary; finally he decided to call the boss.

The boss turned out to be a small, dark, pert-looking woman of about thirty, wearing a jacket-sweater and gray slacks. When she spoke, her English was so good that it gave no hint of her nationality.

"You're an American?" she asked. I nodded happily.

"You must surrender your passport. When you leave the festival, you may have it back. These rules cannot be questioned." Her voice was tart and businesslike. Meekly I surrendered my passport.

"One other thing," she went on. "It is not wise to go into the Western sectors. We cannot guarantee your security there." She picked up the driver's license. This was a very ordinary travel document, printed in 23 languages, that enables you to drive from one end of Europe to the other.

"Do you have a car here?"

I replied that my car was sitting in Meriden, Connecticut, with half its insides out, and that I had the license so that I could drive my friends' cars in Europe. "Don't you have a license?" I asked her.

"No," she said. "I have no car. Is that so strange?"

It wasn't strange, I replied, but I thought she'd have a license so she could drive occasionally.

"No one except very high officials has a car," she said. "You don't mean everyone in America has a car?"

No, I said, but just about everybody managed to drive one.

"Even the workers?" she asked incredulously.

"Yep."

"I don't know whether to believe you or not," she said, handing me my participation card.

Then I had an idea. "Look," I said, "why don't we go out and have lunch?"

She drew herself up and informed me that she was the wife of a professor of archaeology.

"That's all right," I said, "I'm an old college man myself. C'mon, and I'll tell you about America." I picked up my card and we went off to an HO (state) restaurant, the only place we could eat without ration coupons.

On the way, I learned that she'd worked in England for several years, where she'd learned her excellent English. Her speech was so articulate, her movements so brisk, that she gave an impression of cool competence. She told me briefly that she'd worked her way up through the Communist party ranks, aided by her skill in several languages. Now she lived in a university town in East Germany.

Laconically, she summed up her position: "Things are tough," she said. "But so are we."

At the restaurant, the waiter looked at me curiously as he took our order, but I told myself I was in good company. My companion came right to the point.

"Tell me," she said, "why is America getting ready to start another war?"

First I'd heard about it, I answered. Most Americans didn't think we went out and picked fights. But she disagreed.

"It is America," she said, "which has bases all over the world, in striking position for its attack on the Soviet Union. The world wants peace; America wants war. The 'Ami go home' signs all over town show you the sentiment of the people. America is a very hated nation."

"There are those," I proceeded cautiously, "who say the same thing about Russia." I was losing control of the conversation, but it was too late to stop now.

"Then you think America will not start a war?"

"Nope."

"I wish I could believe that."

"And you don't think Russia is planning war?"

"Of course not. She will protect herself if attacked, but she wishes only peace."

"I'd like to believe that," I said.

"You know," she said, "I really believe the American *people* want peace. We like the American people. It is the military leaders and the Wall Street imperialists who will drive you to war. They see the tide of Communism going around the world, right up to their very doorstep, and they think: Now we must make war or lose everything.

"All over the world, in Korea, in Indochina, in Indonesia, the people are fighting to break the rule of their oppressors who are backed by American dollars. Soon the American economy will break itself, the Morgans and the Rockefellers will be turned out, and the American people will rule themselves."

This was practically straight Marx. The conversation swung over to economics. I dredged up, one by one, the chapters of Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy, by the late Joseph Schumpeter, a Harvard economist. For almost an hour, Marx and Schumpeter slugged it out.

The waiter appeared with the bill, but my companion waved him away. She wanted to hear about America: how the workers lived, how many people lived in slums, whether Negroes got to vote. Detail by detail, she told me of a race riot in Cicero, Illinois. I wondered if the people in Cicero knew how gleefully the Russians applauded them. I protested that lynchings were not everyday occurrences, that the vast majority of Americans condemned them harshly, that Chicagoans could go out after dark without getting shot.

### Another Line of Questioning

Then it was my turn.

"Can a man stand up in Russia and say he likes the United States?" I asked.

"Of course not. America is a warmongering nation; the people want peace. This man would be an enemy of the people."

We talked about Communist universities and their scholarship systems. "What happens," I asked, "when a student wants to change his course of study?"

"This would not be permitted," she said. "The people have invested in his education. He can't destroy their investment."

At about this point, I looked up and gave a start. Sitting around us there were two concentric rings of people, who had pulled their chairs over. I had been so occupied with the conversation I hadn't even noticed them. They looked at me expectantly. There was a moment of silence, and then one girl reached into her pocket and brought out her autograph book. I relaxed. A ten-minute autographing session followed. The waiter appeared again and asked us if we wanted to order dinner. Our "lunch date" had lasted six hours, and it had been one of the most intense experiences of my life.

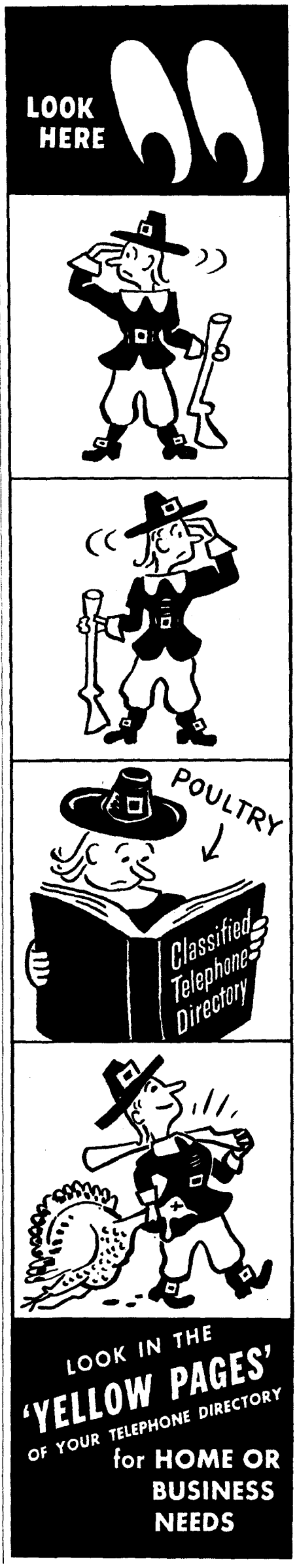
At any time during the week that followed, this Communist boss could have called up the American delegation and told them of my "undemocratic" attitude. But she didn't; I'll never know why.

After lunch, I made my way back to the gloomy building at 31 Schnellerstrasse, and flashed my card at the door, thinking that at last I could meet the American delegation. I was wrong. Instead, I was ushered into a small office, and my participation card was taken to be "verified." Several members of the FDJ were herded into the room to keep me from getting lonely, and several more stayed outside the room, to check my wanderlust. My blue-shirted companions joined me around a table.

*"Wie alt?"* asked one, pointing at me.

"Well, old Crenshaw wouldn't give me a raise, but the severance pay will come in handy"

COLLIER'S — FRANK BEAVEN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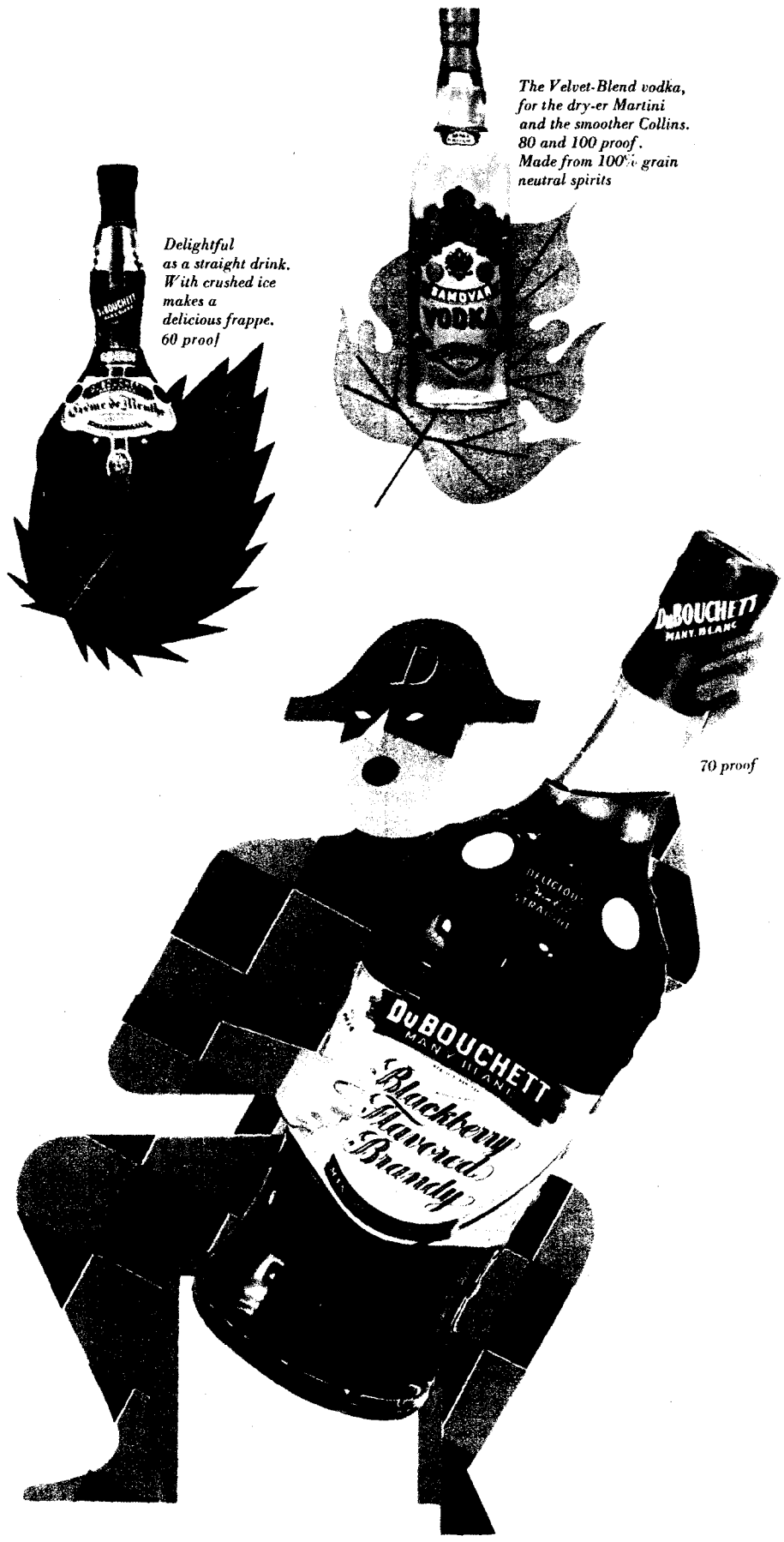
# DuBouchett

(*say doo-boo-shay*)

## Many, Blanc

# Cordials

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I told him I was twenty-one and pointed back at him. *"Wie alt?"*

*"Sieben und dreissig,"* he said, grinning broadly. Thirty-seven was pretty old for a Free German Youth, I thought. This little exchange seemed to establish some sort of rapport, and we launched into a comparison of American and German football, aided by sketches and my indispensable dictionary. Four hours later, my card was still being "verified." Several guards offered to accompany me to the men's room, while several more wheeled in a bed for me.

I'm not a very heavy sleeper. But even Rip van Winkle would have had trouble in my spot: the light stayed on all night, the phone rang, and there was a changing of my four-man guard every two hours.

In the morning, I munched a breakfast of dry bread and jam while I sat on my bed waiting for "verification." Several times, "interpreters" popped in to ask a few questions.

"How did you get to Berlin?"

"I flew."

"Did you come from West Germany?"

"Yes."

"How did you come through the Soviet zone?"

"I didn't. I came over it."

Finally, about noon, I met two of the American leaders. One was a young, aggressive girl from New York named Joy Silver; the other was a Negro artist named Charles White, who seemed much more patient. They explained that they couldn't admit me to the American delegation because I wasn't known in the "progressive movement." More verification, it seemed, would be necessary. I was told to go away for the day, that my verification would be complete by supper.

I decided to spend the afternoon at the "exhibition of American culture." Every delegation had set up an exhibit showing what life in its country was like, with most of the emphasis on the political aspects.

The American exhibit was part of a group which included Australia, France, New Zealand, Canada and Latin America. It had been set up by those members of the delegation who had arrived early. Located in a hall in the northern part of Berlin, it purported to give a representative picture of American life—complete with strikes, riots and poverty. The exhibit was entitled There Are Two Americas. After looking at it, I could see only one.

On the walls were pictures of "five great Americans": Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, novelist Howard Fast and singer Paul Robeson. The photographs of American life were exclusively of Ku-Kluxers, lynchings, cops beating up strikers, and the Korean war. On one wall was the standard caricature of the "capitalist," bloated by war profits. From another, Negro Willie McGee, convicted of rape by a Mississippi jury, gazed mournfully from his cell, flanked by "letters" from his children asking President Truman to "save our daddy."

This was the only idea of America that the Russian and Eastern European delegations would get. It wasn't a very pretty picture. Some of it was true all right, but the total effect was a foul lie. I strode out to make my way back to 31 Schnellerstrasse.

Outside the elevated station were two Russian officers, wearing high boots and tommy guns—the first Russians I had seen. Well, I thought, no harm in getting acquainted. I polished up my four-word Russian vocabulary and went up to them.

*"Drushba* (friendship)," I ventured.

*"Drushba!"* they shouted, slapping me on the back. I coughed nervously, wound up, and slapped them back. Then I tried word number two.

*"Mir* (peace)," I said solemnly, holding my palm up like an Indian.

*"Mir,"* they replied. I stepped back. The conversation was at a standstill. I tried words numbers three and four.

*"Dobroye utro* (good morning)," I said pleasantly. That did it. It was three thirty of a sunny afternoon, and they scratched their heads and looked at each other while I grinned uneasily.

*"Do svidanya,"* they said, and stalked off, wagging their guns behind them. (*"Do svidanya,"* I learned later, means "so long.")

When I returned that evening, I was given a meal ticket. Nothing more was said; obviously I had passed. (A couple of days later, I even got my passport back.) I hopped into the bus that always carried the American delegation, and off we rode to our dining hall, about eight blocks away.

The American delegation numbered almost 60 people, about half of them girls. Most of them were under twenty-five, dressed informally—the boys in sport jackets, the girls in sweaters and skirts. The majority, I discovered, were New Yorkers, with a sprinkling from Chicago, Philadelphia, California and other spots.

**"I just got word from the boss. We're expanding! Adding MEN!"**

COLLIER'S KIRK

Unlike most of the 26,000 Communist-sponsored foreign delegates at the festival, the Americans had paid their own expenses, just as I had. The two weeks in Berlin were to cost each one of them $30. For almost all of them, this was not really a mass pilgrimage. Instead, it was merely the high light of an ordinary tourist summer in Europe. They had applied to come to the festival, their applications had been approved, and they had bought their transportation and come.

Here in East Berlin, the Americans were given only three East German marks for each American dollar. (I had exchanged my money at an official booth in West Berlin, where I received about 22 East German marks to the dollar, something much nearer the real value.)

Supper consisted of a small piece of meat, potatoes, bread, some fruit and tea. It was to be about the same every night. Once when I grumbled about the lack of vegetables, I was told sharply: "We shouldn't complain, you know."

While the Americans seemed to accept me as one of them, I was struck by the fact that they wouldn't identify themselves except by their first names or nicknames.

"We just can't be too careful, you know," said my neighbor, a girl called Bernice.

During the meal, the American delegation seemed to be in good spirits. Our activities at the festival had been mapped out for us: it included meeting other delegations, attending their "national programs" and presenting one of our own.

After supper, we boarded the bus again and went to a concert hall to see the Ro-



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manian show, which consisted of national dances and songs, all rather pleasant. After their show, the Romanians went into a couple of football-style cheers.

*"Freund-schaft! Freund-schaft! Freund-schaft!"* they chanted.

*"Freund-schaft!"* echoed the Americans.

"Sta-lin! Sta-lin! Sta-lin!" shouted the Romanians.

"Sta-lin! Sta-lin! Sta-lin!" cried the Americans.

Then everyone shouted "Peace" in his own language and the party was over. While we waited outside for our bus, a squad of *Volkspolizei* came over and greeted us. All the Americans, myself included, and the squad of *Volkspolizei* formed a circle and danced to festival songs.

Next to me in the circle was a cute-looking brunette named Esther.

"Gee, the police are really *human,*" she said with obvious sincerity. "Can you ever imagine New York cops acting like this?"

I only smiled; I couldn't help thinking of the *Volkspolizei* as cats, so gay with a ball of yarn, but so rough on the mice.

### In College-Dorm Atmosphere

To a person used to traveling cheaply around Europe, the accommodations at 31 Schnellerstrasse weren't bad. There were about 15 beds to a room, but the atmosphere was like that in any college dormitory—clothes hung over the beds, bull sessions in the corner. Most of the talk centered on "What did you see today, and how was it?" One blond, open-faced character named Bernie was the "joker" of the group. ("Now you take these babes in the Romanian ballet . . .")

Another gawking youth with horn-rimmed glasses whom everyone called Doc invariably contributed awe-struck political overtones. "You know," he'd say reverently, "this could only happen in a Marxist state."

On August 11th, we took in a national folk-dance contest, which again was held in colorful costumes, and then we had a meeting to decide what songs we would sing as representatives of America at our national program. Our songs were to be of four kinds: union songs, Negro songs, folk songs, and songs for peace. Thus we had tentatively, I'm Gonna Put My Name Down (for the Stockholm appeal); We Shall Not Be Moved and Joe Hill (both labor songs); Goodnight Irene; So Long (a Dust Bowl ballad); and a song identified as the Negro National Anthem (until then I hadn't known there was one). All the songs were catchy, but again, they painted a blacker picture than the America I knew. They were songs of an "oppressed people."

The big Saturday afternoon feature was the Soviet exhibition. The walls of the modernistic building were lined with splendid pictures of glittering steel-and-concrete structures, and the captions were choked with statistics on how many new tractors had been produced.

In the adjoining rooms, the Soviets had hung the best of their art. There were pictures of Lenin, pictures of Stalin, pictures of Lenin shaking hands with Stalin, and pictures of Stalin shaking hands with Lenin.

The American delegation didn't seem overly enthusiastic about the art, but it was impressed by the statistics on the tractors.

"That art," said a young, brown-haired New Yorker called Danny, "is too realistic. It could just as well be color photography."

"No," said Charles White, the Negro artist. "It is simple, and therefore it is understood by everyone. No art is good unless everyone understands it."

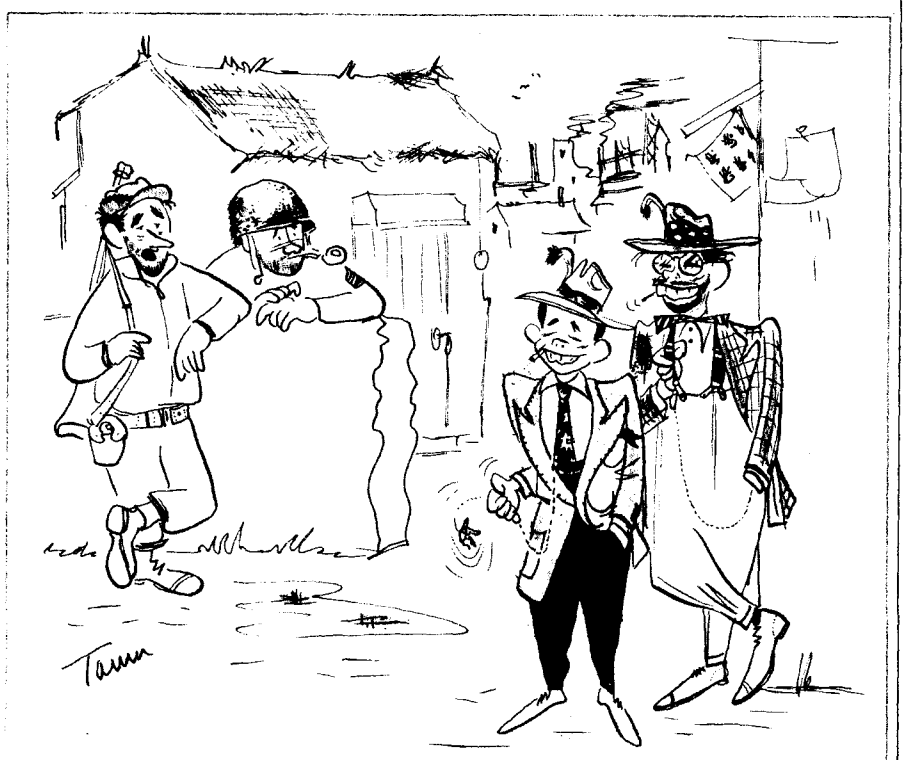
"Say," interjected Doc, "did you see how many tractors they built last year? And how many libraries? That could only happen in the Marxist state."

At supper that night, we received the news that three West German children had been killed and 30 wounded while trying to attend the festival. It wasn't clear whether Americans or Germans had done the shooting, but we were all led to believe it was the Americans. This "atrocity" story started a can-you-top-this session in telling atrocity stories. U.S. soldiers in Innsbruck, Austria, said a tall blond lad named Paul, were keeping part of the British delegation from going to the festival at bayonet point, and were clubbing some of them. He parroted the day's output of Soviet propaganda on the subject: Why did the Fascists (British and Americans) want to stop people from coming? Obviously, because the festival would let them breathe the sweet air of democracy (Communism). There was no other answer.

(Paul, a Philadelphian and a Cornell upperclassman, admitted to me that he didn't ordinarily talk this way back home, "where people might get sore.")

That Saturday evening was a rough one for me. The American delegation was told to assemble in the headquarters common room to hear one of our leaders, Halstead Holman, a vice-president of the Moscow-directed International Union of Students.

I had met Holman briefly at lunch. He was a good-looking chap about twenty-seven, who would ask you a question and



COLLIER'S

"Things just haven't been the same since that Brooklyn outfit passed through!"

MARV TANNENBERG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then smile as you replied. He was a Californian who now made his home in Budapest, where he "studied."

As Holman talked to us, he pushed back his tweedy jacket and stuffed his hands into his pockets. His voice was well modulated, giving the impression he was accustomed to speaking to groups of people. First, he stressed the security measures taken by the delegation—no last names, no photographs—and hinted at the dire consequences for all concerned if rules were violated. "Persecution" by the FBI was the least of these.

Then he turned to me. "This afternoon, in the Soviet exhibition," he said slowly, "I saw Mr. Goodman take several damaging photographs."

Sixty pairs of eyes focused on me.

I was stunned. I'd taken those pictures under my left arm while gazing rapturously at the sports exhibit. I was certain no one had seen me. Gabriel, I thought, blow dat horn.

"I will have to ask Mr. Goodman," Holman continued sonorously, "if he will surrender the film."

"Of course," I answered. It was amazing: my stomach had slipped somewhere into my left leg, but my voice was proceeding as matter-of-factly as if I were ordering eggs. "You can have the camera, too."

Sixty pairs of eyes swung back to Holman. "Good," he said. The meeting turned to other matters.

Sunday, August 12th, was the day of the Big Parade in which 1,000,000 young Germans demonstrated for "peace." We Americans watched the marchers filing through the Marx-Engels Platz; then several of us took off, to wander among the crowd. Some Norwegians stopped to ask us about America: How was the "peace movement"? Was there still freedom of speech?

"The peace movement," said another American, "is coming right along. But no one stands up for civil rights or freedom of speech any more, because the government persecutes them."

"We know," said the Norwegians. "We have read about it. It is a very brave thing you have done, to come here."

Some of the French delegates also complimented us, saying we showed true courage in defying our Fascist government.

"How is the American standard of living?" they asked.

"Going down," an American girl answered. "Meat's so expensive we can hardly buy it." The French spokesman relayed this to his non-English-speaking comrades as: "It's true. No meat in America."

### Sovietized American Dupes

By Sunday evening, I had become acquainted with many of the American delegates. (I'd even learned some of their names, which I'd seen on a laundry list and, feeling like a cloak-and-dagger man, had copied into my dictionary. U.S. officials later asked me not to make them public.) Among them were students, typists, clothing workers. They looked like ordinary Americans. They talked like Americans: they followed baseball, complained about German ice creams. But in one respect they were not American: in their eyes, the Soviet Union could do no wrong. For them, it was the perfect political state, a paradise achieved after 5,000 years of civilization.

These Americans, like all Americans, wanted peace. They wanted it so badly that they were willing to blind themselves to reality.

I think that only the leaders—Holman, White, Silver, Frances Damon Williams and a girl named Marge—realized that this whole festival was nothing but a propaganda circus, which even Hitler could not have equaled in size or intensity. I don't know their exact places in the Communist hierarchy, but their job was plainly to ridicule their own country in the eyes of the Soviet world.

While most of the Americans walked around with visions of doves in their eyes, these leaders decided where and when to send the American delegation, where to display the American flag to show that there *were* Americans who believed in "peace." They worked with the Russian and German festival leaders.

When the Russians issued a propaganda statement, for example, that American workers writhed under the heel of their Wall Street oppressors, the American delegation leaders sent their handful of stooges out to confirm "the truth" of the Russian statement.

The American leaders were no starry-eyed fools. They had worked on this project a long time, planning the speeches and appearances "America" would make before the Communist world. Their eventual hope, I believe, was to lead the "progressive movement" that would someday sweep America.

Abe Lincoln's phrase best describes them: foul birds and dirty reptiles.

### Aroused in the Dead of Night

My departure from the festival was rather abrupt. I think the leaders had grown a bit suspicious of all the naïve questions I was asking—and I still hadn't turned in my film. At 1:00 A.M. on Tuesday, there was a knock on my door, and I was told to get dressed; I would have to go down to the *Haus der Weltjugend*. I protested that it could wait until morning, but was told firmly to finish dressing, that there was a car waiting.

At headquarters, I was interrogated politely by several people, sometimes in German, sometimes in English. The German didn't work too well, because I had left my *little red dictionary* back at my bed. How had I come to Berlin? I had flown. Had I come from the Western sector to the Eastern sector? Yes. Why? Because the airport was in the Western sector. Did I have a Soviet visa? No. Why? Because I had flown over the Soviet zone to Berlin.

When the interrogation was finished, about 3:30 A.M., I was told that the "leadership of the American delegation has decided that you may no longer be with the delegation." Okay, I told them, I'll get my bags and leave. (What if I did miss the last five days? I'd seen plenty.)

"Not tonight," I was told. "You must return in the morning. Several people have some questions to ask you."

There was something ominous about those "several people." I decided I didn't want to meet them.

For a while I wandered through the streets, killing time, and then I returned to 31 Schnellerstrasse. I leered at the guard as I went in, mumbling the closest German I could think of to "this tomcat has been on an all-night prowl." I tiptoed upstairs, tossed my camera, film, some clothes and my dictionary into a bag and tiptoed down, one stair at a time. I arrived at the door to find the guard staring at me.

"*Nein*," he said, barring the door.

I was too tired to dredge up expository German. I snapped out the first peremptory words I could think of:

"*What are the Red Sox' chances?*"

The door stayed barred. I scowled, mentioned "*Haus der Weltjugend*" and snarled, "*Red Sox' chances!*" again. It worked. The guard shrugged his shoulders and unlocked the door. I was out. I trotted two blocks to an *S-Bahn* station, looking over my shoulder all the way.

Two hours later I was in Zehlendorf West, in the American sector. It was a gray day and it was beginning to rain a little, but it was one of the brightest mornings of my life. Freedom, I decided, is a hard-bought thing. Like good health, you never really appreciate it until you feel it slipping away.

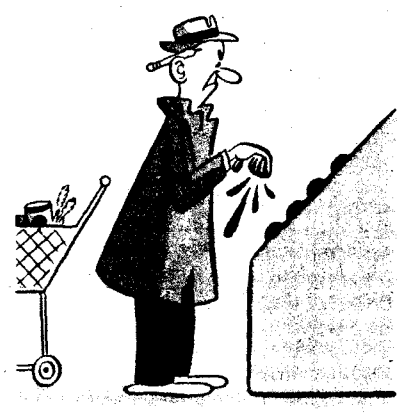
In 10 days, I'd received a lasting education—an opportunity not given to some people in a lifetime. I'd seen a political situation in a nutshell. And I was cured forever of youth festivals, of trumpets and drums, flags and wildly shouting people—or at least until this month's Harvard-Yale game. THE END

# Supermarket

By MORT WALKER

1 lb. FBSLTK

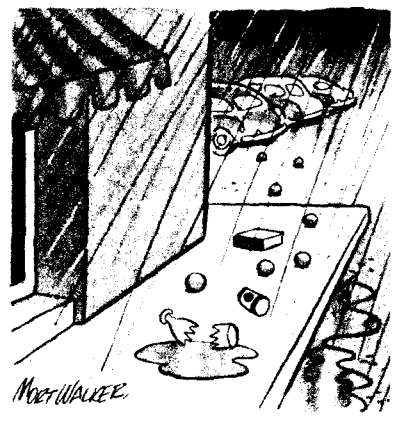
Helper



Very ripe

Woman driver

Blood bank




Wet sack



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No matter how the wishbone breaks,
Both wishes are alike—
When wishin's done, it's two to one
They'll light a Lucky Strike!"

*(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)*

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The reason why I'm here is clear—
I've one wise word to say:
"Be happy, folks—and lucky, too—
Go U.S. Bonds today!"

A LUCKY STRIKE FOR ALL AMERICA!
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# The Moon Maiden

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Northern Steel Company, and one of the richest and most respected industrialists in this country.

When he retired in 1946, he backed this rocket deal out of one of his many billfolds just to keep from being bored. He has already put around ten million dollars into it, which they say he hardly misses, so I can assure you that he has little interest in whether or not you purchase a ticket. Neither does he want or need any additional publicity. From what I can gather around town, he went into this thing with complete sincerity, just as Henry Ford went into that Peace Ship deal during World War I. Prominent men, just like common folks, can do some pretty odd things when they set their minds to it.

Anyway, with a few of the facts in, I first tried to telephone Mr. Mullrath at his vast South Hills place just outside of town. By talking rapidly I got as far as the third secretary from the end—a gentleman who seemed to be with the diplomatic service, and who informed me with some coolness that Mr. Mullrath was out of the city, and in any case couldn't possibly be interested in any publicity tie-ups, whatever they were, and thank you very much.

Professor Zoom out at the Project hung up on me almost as fast. I'd finally got through to him, but it was a hollow victory. "Moon Maidens? Vot iss?" he boomed. "Maidens on de *moon?* Dere are no *people* dere—only de *moon*. Oxcuse." And click.

That's a sample of why I tried to get Mullrath first. From what everybody says here, nobody yet has got anything resembling a sensible conversation out of the professor. He is a large burly man, with a rumpled beard and thick beer-bottle eyeglasses, and with even more than the customary German single-mindedness. All he does at any time is to sit in his disordered office in one corner of the huge bustling hangar and scribble figures on little drawings. He eats and sleeps there also. There is no way to catch him in town, because he never is in town. All he does at any time is think about rockets, and why he is not nuts I do not know. Everybody I have talked to thinks he is. But then of course a lot of people thought Fulton was nuts, and later they had some dandy Sunday outings on his steamboat.

The only difference being that you could at least get in to see Fulton; the professor is a little more incommunicado. The whole Project is surrounded by a solid wooden fence about ten feet high, with large KEEP OUT signs in abundance, and the only entrance is patrolled by private but thoroughly armed guards. All I can say is that for a free country there are getting to be an awful lot of places here you can't go.

But at least there is one place where an ordinary citizen can still go. The depot. And let me say that I am ready.

As ever,
George.

P.S. I almost forgot to tell you the final straw. You may wonder why I didn't try a frontal attack through the Project's public relations office.

I started to. With due caution. And who do you think is in charge of publicity here? None other than Spec Withers, that little runt you fired back in 1939, after he got loaded on the Boston trip and threw all the *première* tickets out the windows of the bus. I can assure you that he would have little interest in helping you with anything. When I flew up there to take over, he was a bitter man.

Which, at least for this idea, would seem to put the *im* on the possible.

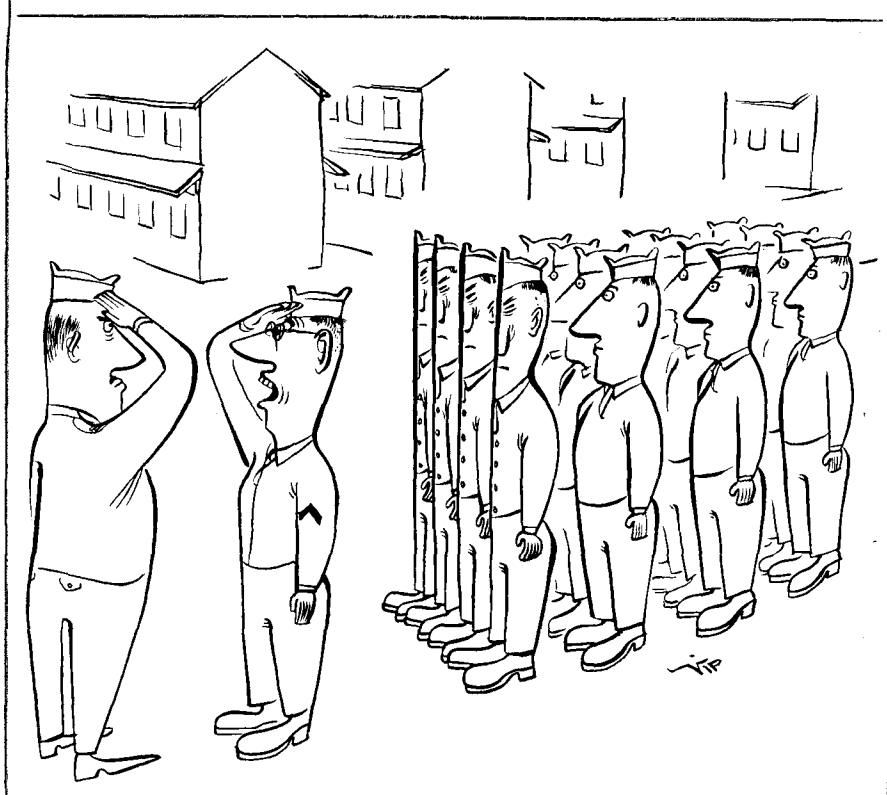
GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WILLIAM PENN
PITTSBURGH PA

WELL, SO I WAS WRONG. A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY CAN'T HANDLE IT. I WILL HAVE TO HIRE AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY. DICK.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WILLIAM PENN
PITTSBURGH PA

OOPS, PLEASE DISREGARD LAST WIRE. UNCLE DICK HAS MADE A SLIGHT ERROR. DO NOT HARM A HAIR OF MR. MULLRATH'S LOVELY ROCKET. DO NOT GET NEAR IT EVEN WITH A POLISHING CLOTH. DO NOT SO MUCH AS ANSWER THE PHONE TILL YOU RECEIVE AIR MAIL SPECIAL LETTER NOW ON WAY. WHEW. DICK.

## VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

**"Sir, I'm afraid I got a bit rattled and marched them into a building"**

VIRGIL PARTCH

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

October 16, 1951
Air-Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
*Special Representative, Federal Pictures*
Hotel William Penn
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear George:

George, move over and allow a friend to sit down. I have had a nasty blow. I try to pull a simple, wholesome little publicity stunt, and find myself blocked by atomic fate.

Do you know who that ridiculous J. P. Mullrath really is? A hurried investigation has just brought to light the crushing news that he is the very same J. P. Mullrath who has lately been buying up practically all the movie theaters on the Eastern seaboard. It seems that when he was a small raggletail boy back in Massillon, Ohio, he often did not possess the five cents necessary to attend the local nickelodeon, and so was frequently kicked out of the place on his threadbare little behind. By the age of nine he was thus good and sore, and vowed that someday he would *own* a movie theater. And after his retirement, when the rocket deal failed to use up all his spare change, he decided to have it.

He has accordingly been buying theaters briskly, and the last I heard he already had several dozen and was buying more as rapidly as he could get his fountain pen filled. As he buys each one he has a gold pass made for himself stating that he can attend at any time for free, and can even bring guests. They say the greatest enjoyment of his life is flashing his gold pass and glaring defiantly at his own doorman as he enters.

Actually, I don't know just how many theaters he now owns, but it is quite a few, and I don't think that I have to belabor the point that today we have no wish to enrage a man who for any reason whatever owns a large string of commodious movie houses. He may not need the money, but we do. And if we did anything to mess up that ten-million-dollar Roman candle of his, we would never again get a Federal Picture into any of his theaters, even if we paid admission for it. Which, things being what they are, could easily result in you and me being hanged.

At any rate, now that we know who is back of that fool rocket, the only thing we can possibly do is cancel. Why I wasn't told all this at first, I do not know; all I can say is that I have been given only one brain, and practically no assistants worth mentioning.

Unfortunately, I have already sent Laurie on by plane, and she should be checking in there at any time. Wait for her, thank her kindly, help her to repack her plutonium shorts, and start her home. And then you get out of there, too.

And in the meantime, don't you touch that rocket.

Love,
Dick.

HOTEL WILLIAM PENN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 16, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I can't imagine what your great crisis may be, but in any case I haven't time to wait for your letter. Because due to some nimble footwork I am suddenly in here just like a burglar, with a clear track straight to the money bin.

It happened not over an hour ago, with the speed of light. After I got your first wire I put on my hat and strolled over to the Project, thinking that maybe I could find some blunt instrument with which to slay myself. As I tottered weakly past the gate I noticed a bulletin board, with daily jottings of the types of citizens they might be in a mood to hire. And with nothing more in mind than to take one last look at worldly things, I staggered up to examine their needs.

And there it was. Under the expected ridiculous headings such as Physicists, Electronics Experts, Hydraulic Engineers and Moon Men, was a line, just as big as life, saying Public Relations Men—1.

Well. Well, well, well. If only anybody but Spec Withers was in charge of their publicity department, I might—

And suddenly I had it. How simple! How extremely simple! Striding briskly up to the gate, I informed the nearest guard that I would like to see Mr. Spec Withers about the public relations post. And in a matter of seconds I was in Spec's ornate office, greeting him warmly, and telling him that I had finally quit myself, being unable to stand your boorish ways any longer. I was available for rocket work.

And after a suspicious glance or two, Spec began to warm up, and shortly we were just having a wonderful time telling each other what a really horrible person you are. Spec would think of some mean thing you had once done to him, and I would think of something even meaner you had once done to me. And so it went, one revolting recollection after another.

And in twenty minutes I was hired and given my blue badge affording me free access to rocketland.

My duties are to assist Spec in the preparations for handling the expected crush at the forthcoming take-off. It seems that they are really getting about ready to go, and Spec doesn't want anything untoward to happen as they near departure time. So he hired me.

And here's the plan. During the next day or two I will get well acquainted with Professor Zoom, following him closely from diagram to diagram, and, if possible, assisting him as he makes the final adjustments inside the rocket itself. In this way I can find out his likes and dislikes, play upon them, and get a fine statement for our ads out of him.

And, in any case, now that I am the Assistant Public Relations Manager here, I will have no trouble at all sneaking Laurie in when she gets here, say around three in the morning, and getting all the pictures you could want of her actually at the controls of the world's only real interplanetary rocket. Tomorrow they plan to wheel the thing out and set it up in the launching tower, and the professor is to start the actual tests of the tremendous rocket engines. By tomorrow night, when Laurie gets here, everything should be all ready to go. Which should make for some thrillingly authentic pictures. And there's no danger whatever. Spec tells me the professor has a secret safety switch on the dashboard somewhere, which makes it impossible for the thing to take off accidentally.

Personally, if you want my honest opinion, I don't think it's ever going to take off at all. I may not be widely known in scientific circles, but I still know a rocket that can get to the moon when I see one, and this pile of iron will just never make it. With full power on, it might slide up the road as far as Cleveland, but that would be all. It will never get to the moon, and that's that.

But that, of course, is no concern of ours. The point is, that with my blue badge



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giving me full access to the premises, I am now in business. Come to think of it, I don't have to go to any extra trouble at all to get any statements you might want from the professor, Mullrath, or anyone else around here. In my official capacity I can certainly issue any small publicity statement of this sort, signing anyone's name at random. What would you like anyone to say? Even when they find out what is going on, all they can do is fire me. And by that time The Moon Maiden will be off to a zippy start, and I will merely take my paste pot and go, returning to Federal's festive board.

Speaking of beauties, how do you like that one?

And now you will have to pardon me. The noon hour is over, and I have to hasten back to see if the water is boiling yet in my rocket.

Don't give this end another thought. I am beginning to warm to my work.

Relieved regards,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WILLIAM PENN
PITTSBURGH PA

GEORGE, GET AWAY FROM THAT THING. THIS INSTANT. AND THE MINUTE LAURIE ARRIVES, BOTH OF YOU GET OUT OF THERE. IF YOU DID ANYTHING TO THAT FOOL ROCKET, AFTER FIVE YEARS' WORK AND TEN MILLION DOLLARS SPENT ON IT, THE NEXT ROCKET TO THE MOON WOULD TAKE OFF WITH YOU AND ME TIED TO THE TAIL. GET OUT OF THERE. BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS.

DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

OH, QUIT WORRYING. JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME. INCIDENTALLY, WHY AM I DOING THIS IGNOMINIOUS PLEADING? I, SIR, AM GAINFULLY EMPLOYED BY THE PITTSBURGH MOON ROCKET PROJECT, AND I HAVE MY BLUE BADGE TO PROVE IT. AWAY, SIR, WE'RE BUSY. GEORGE.

SPEC WITHERS
PITTSBURGH MOON ROCKET PROJECT
PITTSBURGH PA

SPEC WITHERS, YOU'RE JUST AS DUMB AS YOU EVER WERE. GEORGE IS JUST PULLING YOUR STUPID LEG. ALL HE'S DOING IS RUNNING A LITTLE PUBLICITY STUNT FOR ME WHICH HAS GONE SO SOUR THAT I'M CALLING IT OFF. SO TAKE HIS BLASTED BADGE AWAY FROM HIM, AND KICK HIM OUT THE GATE. IF YOU BREAK ANY VITAL BONES IN THE PROCESS I'LL SEND YOU FIFTY DOLLARS. BUT AT LEAST DON'T BE A SCHNOOK ANY LONGER. I CAN'T STAND TO SEE DUMB ANIMALS TORTURED. RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

WELL, HOW MEAN CAN YOU GET? GEORGE FINALLY GETS A DECENT JOB, AND YOU HUNT HIM DOWN AND TRY TO GET HIM FIRED. INDEED NOT. YOU JUST ROLL YOUR HOOP, REED, AND WE'LL ROLL OURS. WE'RE GETTING ALONG JUST FINE.

SPEC WITHERS.

## MOON ROCKET BLOWS UP

PITTSBURGH, PA. October 19 (AP)—Shortly after three o'clock this morning, with an earth-shaking roar, the moon rocket which has been under construction here for the past five years suddenly exploded into nothingness. The rocket itself was totally destroyed, but fortunately, due to the late hour, no one was injured. But to Professor Waldo Zoom, builder of the rocket, and Mr. J. P. Mullrath, retired Pittsburgh industrialist and backer of the project, it was a heartbreaking loss. All that is known so far is that just prior to the explosion George Seibert, newly hired assistant public relations head of the project, had been inside the huge rocket taking pictures of screen star Laurie Lane, as part of a publicity stunt for the forthcoming Federal Pictures production, The Moon Maiden. Shortly afterward, the giant rocket exploded . . .

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

DICK, I BEG OF YOU, DO NOT OPEN THE MORNING PAPERS TILL YOU GET AIR MAIL SPECIAL LETTER NOW ON WAY. EVERYTHING HERE IS REALLY JUST PEACHY KEEN. AS YOU WILL SHORTLY SEE. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WILLIAM PENN
PITTSBURGH PA

SON, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. BECAUSE OTHERWISE I WILL PROBABLY BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH A TWO-BY-FOUR. RICHARD L. REED.

HOTEL WILLIAM PENN
Pittsburgh, Pa.
October 18, 1951
Air-Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. So busy that it's now five thirty in the morning, and technically I guess it's tomorrow. But I have never considered a new day to be started until I have personally gone to bed and got up, and so by Seibert time it is still yesterday. In other words, today.

But you are no doubt in a hurry to know the salient facts, so I will dispense with further items of personal nature. And get right at it.

Today's chain reaction—you will have to pardon me if I occasionally lapse into the scientific idiom—began first thing this morning when I arrived at my rocket office shortly after nine. I found Mr. Spec Withers snorting about the premises like an enraged midget, snapping and snarling at a letter he held in his hand. Nimble pursuit disclosed that it was a polite note from Mr. J. P. Mullrath, asking if there was any possibility that the publicity plans for the forthcoming rocket take-off could be handled in such a way as to provide larger attendance at his various movie theaters.

"Help a lousy movie theater, eh?" roared Spec. "I wouldn't spit in Hollywood's eye if they were dying of thirst. I knew someday they'd come groveling around, asking for favors . . ."

Well, if Spec was going to take this brooding attitude, the only thing to do was to proceed on my own. If Mr. Mullrath, our employer, was in a mood for publicity tie-ups, I saw no reason why he shouldn't have them.

I was, in fact, halfway to his house in South Hills, in a speeding taxi, when I suddenly began to realize that there might be more here than met the eye. Why should a man of Mr. Mullrath's wealth, to whom his large string of movie theaters was only a plaything, suddenly be so anxious to boost attendance?

And taking out an old envelope and a stray pencil, bracing myself on the turns, I began to figure. At first idly, and then with growing interest. Modern movie theaters, if you buy them outright, cost anywhere from fifty thousand to maybe a couple of million each. If Mr. Mullrath had bought several dozen, that added up to quite a piece of change. No matter how much money he had, taxes and today's admissions being what they are . . . plus the ten million dollars he'd put into the rocket . . . could it be that Mr. Mullrath was getting a little strapped for cash? It was worth a try.

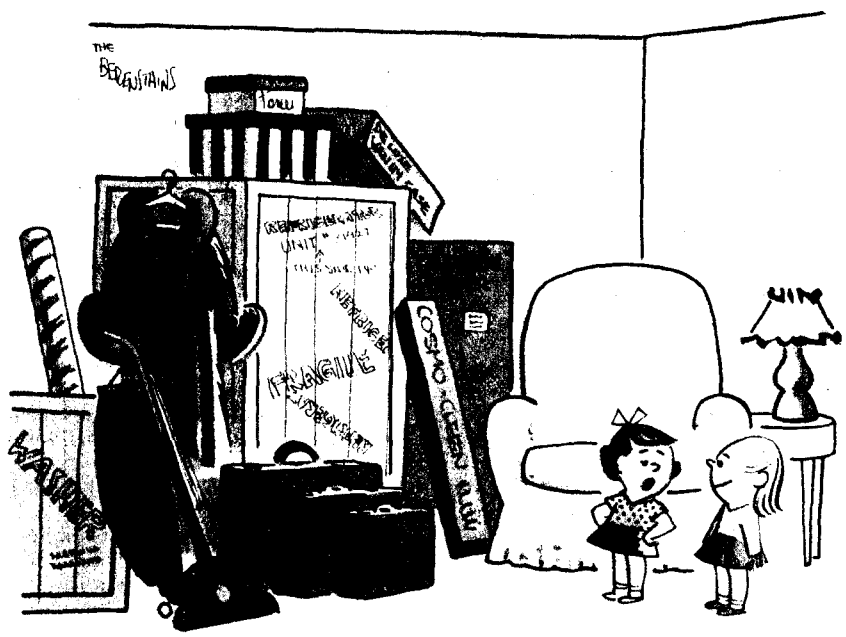
And then I was being ushered in to see him—a wonderfully robust old citizen in gray tweed golf knickers. I have always liked golf knickers myself, and I liked Mr. Mullrath instantly.

"Mr. Mullrath," I said, "I am Mr. George Seibert, confidential representative of Federal Pictures, and in line with our policy of close co-operation with the exhibitor, we have thought that possibly you might be feeling the financial strain of getting all your new theaters running smoothly. And we wondered if there was anything that we could do to help."

"Mr. Seibert," he said, "you are just the man I want to see. You have arrived as fortuitously as that sea gull that landed on Mr. Rickenbacker."

And he proceeded to tell me all. When

## SISTER




"Just because I happened to answer the phone and know how many feet are in a mile, Mother's in the hospital with a nervous breakdown, Daddy's out trying to turn this stuff into cash and my Aunt Martha's coming from Tulsa to take care of me"

COLLIER'S

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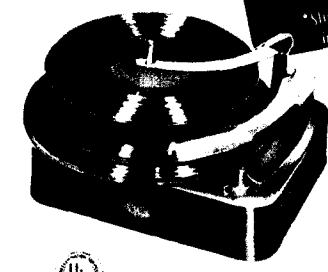

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he first started the rocket thing, the professor had assured him that the whole deal would cost no more than a million. Practically nothing, you might say.

So he had happily started buying his theaters. Some days he had bought several. "I thought at the time," he said, "that many of those theater owners seemed strangely anxious to sell; literally dozens of them had to take long trips for their wife's health."

Mr. Mullrath has since had a somewhat rude awakening, the 1946 box-office figures being a little at variance with the 1951 figures.

And, simultaneously, the rocket of course has used up not one million, but ten. Approximately every other day the professor has needed another basket of money.

And by now, with everything going out and not as much as expected coming in, Mr. Mullrath's money well was indeed running a little dry.

"Are you going to get back anything at all out of the rocket?" I asked, casting about for possibilities. I thought that possibly he had made some endorsement tie-ups with Blatz Oxygen, or something, the way they do at the Indianapolis Speedway.

"Not a nickel," said Mr. Mullrath sadly. "Not a nickel. I am completely sick of that rocket by now, and there is no way to get back a nickel of the money I have poured into it, because the insurance covers it only up to take-off time."

"Insurance?" I said.

It seems that the insurance company, playing the percentage to the hilt as usual, had insured the monster only during the construction period. The whole history of these first-time deals is that they do get built, they do take off, but flop dismally about two blocks down the road. The insurance lads therefore, and for a thumping premium, had consented to sell Mr. Mullrath insurance only till the whistle blew; once the thing was one inch off the ground, their responsibility was over, and good luck to all.

"Well," I said. "Well, well, well." And I somewhat hurriedly took my departure.

On the way back to the rocket works, I called the hotel, and Laurie had just arrived. "Do not stir from your room," I told her, "even if there is a severe fire. See that your smallest size picture costume is neatly pressed, and await the word. It may be a busy night."

By now it was early afternoon, and the great gleaming rocket had been trundled out and raised erect inside the tremendous wooden launching tower.

Around the whole works the world's largest tarpaulin had been thrown up, and all over the place was a rash of new signs: NO SMOKING. NO OPEN FLAMES. NO BREATHING. . . .

Hurrying past this spectacle, I busied myself during the rest of the day and evening in various ways, including having a most informative chat with the professor. These moon rockets are tricky beyond belief; it is not at all like driving to Peoria.

At any rate, shortly before three I aroused Laurie, had her don her best bits of uranium gauze, and with a long cloak tossed about her, we headed for rocketland. On the way we picked up a hired photographer.

First we took a series of pictures inside the rocket, with Laurie harmlessly twirling various of the dials. I thought that if the rest of the plan failed to come off we would at least have some pictures. Nothing untoward happened, as I knew it wouldn't. But as we descended the wooden stairs to the ground, I made a startling discovery. "My goodness," I said, "I have forgotten my hat." And I hastened back into the rocket to get it, pausing momentarily in front of the great electronic brain that was to guide the huge device through space.

Flipping the ON switch, I hurriedly gave it a few minor navigational problems. If we were ten miles from Saturn, with a thirty-mile-an-hour wind off Waikiki, what course should we steer to the moon if we also had to stop by Fort Worth? Also, what did it intend to do if it got to the moon and there was a sign there saying: NO U TURN? And starting out from Pittsburgh, did it have in mind taking the Pennsylvania Turnpike, or going up through Beaver Falls? Little things like that that I've wondered about for years.

I did not, however, wait for the answers. Speeding down the stairs, I rejoined Laurie and the photographer and hastened them away from there.

And I must say one thing for scientific gadgets—you can depend on them. We were hardly a hundred feet away when the rocket's great electronic brain, after pondering my problems, went utterly and completely nuts. Bells started ringing, the tail fins started flapping, the auxiliary steering rockets commenced going off in salvo, all sorts of warning horns began blowing, there was a growing series of internal explosions, and suddenly the entire rocket, giving up the struggle, turned a brilliant pink and blew itself to smithereens.

And though we did our best to get away, the arriving guards, reporters and news photographers cornered us, and forced from my stunned lips the whole lurid story. Of how I was merely taking a few publicity pictures of Moon Maiden Laurie Lane, and the flash bulbs must have set off some ghastly chain reaction. Oh, heavens to Betsy!

Which is why every newspaper in this country, from the late morning editions on, will be loaded to the gunwales with publicity about The Moon Maiden. For days. Because if there is anything the average city editor loves it is a big publicity stunt he thinks has gone wrong.

And the way the reporters and photographers are clustering around Laurie and the wreckage at the moment, I can assure you that in great glee they will play this thing up until they make it one of the biggest publicity successes of all time. For once we have got a picture title inextricably tied up with the news.

And, as I say, everyone here is just as happy as a lark. First, with most of his ten million back, Mr. Mullrath can now solidify his theater holdings and not lose his socks. Not over ten minutes ago he wrung my hand and said that if we ever wanted a picture backed or any little favor like that, just call upon him.

And even the insurance company has no real kick coming. The fool project has dragged on for so many years that Mullrath has paid in almost as much in premiums as he will get back; all they are really doing is giving him back his own money.

Which leaves only the professor. You are perhaps thinking that it is a shame to ruin five years of a man's lifework. Well, that is not exactly the case, as I discovered this afternoon. During the five years that the professor has been slaving away here it seems that rocket science in general has gone forward at a sizzling pace, and when I went in to see the professor this afternoon, to learn a few things about the rocket racket, I found him weeping bitterly. It seems that his beloved rocket, now that it was done, was already hopelessly old-fashioned, and he had no more real chance of getting to the moon in it than he had of getting to the moon in a pickup truck. But now that it was done he would have to try to take off, or the whole world would laugh him out of existence.

"If I could joost build it again," moaned the professor, "if I could joost build it ofer again."

Well, now he can. Nobody blames him for anything, so he can now get a little sleep and some new backing, build himself a nice new rocket, and possibly not kill himself when he finally takes off in it.

I knew that that one he had would never make it. Any fool could see that that was good riddance.

In fact, I'm really left with only one question. Should I, or should I not, ask Spec for my three days' pay?

As ever,
George.

THE END



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# Reclining Figure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"What the hell," Blaise said uncomfortably. "You did the best you could."

"Maybe. I doubt it. I'm not cut out for heart-to-heart talks. I thought that if I kept raising his allowance, that would solve everything. But I didn't turn him away," he said. "Not ever. And to lose him this way—this ugly, violent way—and not even to know what caused it—" He looked at Blaise for a moment. "Stay on for a few days," Edgerton said. "We'll get back to business when I feel better."

"Anything you say," Blaise promised. He watched the old man go, then poured himself a cup of coffee. He was drinking it when Cass came in with fresh coffee and some rolls.

"Miriam told me you were here," she said.

"How do you feel, Cassy?"

"Tired," she said, pouring the coffee. "But I guess that's the rock-bottom minimum emotion under the circumstances. And I'm not being hard-boiled. I've been imagining and dreading so much for so long that now that this nightmare has really happened I just can't work up the conventional flow of tears and maidenly grief. I just feel so sorry for him."

"For Simon?" Blaise asked.

"Of course. Who else?"

"Just asking."

"You're really an all-out, hundred per cent employee, aren't you?"

"The old man's been hit hard," Blaise said. "He's full of guilt about his own share in the tragedy. He left here a moment ago. He wasn't the high and mighty Edgerton—just an old man with a load of pain on his back. He could use a kind word. Failing that, in your case, what about some common, garden variety gratitude?"

She studied him. "You've got that feeling again, haven't you? About smacking me?"

"I won't. You'll be all right," Blaise said. "You've got good instincts."

Cass pushed back her chair. "Excuse me," she murmured.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going up to the house to talk to Uncle Lucas. What's wrong with that?" she asked defiantly.

"Not a thing," Blaise said, smiling. He walked with her to the door of the gallery. "Later on, I'll take you for a ride."

"I'll go," Cass said, "but only because it's good for me. I'm not sure I like you any more. I find myself doing what you think I ought to do. That's a hell of a way to start a friendship."

"Don't swear," Blaise said. "It's not ladylike."

He walked back to the desk, picked up the little wad of cards, and fanned them thoughtfully. Undoubtedly, the brief possession of these had given Simon Edgerton that precious sense of security so evident in their last interview. He went out to his car and started down toward the gate, but at the bend in the driveway he noticed, for the first time, a small, neat, brick-and-stucco building screened by large eucalyptus trees. He remembered Victor Grandi's shop was on the premises and stopped the car. As he went up the walk, he sensed a vague aroma of paint and oil.

THE door was opened by Grandi, who beckoned Blaise inside. "I saw you through the window," Blaise said. "Kick me out if I'm disturbing you."

"I was carving a frame," Grandi said. "That is like whittling toy boats—an occupation to be set aside on any pretext." He drew Blaise into the next room, a combination bedroom and sitting room with a fireplace. There were some paintings on the walls, including a Sisley landscape, a Corot, and the little Degas nude that had been taken from the gallery the night before.

"The paintings," Grandi said, "are on loan." He poured a small glass of cognac, which he offered first to Blaise, who refused it. "I understand," Grandi said. "However, it seems like much later in the day to me. The police woke me at three thirty." He sipped the brandy. "Have you seen Mr. Edgerton?"

"Yes. He seems quite shattered."

Grandi nodded. "Of course. It is a matter of ego. Poor Edgerton was never able to understand how a man like himself could have a son who was anything short of the perfect successor."

"Do you think Simon was stealing paintings from the collection?"

"Perhaps."

"Did he need money?"

"The police asked that question. I told them, quite truthfully, that I had no way of knowing whether he did or not. To you, however, I will enlarge on my answer. Consider a young man like Simon Edgerton. He is brought up by a succession of gov-

"After all, this is your birthday, and I'm not going to have my husband fixing his own breakfast on his birthday. Why don't you grab a bite at Mike's Diner?"

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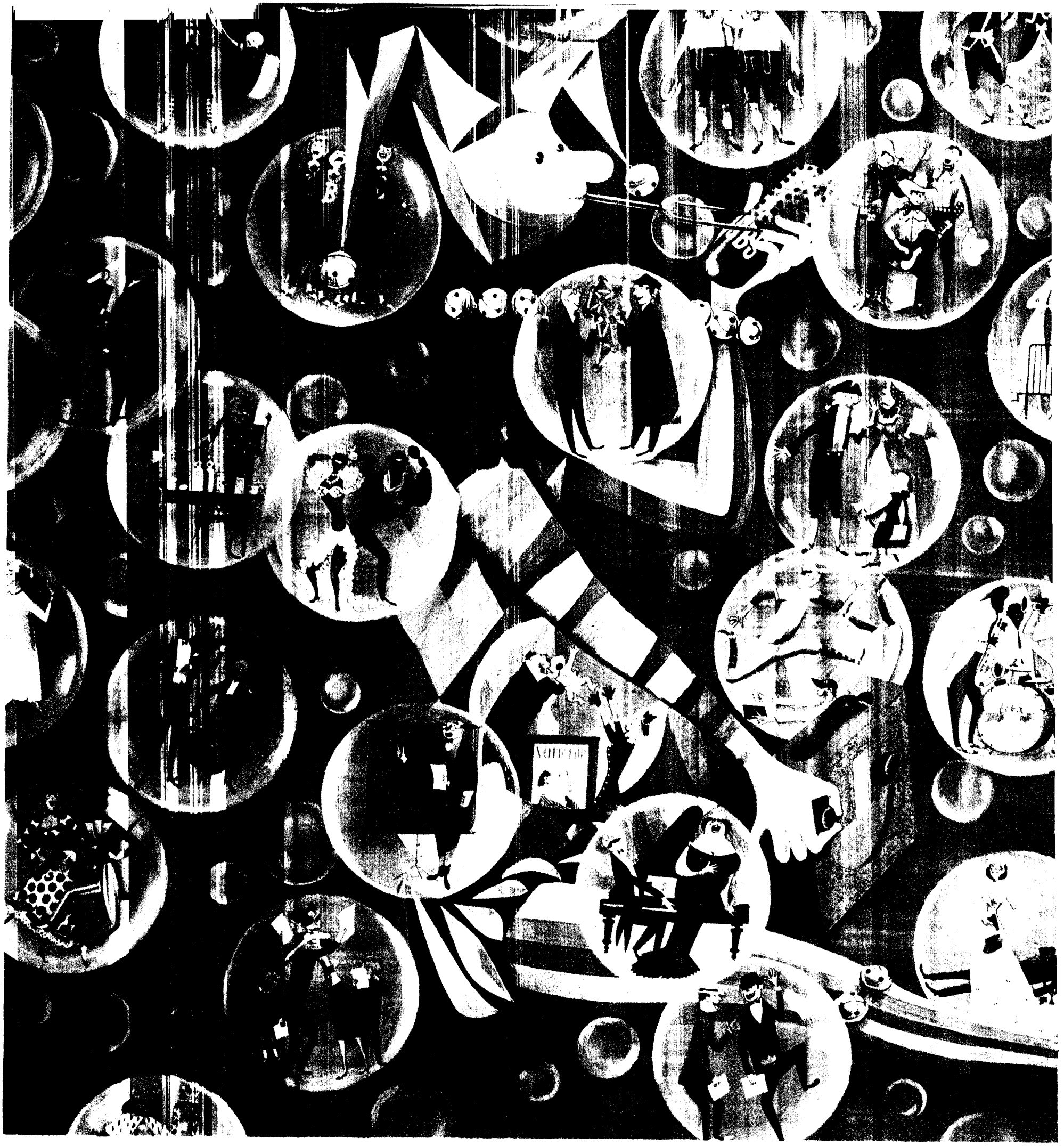

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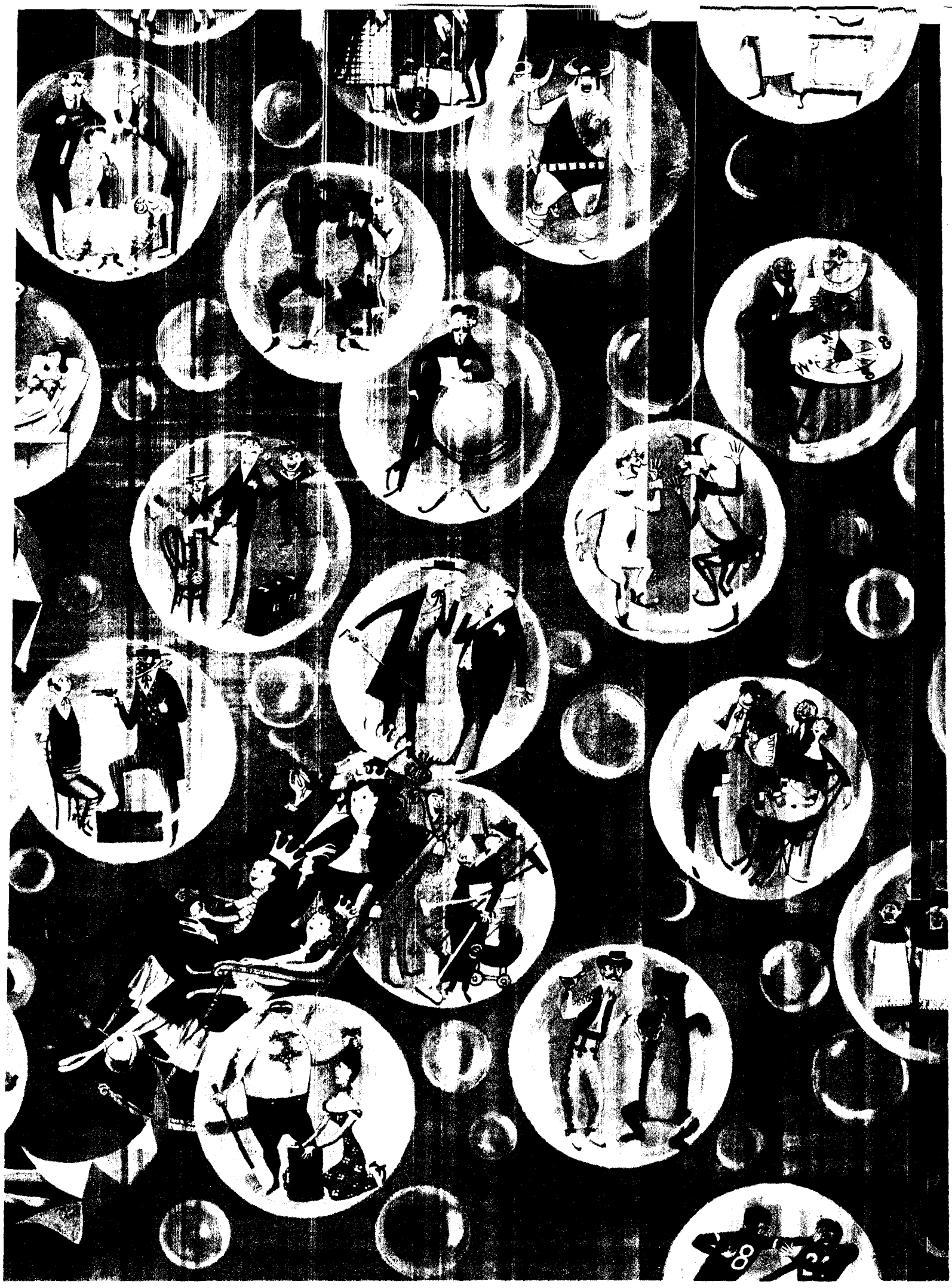

## *Take Wednesday, for instance:*

8:00 am World News Roundup **N**
8:30 Renfro Valley **V**
9:00 CBS News of America **N**
9:15 Barnyard Follies **V**
10:00 *Arthur Godfrey Time* **V**
11:30 Grand Slam **G**
11:45 Rosemary **DD**
12:00 Wendy Warren **DD**
12:15 pm Aunt Jenny **DD**
12:30 Romance of Helen Trent **DD**
12:45 *Our Gal Sunday* **DD**
1:00 Big Sister **DD**
1:15 Ma Perkins **DD**
1:30 Young Dr. Malone **DD**
1:45 Guiding Light **DD**
2:00 The Second Mrs. Burton **DD**
2:15 Perry Mason **DD**
2:30 This is Nora Drake **DD**
2:45 Brighter Day **DD**
3:00 Hilltop House **DD**
3:30 House Party, Cedric Adams **DI-V**
4:30 Treasury Bandstand **M**
4:55 News **N**
5:00 Music You Know **M**
5:30 Top Tune Time **M**
5:45 Curt Massey Time **M**
6:00 Allan Jackson & the News **N**
6:15 You and the World **DI**
6:45 Lowell Thomas **N**
7:00 *Beulah* **C**
7:15 Jack Smith—Dinah Shore **M**
7:30 Bob Crosby's Club 15 **M**
7:45 Ed Murrow with the News **N**
8:00 Mr. Chameleon **D**
8:30 Dr. Christian **D**
9:00 Red Skelton **C**
9:30 Bing Crosby **M-V**
10:00 Blue Ribbon Bouts **S**
11:00 World Tonight, Eric Sevareid **N**
11:10 News Analysis, Sevareid **N**
11:15 Dance Orchestras **M**
12:00 News **N**
12:05 am Dance Orchestras **M**
1:00 News **N**

**V**-variety **M**-music
**C**-comedy **D**-drama
**N**-news **DD**-daytime drama
**G**-games **DI**-discussion
**S**-sports **R**-religion

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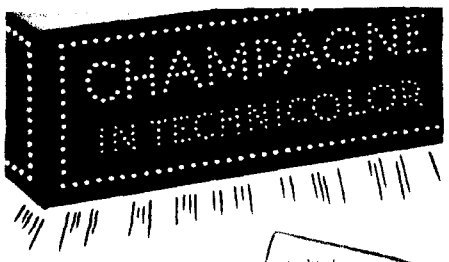

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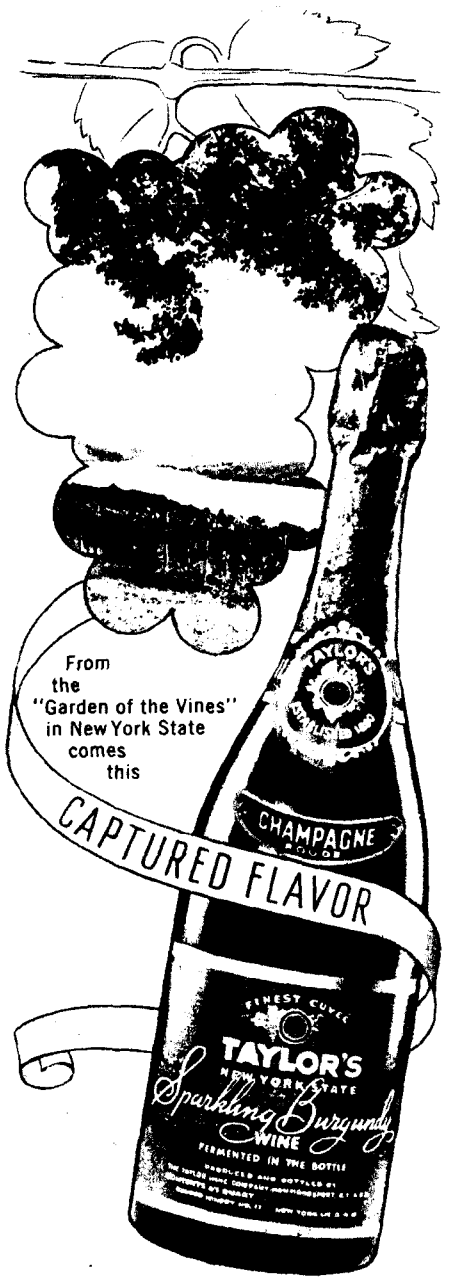


From the FAMOUS CELLARS at Hammondsport, New York

ernesses, tutors and private schools—all substitutes for a father who is completely submerged in a peculiar collection of paintings. Wouldn't you hate the collection?"

"Yes," Blaise said.

"Simon loathed it. His feelings were for a long time outweighed by his fear of his father, but little by little the scales began to tip the other way."

"That makes sense," Blaise said. "Who helped him?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know a girl named Molly Dann? A model?"

"I know there is such a girl."

"How did Simon meet her?"

Grandi's smile widened. "Very sensible, Mr. Blaise. An excellent place to begin. The police will search for enemies and motives and clues. Simon's artistic connections will prove much more rewarding." He drained the last of the brandy in the little glass. "Now I must return to my frame."

Blaise walked back into the shop with him. Grandi picked up the section of frame and locked it into the vise, then turned to study the painting for which it was intended. He picked up a gouge, holding it as delicately as a painter might hold his finest brush. Then he bent over his work in absolute concentration. His expression was blank and serene. Blaise watched him for a moment, then went out quietly.

MOLLY DANN lived in a tiny bungalow in a new development near Culver City. She came to the door stretching and yawning from sleep, but she asked Blaise in quite cordially and sat him in a window seat while she moved in and out of a miniature kitchen, answering his questions easily and with apparent candor. She was wearing a pale blue robe, only loosely tied. She seemed utterly unconscious of her superb body, which her sweeping movements revealed. She set out coffee and rolls on a little table, and settled herself at last on a low hassock.

So far, her ready, instinctive responses had given Blaise the impression that she was fond of Simon Edgerton, but not much more than that. He had been good for laughs and presents; they'd gone out a lot to night clubs to dance, and once in a while to Laguna, Coronado, Palm Springs, or Las Vegas for the week end.

"He was a nice guy," Molly said, summing it up. She eyed Blaise speculatively. "You look like a regular guy. Tell me what happened. So far, with the cops pumping me, I haven't found out a thing."

"I don't know much," Blaise said. "What happened after I left the Lido?"

"That Norden came in a couple of minutes later," Molly said. "I think Simon was expecting him. Anyway, I got fobbed off to dance with some fellow we knew in another party, probably so they could talk in private."

"How was Simon? What kind of a mood was he in?"

"Like a kid with a new baseball mitt. If I didn't know him better, I'd have thought he had a shot in the arm while I was dancing. I was surprised at the way he was acting and Norden was, too, I think. He left in a few minutes. First he whispered something to Simon. I couldn't hear what it was, but it didn't bother Simon a bit. When Norden was gone, he lifted me out of my chair and swung me around, he was that chipper.

"On the dance floor, he was just as happy, and once he laughed right out loud. I kept on asking him to let me in on the joke but he said he'd tell me later. About one in the morning, he took me home. He was in such a good mood I thought he'd want to—well, you know—sort of stick around, but he said he had to do something important. He just kissed me good night," she finished sadly, "and off he went."

"You never got any idea of what was making him so happy?" Blaise asked.

"Not a glimmer. I wish I had. Anyway, if a guy has to go, Simon certainly went out laughing. But he was mostly that kind of a guy. I've seen him drop five thousand in a dice game, then borrow a hundred from a dealer and buy drinks for the house."

"Where did you meet Simon?" Blaise asked.

"At a gallery here, about a year ago. I pose a lot for a painter named Weldon, and—"

"Paul Weldon?" Blaise asked.

"Yeah. Do you know him?"

"I know who he is. Pretty good painter."

"He is?" Molly looked frankly surprised. "I guess he is, at that. His stuff gets shown, and people must buy it. Anyway, the Kenneth Lurie gallery gave him a show and they opened it with a snazzy cocktail party. Weldon took me to it. The party was full of long-hair creeps. Simon was the only person in the place who was pleasant to me. We left the party and went dancing."

"Did that amuse Paul Weldon?"

"Him?" Molly laughed scornfully. "He's the kind of a guy that doesn't want a girl—he just wants to suffer. With guys like that, a girl is just an excuse for crying jags. He was always burned up when I went out with Simon, though—more than when I went with other men. Some special grudge, maybe because he was Simon Edgerton. I posed for him yesterday. He was doing one of those creepy nudes. I'm sure he paints them because it's his way of hitting back at women. Anyway, when I was dressed and leaving, he found out I had a date with Simon and he hit the ceiling." As Blaise looked at her sharply, she added, "Oh, I told the cops. They can check on him, but it's a thousand to one he just stayed home with a bottle and cried in his pillow."

"Sounds charming," Blaise said. "How did Simon get to that first party? Was he a particular friend of Lurie?"

"Nothing special. We went there again, to another party, but that's all I know."

"Did he see much of any other dealers or artists?"

"None at all, so far as I know. Maybe Norden, but I doubt it."

"You know that Simon and Hugh Norden were in some trouble a while ago, don't you, Molly?"

"I know."

"Could Norden have been blackmailing him about that?"

"Would that have made him so happy?"

Blaise shook his head. "Just testing. You're right, of course. I'm sorry I crashed into your nap."

"It's all right. I was glad to talk to somebody who didn't have a badge on his chest." As Blaise got up, she said, "Are you a dealer? Is that on the level, or are you some kind of cop?"

"Dealer," Blaise said. "If you call that being on the level."

"Simon left something with me," Molly said. "I didn't tell the police"—she hesitated—"well, you'll know why when I show it to you." She took a big envelope from a chest near the door, and carefully drew out a sheet of drawing paper protected by sheets of tissue. She laid it on top of the chest for Blaise to examine. It was a study in pencil, a reclining figure, half nude. It was unsigned, but the master hand of Auguste Renoir was in every stroke that formed the luxurious beauty of the face and figure.

"It's a Renoir, isn't it?" Molly asked.

"One of the best. An early one, probably about eighteen eighty."

"Norden brought it to Simon at the Lido last night. Simon told me to keep it for him. He said it was worth a lot of money and he didn't want to be riding around with it. I didn't mention it to the police because I thought maybe it was hot."

Blaise was holding the drawing to the light. "It was items like this that Simon and Norden handled before."

"I know," Molly said. "Will you take it?" He turned to look at her, and she said, "Do whatever has to be done with it."

"It may not be hot. Simon may have meant it for you. It's worth a couple of thousand dollars."

"I'll trust you with it," the girl said simply. "If it's mine, you can sell it for me. I just wouldn't want to kick up any scandal for his family."

"All right, Molly. It's decent of you."

She laughed. "Be sure and stick a gold star on my report card."

THE Kenneth Lurie gallery was housed in what had once been one of the downtown area's finest mansions. It was an enormous English brick house, set well back from the street.

The paneled oval drawing room was the main exhibition hall, but the spacious foyer and the dining room opposite were also used for this purpose. Beyond these was Kenneth Lurie's private office.

Jonas Astorg was seated in an enormous, high-backed leather chair in the office. Kenneth Lurie sat at the large flat desk, his chair tilted back.

"Of course, I'm sorry about the boy," Lurie said irritably. "What do you suggest I do? Close the gallery for thirty days? Fly a flag at half-mast?" He swung his

**KENNESAW**

COLLIER'S **"I know I promised you a fur coat, Bessie, but it's hard to find bears your size!"** REAMER KELLER



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chair to face Astorg directly. "You can be as sanctimonious as you like, Jonas. From my point of view, Hugh Norden did us a hell of a big favor. Now if the police will only arrest and execute him in a hurry, that will be perfect."

"Will that take the load off your mind?" Astorg asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Why should Norden have wanted to kill him?"

"Why? How the hell should I know why? Maybe he was holding Simon up for money and the boy got tough. Maybe he was out to steal some pictures on his own and Simon caught him. I can think of a million reasons."

THERE was silence for a moment, then Astorg said, "I'm thinking of buying back the Renoir."

Lurie's head came up. He fixed the other man with a pained, puzzled look. "This is some new nonsense, isn't it?"

"I'm not happy with the deal. It's too complicated."

"I doubt if Ordmann will sell it to you. He's very proud of the painting."

"I may give him a small profit. We ought to do it together. You've had nearly a hundred thousand dollars from me, and—"

"From you!" Lurie shouted incredulously. "From you! Who the hell got hold of the paintings in the first place, Jonas? I did, didn't I?"

"Nevertheless," Astorg insisted, "we are partners and we should act in this as if—" He stopped at the sound of a buzzer, as the door was opened by Lurie's clerk.

"Yes, Casper," Lurie said irritably. "What is it?"

"A Mr. Blaise to see you," the clerk said.

Lurie and Astorg exchanged glances. Then Astorg nodded and Lurie said, "Show him in, Casper."

Astorg stood up and was facing the open door when Blaise came in. He was carrying the envelope with the Renoir drawing.

"Ellis! What a pleasant surprise. I told Lurie he ought to meet you while you were here. I didn't expect the pleasure of introducing you." He drew Ellis to the desk.

"It's an honor, Mr. Blaise," Lurie said. "You're as close as I've ever come to the Edgerton collection."

"Terrible thing about the Edgerton boy," Astorg murmured.

Blaise nodded. "You knew him, didn't you, Mr. Lurie?"

"Slightly. I used to ask him to parties here." He smiled sadly. "I thought I might get to meet his father."

"How's business?" Blaise asked.

"It's not a good town," Lurie said. "I'm not saying that to keep you from opening a branch, if that's what you've got in mind. The movie crowd buys a little, but the few that spend really big money like to do it in New York."

"Don't let him cry too much, Ellis," Astorg put in. "Lurie has a fine business."

"Oh, I do all right, but most of it is business I've built up in Texas, Oklahoma and the other oil states. Thank God for Texas! They stamp out millionaires overnight."

Blaise held out the envelope to Lurie. "Have a look at that. I just got it today."

Lurie carefully drew out the drawing, and Astorg came around behind the desk to examine it with him.

"Say, you've got something!"

"Beautiful," murmured Astorg. "You bought this here?"

"I haven't bought it," Blaise said. "It's on a sort of consignment basis. It's worth about three thousand, I should think."

"Sure. Who owns it?" Lurie asked.

"Private party. Wants to stay that way."

"I've got a customer for it," Lurie said. "I'd like to have it."

"Perhaps later on," Blaise said. "I haven't quite made up my mind about the price."

"I'd like to please this particular customer. He bought a Renoir here but he couldn't afford this period in an oil. I promised him a fine drawing and he's been riding me about it. I'm sure I can get three thousand. A deal?"

"It's fair enough," Blaise said. "I'll wait on it, though. Give me twenty-four hours."

"No hurry," Lurie said, and carefully repacked the drawing.

"Let's forget the drawing," Astorg urged, "and talk about some real money. I was right, was I not, Ellis? Edgerton is going to sell some paintings, isn't he?"

"Right. By the way, Jonas, how did you learn that?"

"Private party," Astorg said, smiling. "Wants to stay that way. How many paintings are for sale, Ellis?"

"Forty canvases."

Lurie whistled thoughtfully. "Forty paintings from the Edgerton Collection!"

"Send in the list," Astorg said. "I'm sure we can do business. I've got some fine customers, and Lurie has his Texas plutocrats; between us, we might handle the whole sale."

Blaise agreed to furnish the list and shook hands all around. Then he left, with the Renoir drawing under his arm.

Astorg watched as Lurie poured himself a large straight whisky and tossed it off like a man who needed it. Then he said, "Lurie, who is your customer who's so crazy about early Renoir drawings?"

"Nobody you know."

"It's odd," Astorg mused. "I'm worrying about the early Renoir painting and in comes Ellis Blaise with an early drawing. It's barely worth three thousand, you know. You'd be making nothing—maybe taking a loss."

"Not likely," Lurie said. He sat down at the desk, and his strong fingers drummed heavily on the polished surface. "Jonas, I've got some business uptown. A client."

"I'll go," Astorg said promptly, rising from the chair. "Is it the client who's so anxious to have an early Renoir?"

"Damn it!" Lurie's fists were clenched. "Why are you nagging me? Just what the hell is it you want?"

"I want the truth about the Renoir painting," Astorg said.

Lurie was livid with barely suppressed rage. "Is that why you went to see Simon Edgerton last night?" Astorg backed away. "Did he tell you?" demanded Lurie. "Did you like what he told you, or did you lose your fine Continental calm?"

Astorg's face was gray, and beads of perspiration dotted his forehead. "You were there," he said thickly.

"Correction, please," Lurie said. "*We* were there."

As if to himself, Astorg mumbled, "You knew he was going to put the cards back in the gallery. It was your idea. You knew just where he'd be and at what time."

Lurie smiled. "Sure. Go tell the police. They'll thank you for it." Astorg shook his head and sank down into the big chair. Lurie stood over him. "They have a new gas chamber upstate. Exquisite, functional, modern. I can't tell you what it's like inside, but maybe you can find out." He started to the door. "Help yourself to a drink, Jonas—you look awful."

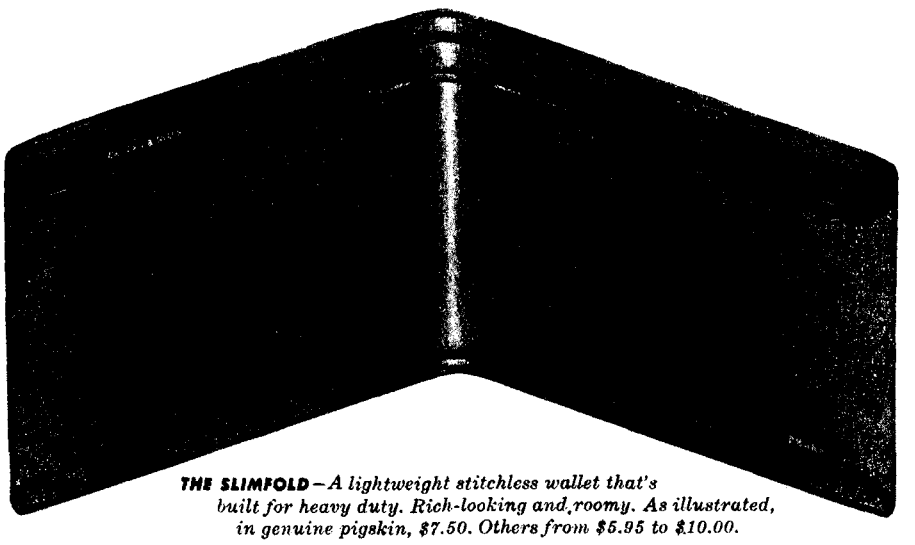
ON THE way uptown, Blaise bought the afternoon papers from a boy hawking them in the main stream of traffic. Then he headed west again and turned off at a drive-in. A pretty girl in perilously tight slacks and a distracting halter top brought him a sandwich, and, by using the steering wheel as a reading rack, he could manage the papers and the sandwich together.

The Edgerton murder was all over the front page, and in inside spreads there were pictures of the house, Lucas Edgerton, Cassy, and one of Lieutenant Ives standing where Simon's body had been found. The text indicated that Hugh Norden was much in demand and that the Western states had been alerted in the man hunt.

Blaise let the girl take away the papers with the tray, then started west again. Near the UCLA campus he found an art supply shop and after an examination of the stock, he bought some drawing paper in blocks.

It was early afternoon when he returned to the Edgerton house. A plain-clothes man and a uniformed policeman were photo-



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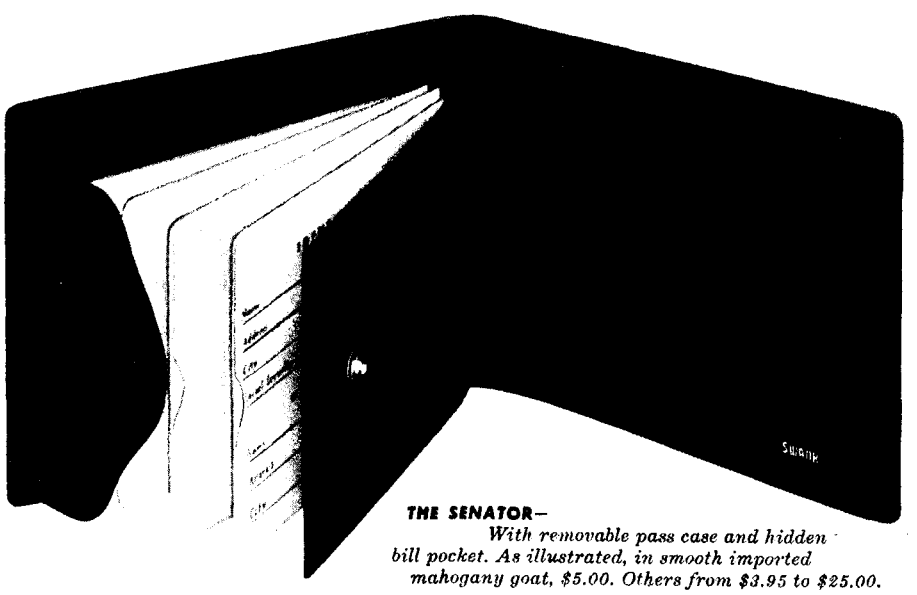

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graphing the exterior of the gallery, and another technician was on his hands and knees in the shrubbery. The uniformed man told him that Miss Wayne was in the house. He found her in Lucas Edgerton's workroom, lunching there with Edgerton and Dr. Wesley Corum. The table was covered with cards taken from the index, and dozens of notebooks.

Blaise took the Renoir drawing from its folder and laid it on the table.

"Anybody recognize it?" he asked.

Edgerton looked annoyed. "I know what it is," he said, "if that's what you mean."

"Of course. Damn' fine, too," Miriam Wayne said.

"Simon gave it to a girl last night," Blaise said.

Miriam gave him a puzzled stare, and Edgerton bent over the drawing, examining it carefully. "It's not mine," the old man said, and he looked at Miriam for confirmation.

The girl said, "No. I'd know at once if that was from the collection."

"Want to look at it again, Dr. Corum?" Blaise said, and the critic obediently bent over the paper for a second examination. Then he straightened up. "What is it you want me to say, Blaise?"

"It's not a Renoir," Blaise said quietly.

CORUM smiled indulgently. "You're wrong, my boy. It is certainly Renoir."

Blaise turned to Miriam Wayne. "What's your guess?"

"I don't know enough," she replied, "but Dr. Corum does, and certainly Mr. Edgerton's word—"

"It's not Renoir," Blaise insisted.

"Don't keep babbling it's not Renoir!" Edgerton shouted. "Why the hell isn't it?"

"Because," Blaise said, "it's on modern paper, made right here in Los Angeles." Edgerton stared at him, then turned to look at the drawing again. Corum's cheerful expression was gone. He looked tense and worried. "I'll be damned," Edgerton muttered softly. "I'll be double damned." He glanced at Corum. "Hell of a pair of experts, aren't we?"

"I don't believe it," Corum said. His voice was stubborn and petulant.

"I don't blame you," Blaise said. "I would have bought it and sold it unquestioningly, except for the feel of the paper." He laughed. "Hold it to the light—you'll see the watermark."

"Where did Simon get it?" Edgerton asked.

"Apparently from Hugh Norden."

Dr. Corum was standing over the paper again, shaking his head slowly. "I've never seen anything like it," he said. "It's perfect."

"But on modern paper, with a modern watermark," Miriam Wayne said. "Why would anyone make a forgery that would be so easy to expose?"

"This must have been done for practice," Blaise said. "The drawing has all the freedom of Renoir himself, and that was achieved by relentless practice. This drawing was a dry run, one of maybe thousands of practice rounds made so that finally the artist would have achieved the natural hand of the man he was imitating. You can magnify it by a thousand diameters—I doubt if you'll find a cramped or unnatural movement. And the object could not have been to sell a few drawings. So much care and effort must have meant a lot more than that. Remember Hans van Meegeren, Dr. Corum?"

Corum nodded slowly. "Yes, of course."

"He painted Vermeers," Blaise said to the others. "Sold at least six, and each of them was authenticated by the greatest experts in Europe. He had sold one to Hermann Göring, and when Holland was liberated, the Dutch tried him as a collaborator. His defense was that the paintings were forgeries and that he had actually cheated Göring out of a million dollars. The experts came again, and said the paintings could not possibly be forgeries. They even chipped off bits of paint, and chemical analysis proved that these dated back to the time of Vermeer. Van Meegeren's defense, this time, was quite simple. He asked for an adjournment, brought some supplies from his home, and painted another Vermeer—just as genuine—in his cell, under the constant supervision of the guards. That settled it."

Blaise picked up the drawing and put it back in the folder. "Don't buy any Renoirs until you hear from me," he said to Edgerton.

"What does it mean?" the old man asked. "Was Simon involved?"

"I think so," Blaise said, "but I don't know just how. It may account for some puzzling gaps in what the police know so far, and if it does—"

Corum interrupted him. "You're going to the police with that?" The critic had recovered some of his composure. "I was thinking of the effect on the market for paintings—any paintings—if a forgery of this caliber is publicized," Corum said. "It is always distressing, and now, when some things from the collection are to be sold—"

"I'll be damned!" Edgerton said. "Do you suppose my mind is on how much a painting brings today? Get going. I've got a hundred Renoirs and I'd sooner see them sold for wrapping paper than stand in the way of getting at the truth."

"I'm on my way," Blaise said. "Any surprises in the inventory?"

"Not so far," Miriam said. "We've only checked about half the catalogue."

Blaise went downstairs to the sunroom and telephoned Lieutenant Ives. He told the detective he had some information, and Ives said he'd come to the Ocean Inn.

Blaise was in his car when Cass came out of the kitchen. She had a sandwich in one hand, a glass of milk in the other. She was pale with fatigue. "Cassy, you must be all done in. Why don't you get some sleep?"

"It's on the agenda," she said. "I was taking this upstairs"—she held up the sandwich and milk—"and I saw you tearing out. I just wanted to thank you for giving me hell. I had a good cry on Uncle Lucas' shoulder and I think we both feel better." She stepped down into the driveway. "Coming back?"

"I promised to take you out for a ride, didn't I?"

"Am I missing something?" Cassy asked. "You're dashing up and down like a man of much mystery."

"I'm a bloodhound," Blaise told her. "The rare short-eared variety." He leaned out of the car. "How old are you, Cassy?"

"Twenty-five," she said. "Why?"

"Better get some sleep," he said gently. "You look like an old hag of twenty-six."

He took his foot off the brake and the car started down the drive. He caught a glimpse of Cass in the rear-vision mirror just before he turned the bend. She was waving, and he waved back.

At the hotel, he picked up his key and went up to his suite. He fumbled with the key, then opened the door and stepped in. The shutters were closed, as they had been that morning, and the room was in semi-darkness. As he closed the door, he was suddenly conscious of a movement behind him. He started to turn, and something heavy crashed down on him and the darkness exploded into light. He felt himself falling and was aware of being caught before he hit the floor. Then the darkness closed in again.

PAUL WELDON had another of the maddening alibis that were beginning to make Lieutenant Ives feel like a shadow-boxer. It was simple and straightforward; Weldon could not substantiate it and Ives could not topple it, though he bombarded it skillfully at various levels for an hour.

After watching Molly drive off in the cab, he told Lieutenant Ives, he had stayed in the outside world only long enough to buy two bottles of whisky. He had then returned to the studio, locked himself in, and suffered in silence and alone until Lieutenant Ives had come with the news of the murder.

Weldon showed only perfunctory interest in the inquisition and, after Ives left, stayed slumped in his chair until he heard the cars leaving. Then he got up and started to pace up and down, as a man might try to walk off the effects of a drug.

Later, when his nerves quieted, he started to work, but it went badly and there were some broken brushes on the floor around the easel to testify to his jittery impatience. He made repeated telephone calls to Molly Dann, but there was no answer. At noon he poured himself the first drink of the day. The bottle was nearly full, and he laid out a rationing scheme that would give him just enough to keep his nerves under control for working. In the middle of the afternoon, when he was about to abandon his self-imposed discipline and kill the bottle quickly, Molly arrived.

"I didn't think you'd come today, Molly," Weldon said tentatively.

"Neither did I." She glanced at the

COLLIER'S

**"Don't answer. It might be the right number"**

KATE OSANN



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bottle, then at the broken brushes around the easel. "Are you getting boiled?"

"I was upset. The police were here."

"I know." After a moment, she said, "I'm sorry. I don't even remember how your name came up. I hope it didn't make any trouble."

"Oh, no," Weldon said quickly. "I don't mind. Thanks for coming in today, Molly. Thanks a lot."

"Feel like working?" the girl asked listlessly.

"Might as well."

SHE nodded and kicked off her shoes. Then she sat down on the couch and lighted a cigarette. Pulling her dress up, she groped for the garter fastenings, then slid the stockings down on each leg. "I'd like to go away," she said. "That's all I seem to be able to think of today." She reached up and behind her to pull the zipper of the dress. "This thing about Simon knocked the wind out of me."

"Were you in love with him, Molly?" Weldon asked.

"We had a lot of laughs," she said simply. "I liked him a lot."

"I know you did," Weldon said. As Molly started to the bathroom in her slip, carrying the dress and shoes, he reached out and caught her bare arm. "Come away with me, Molly. I've got money. I've got quite a lot—more than you think. I'll take you to Mexico, or to Europe—anywhere you say."

"Thanks, Paul. We'll talk about it."

"I mean it, Molly."

"We'll talk about it."

Then the doorbell rang in sharp, jagged bursts.

"Who's that?" Molly asked.

"I don't know," Weldon said. He pushed the release button for the downstairs door, waited until Molly was in the bathroom, then opened the studio door.

There were heavy footsteps on the stairs, and he backed away as Kenneth Lurie came into the doorway. Weldon gestured nervously to the open bathroom door just as Molly appeared in one of his own terry-cloth robes.

"I was just starting to work," Weldon explained.

"Beat it," Lurie said to the girl. He turned to Weldon. "Get rid of her. I've got to talk to you."

"Who the hell are you to give orders?" Molly demanded.

"Couldn't we go somewhere?" Weldon asked uneasily. "Molly just got here, and—"

"I told you to get her out of here," Lurie said. He turned his back, elaborately examining the books on the shelves. With a pained, unhappy smile, Weldon said, "I'm sorry, Molly."

"The lord and master, huh?" Molly looked at him contemptuously.

"It's business," Weldon pleaded. "It's about a show." He started toward her, but Molly backed away and slammed the bathroom door in his face. In less than two minutes she came out, fully dressed. Weldon didn't look up, and Lurie didn't turn around.

"What is it?" Molly asked curiously. "A lovers' quarrel?"

Lurie lifted the toe of his shoe. "That caboose makes quite a target, Molly. Want me to help you down the stairs?"

"Want to try?" she asked defiantly.

Weldon stepped in between them. "Please, Molly!" As she opened the door, he said, "I'll call you later."

"Do that," Molly said, cordially, and smacked his face with her open hand. Then she went quickly down the stairs.

Lurie closed the door, and Weldon, who was rubbing his cheek, heard the click of the lock. He looked up hastily. "What's the matter?"

"She's a bright girl in some ways," Lurie said. "Full of good ideas." His right fist flashed up, landing heavily on Weldon's jaw. The painter skittered across the floor, the easel and the fresh canvas crashing down with him. Before he could move, Lurie was over him. His big hand gripped Weldon by the collar, yanking him to his feet. "Now, you cheap crook, either you come clean or I'll break everything on you that's worth breaking."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Weldon stuttered.

"Ellis Blaise showed me a drawing today. One of yours."

"Who?" This was almost a scream. "I don't know anybody by that name. I didn't give anybody any drawings. I burned them all. I did a lot for practice but they were all on cheap, modern paper. I couldn't sell them that way. I burned them all."

The dealer's taut facial muscles relaxed. He brought the bottle of whisky and a glass, then poured a drink for Weldon.

"Thanks," Weldon muttered.

"Now listen carefully. I know you had to make a lot of practice drawings. Did anyone—anybody at all—ever see you doing them?" When the artist shook his head, he said, "Now: did you keep count of how many you made?"

"That's crazy. I must have done thousands. I'd keep them all together while I was working, then burn them."

"But if you were called out, or went out for a drink or a meal, or answered the phone?"

"I kept some," Weldon said automatically, and at the scowl on the dealer's face, he added shrilly, "I had to! That's how I worked out the composition. I couldn't use a model."

"I understand," Lurie said, though with effort. "Do you remember one in pencil, a reclining figure, half nude?"

Weldon shrugged. "I did hundreds of them. Not many that were half-nudes, though." He got up unsteadily, shaking his head as if to clear it, and reached for the bottle again.

"Where did you keep the drawings you worked from?"

"I'm not a fool," Weldon said.

"Show me," Lurie said.

WELDON went into the bedroom, and Lurie followed him. Beside the bed stood a wide, circular night table with a heavy metal lamp. The table was patterned after a revolving bookstand with shelves about twelve inches deep. Weldon lifted the lamp and put it on the floor. Then he reached into the top shelf, and the apparently solid tabletop opened, revealing a deep hollow cylinder.

"I made this myself," Weldon said sullenly.

Lurie peered into the opening. There were tubes and pots of paint, and jars of liquid that gave off an odor of varnish. When the dealer straightened up, Weldon snapped the top shut and replaced the lamp.

"Who is the fellow you said had one of the drawings?" Weldon asked, following the dealer back into the studio.

"Ellis Blaise. He works for Lucas Edgerton."

"Any idea how he got it?"

"A woman—someone out here—gave it to him to sell."

"You should have bought it," Weldon said.

"I tried to," Lurie said irritably. "How easy will it be to detect the quality of the paper?"

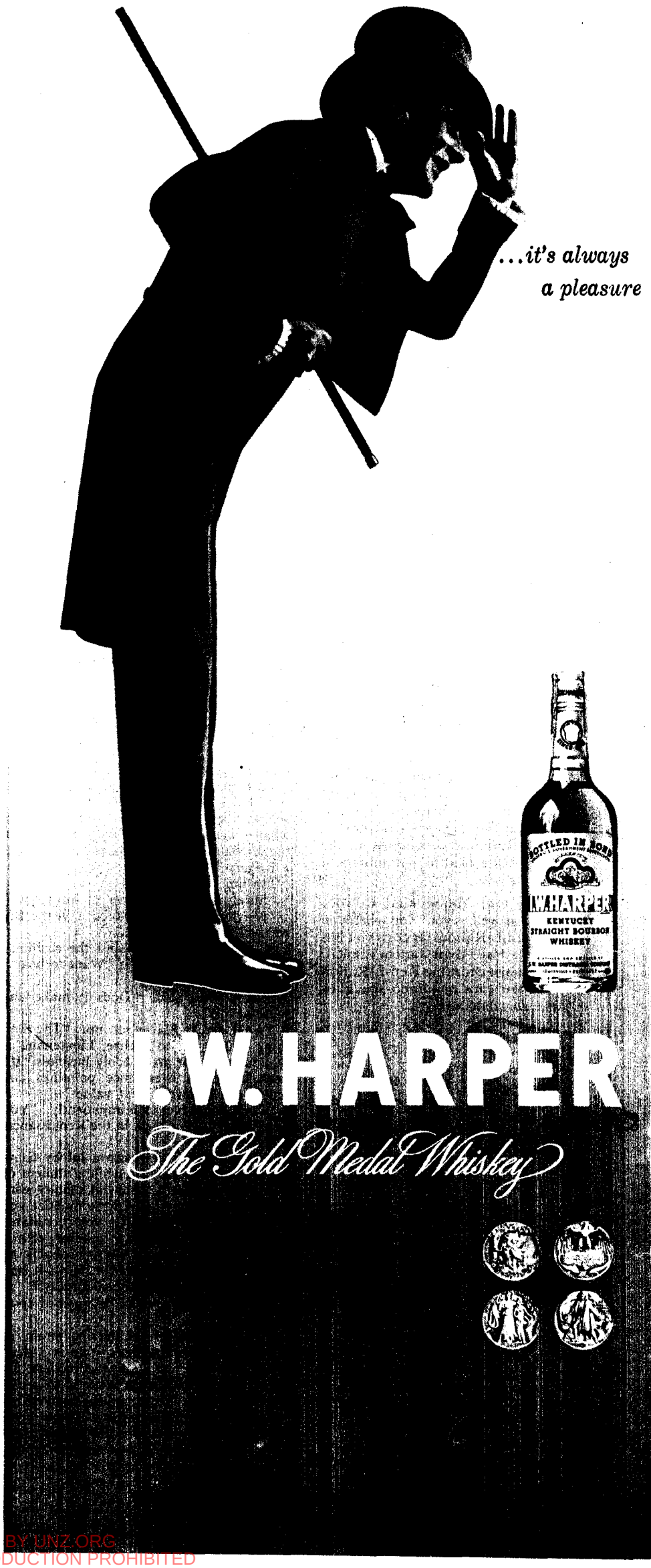
"Maybe right away—maybe never. It's quite a bit heavier than old paper."

"I only saw it for a minute," Lurie told him. "It looked fine."

"The drawing is perfect," Weldon said smugly. "The giveaway is the paper. Hell, if he holds it to the light he'll see a watermark."

"If it comes to that," Lurie said, grimly, "I'll put a watermark on you." As the painter began to whine, Lurie snapped, "Shut up. This one drawing may ruin me. You sniveling, blubber-headed drunk. You probably passed out once and left the room covered with the drawings. Someone may have wandered in from the street and realized what was going on." He seemed to be pondering this possibility, then he



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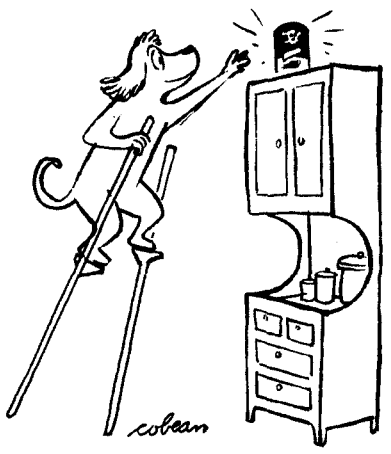


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said briskly, "All right. You may hear from this man Blaise. Be careful."

Weldon nodded. "Want me to get rid of all the paints?"

"Not yet," Lurie said. "I think they're safe."

He went out and down the stairs to his car. He drove to the beginning of the Strip and turned off into a side street. He went into a seedy bar, bought a drink, and after a quick look around, carried it to a back booth. After ten or fifteen minutes, there was a new arrival, a compact, heavy-set man of about forty. A broken nose and patches of scar tissue made him singularly ugly, but he carried his weight with an athlete's grace.

Lurie leaned out of the booth. The newcomer quickened his steps. Lurie pointed to the opposite seat. "Sit down, Sully."

Sully glanced back over his shoulder. "Move over, boss. Let's watch the door."

Lurie slid over in the booth and Sully sat down. He unbuttoned his tight brown double-breasted jacket and gave Lurie a glimpse of the envelope bulging beneath his shirt. He smiled at Lurie's manifest delight. "It was easy," he said. "The room was dark. He never knew what hit him."

Fishing the envelope out, he passed it to Lurie. "It's a lousy picture," he said. "The broad ain't even all bare. Sure it was worth the trouble?"

"Positive," Lurie said. "Have a drink, Sully."

LIEUTENANT IVES said, to Blaise, "This morning I thought you were a pleasant sort of a guy, with sense enough to mind his own business. Now this cock-eyed story convinces me I was wrong. You had no right to start nosing around, and that girl, Molly Dann, had no right to hold the drawing out on me to turn it over to you."

"You must have a badge for a heart," Blaise said irritably. The doctor had given him some pills, but his head still ached. "She didn't give it to you because she thought maybe her boy friend had stolen it. She didn't want to cash in on it; she just wanted to spare his family any extra scandal if it was hot. Personally, I think that makes her a pretty nice girl." He sat up and reached for the cigarettes. "As for me, it's true that I picked up a piece of information, but I didn't go into business for myself with it. I called you as soon as I knew what it was. Suppose Molly had given you the drawing—would you have known it was a forgery?"

"In time," Ives said.

"Sure. Maybe three weeks from now."

"Maybe six weeks, maybe a year. But we'd still have it."

Blaise leaned back against the cushions. "*Touché,*" he murmured. "Want to hear a hypothetical case?"

"Sure," Ives said. "Does it make any sense at all?"

"We'll see." Blaise sat up. "The first thing you've got to realize, Lieutenant, is that faking great art is a big business. It's been going on ever since paintings and sculptures achieved great value."

"I'm a cop," Ives said impatiently. "You don't have to start back in the Renaissance. Get to it."

"Coming. Painters learn a lot by copying, and every once in a while a student or a painter realizes a technical affinity with the artist he's copying. A little practice and he finds he can turn out a very creditable imitation. Well, take an imitator with a strong technical talent, who's probably an intelligent painter in his own right—it isn't hard to turn out a first-class forgery."

"Sure. But there must be ways of spotting them."

"Right. Usually, the terrific strain of imitating another painter's style is a dead giveaway. The first thing the modern expert looks for in any forgery is to see if this specimen is in the natural hand of the supposed author or artist. Some great fakers have beaten that test by endless repetition in the assumed style until their forgeries are entirely natural.

"The next step is the canvas and the paint itself," continued Blaise. "Both are actually simple. The canvas is usually an obscure painting of the same period, stripped down to the original material. The paints are mixed by hand from materials used in the original artist's time, in exactly the same proportions."

"How do you tell the real thing?" Ives asked.

"Luckily, that kind of forgery is rare. The best guarantee is the history of the painting. The setup for the forger is the collector looking for a bargain who is romantic enough to swallow a yarn about a newly discovered masterpiece that languished in some eccentric's attic for decades."

"Very interesting," Ives said, "but if this doesn't tie up with the death of Simon Edgerton, I'd just as soon you told it to the bunko squad. It's a little out of my line."

"That's next," Blaise assured him. "Simon Edgerton needed money and his father's collection must have seemed like buried treasure. All the paintings were bought years ago and dropped out of sight at once. Until very recently, there was no catalogue of the collection; just scattered notes and the old man's memory. Also, Edgerton is getting old, hardly ever looks at any paintings but his own. Even at his nerviest, all Simon had the guts to steal were a few cheap drawings—in my hypothetical case, he doesn't steal a thing, but collects exactly as much as if he did. All profit, no risk."

Ives was listening intently now. "Some dealer gets double-crossed—is that it?"

"Exactly. Simon gives him forged Renoirs worth a fortune—supposedly stolen from his father's collection—the best of all guarantees of authenticity. The dealer either waits it out with the paintings, or, if he can invent a good enough background, disposes of them at once. If the drawing I saw is a fair sample of the work, a million dollars might be hauled in with a minimum of risk."

"That much, eh?" Ives expressed no particular surprise. "I imagine a piece of that would look mighty good to a man like Hugh Norden."

"A rainbow," Blaise said, "complete with pot of gold. I don't know where Norden got that fake drawing, but once he had it, he was in the driver's seat. He could expose the whole lot. Simon, and whoever else was in on it, would have to do business with Norden. Simon may have bought the drawing to keep Norden quiet, or"—he shrugged —"maybe he put up a fight."

"Norden was on the beach last night," Ives said thoughtfully. At the quick look of surprise Blaise gave him, he added, "He parked his car in an empty driveway a block from the Edgerton place."

"Congratulations," murmured Blaise. "Now all you have to do is catch him."

"And prove it," sighed Lieutenant Ives.

"How did Simon go in and out of the gallery so readily after hours? I understood the place was wired like a television studio."

"It was worked from inside," Ives told him. "Simple, too. One of the windows was fixed so that the alarm switch held even if the window flew up and down all night."

"Enterprising boy. I wouldn't have thought he had the mechanical aptitude."

IVES stood up to go. "That's an interesting yarn about the forgeries. Without the drawing, though, it isn't much to go on."

"I think I know the kind of paintings they're likely to be," Blaise said. "If any have changed hands recently, that might lead to something."

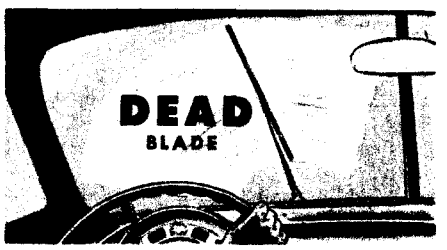
"All right," Ives said, "but I'm not swearing you in as a deputy. This isn't a permit to strap on your Buck Rogers pistol and play games. Understand?"

"Suppose I catch up to the guy that slugged me?" Blaise asked.

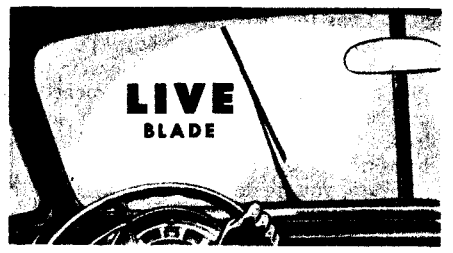
Ives gave him a pitying look. "The next time, he'll probably kill you. Stay home and keep your door locked."

*(To be continued next week)*


**DEAD BLADES MAKE DEAD DRIVERS**




*THIS DEAD WIPER BLADE* still may look okay but it streaks glass dangerously.

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# The Inspiring Story of Archbishop Cushing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Boston Elevated Street Railway carbarns a block away, where his father worked at a forge, repairing wheels. His grandmother, then an elderly matriarch, wore bonnet and shawl, copious underskirts, and gave him pennies for bringing her unending pitchers of salt water. She bathed in it and thought it was good for rheumatism.

He attended public elementary schools, Catholic Boston College High School and Boston College, working during spare hours, Saturdays and vacations as a water boy for railway construction gangs. He was rated a good infielder and batter on the high-school baseball team, and might have developed as a player if debating and public speaking had not taken up so much of his time. He was merely acquiring experience when Father Twomey hauled him from the tailboard of the wagon.

As a BC undergraduate in 1915, he was buttonholed on a streetcar by one of his many first cousins, John P. Kenneally, then a night-school law student and daytime novice claim adjuster for a state-sponsored-and-financed workmen's compensation insurance association.

"Dick," he said, "if you'll swap over to law school, I can get you a swell job with a good future in my outfit. They need more claim adjusters."

"Not for me." Cushing shook his head. "I'm going to be a priest."

"A priest?" Kenneally was astonished. "What do you want to do that for? What do you get? Three square meals a day, a place to sleep, a lot of hard work, no dough, and you can't ever get married."

"I know all that," Cushing agreed, "but that's what I want to do. That's what I've always wanted to be, ever since I was a kid."

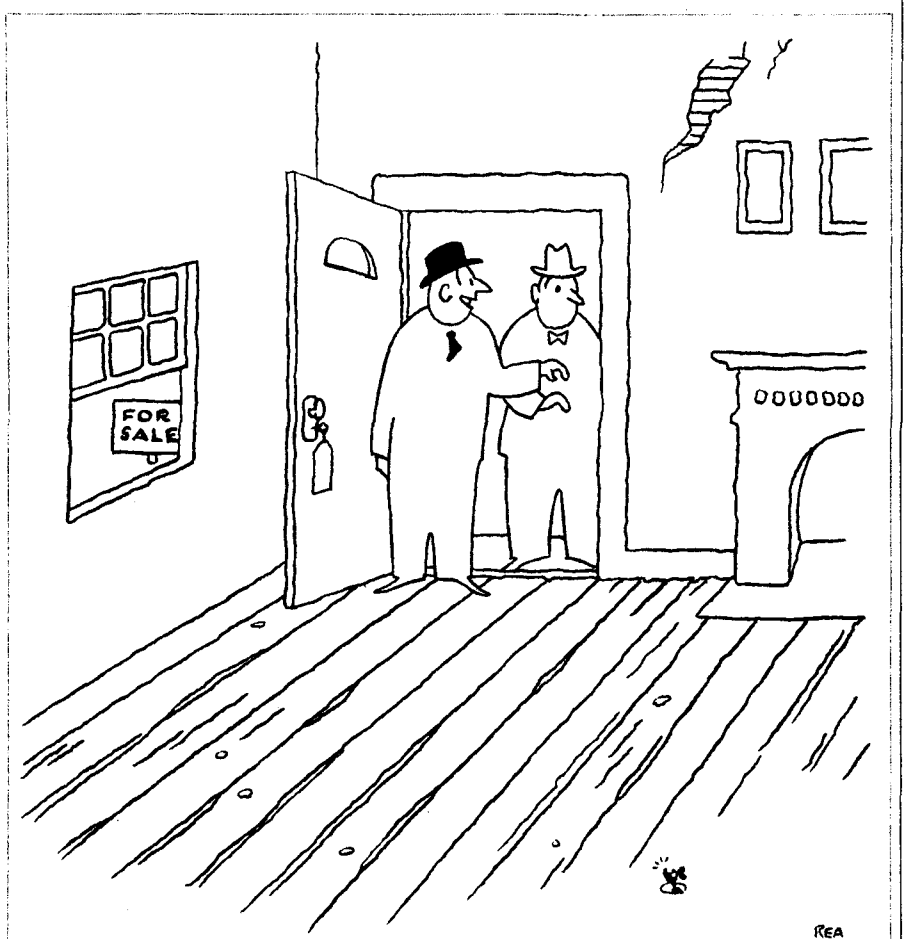
From Boston College, Cushing transferred to St. John's Seminary, where it was obvious almost immediately that he held more promise of being an executive administrator than a neighborhood padre. Given a routine assignment in his first year to take charge of the affairs of the Propagation of the Faith (a world-wide mission group) among the student body, he shot collections upward out of all proportion to previous records.

He was ordained in Boston's Holy Cross Cathedral in May, 1921, by William Cardinal O'Connell, to whom he appeared as just another face among the many; celebrated his first Mass in Saint Eulalia's, with his grandmother, mother, father, sisters, brother, aunts and a growing directory of relatives looking on; and then left for his first assignment as a curate in Saint Patrick's, Roxbury, almost within walking distance of his home. He did not stay there long.

Two months later, he was on his way to Saint Benedict's on the other side of the city. That, too, was a short tour. The record he had made raising money for the Propagation of the Faith was too good.

Out of the seminary less than a year, twenty-six-year-old Cushing was withdrawn from the field, channeled to the administrative side of the church, and appointed assistant director of the diocesan office of the Propagation of the Faith, remaining there for 18 years. He roamed the archdiocese constantly and was heard by almost everybody in it. The funds that flowed to Rome were phenomenal compared with the trickle before he took over. He was appointed director when he was thirty-three, and made a domestic prelate with the title of Monsignor 11 years later.

The investiture of a monsignor can be a pretty impressive spectacle of pomp and panoply. Cushing received the papal honor in his office on downtown Franklin Street, where he casually made the minor change of adding red piping to his neck apparel, looked around at his staff, said simply, "That takes care of that," and went back to work. Two months later he was consecrated auxiliary bishop by the cardinal and




"Better hold tight to my hand. I know just where to walk on these magnificent old floor boards"

COLLIER'S

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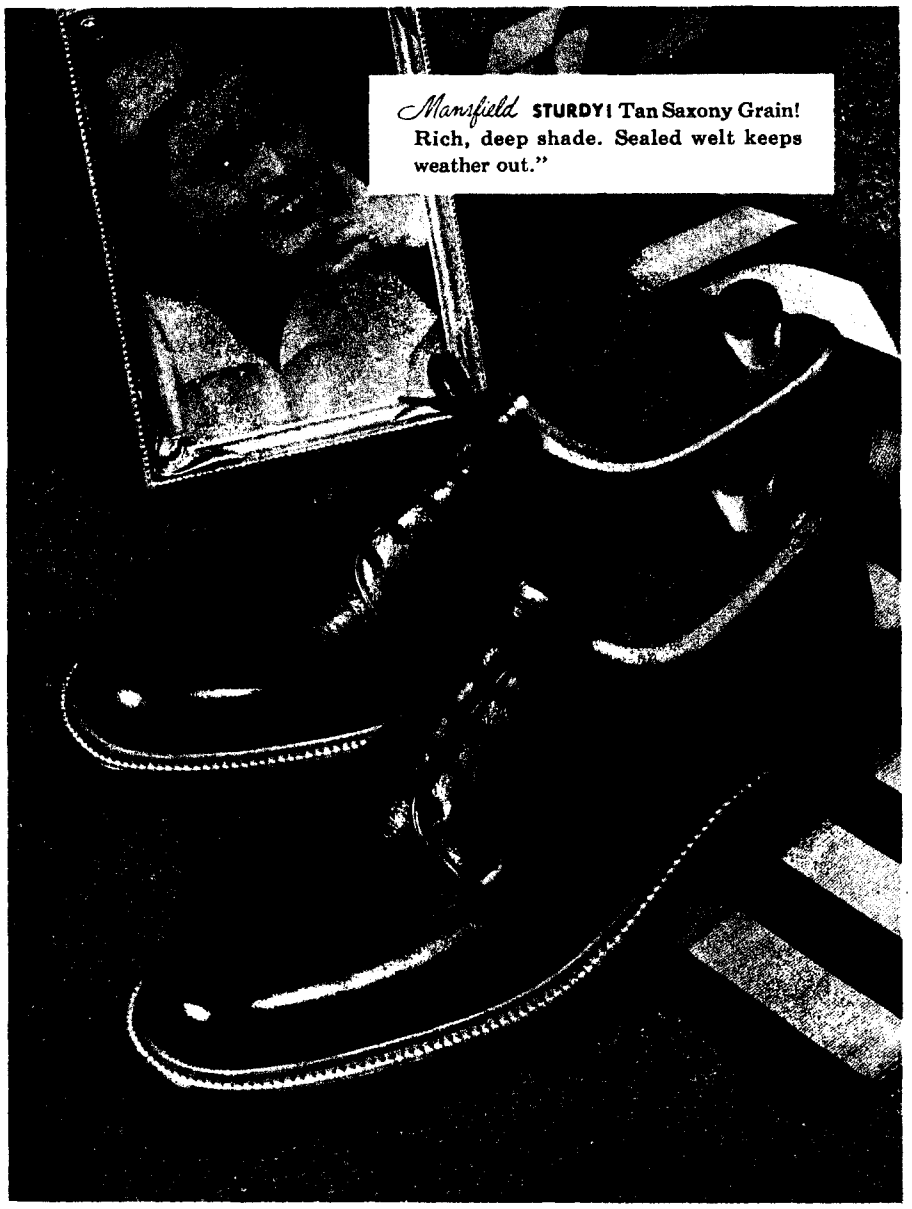
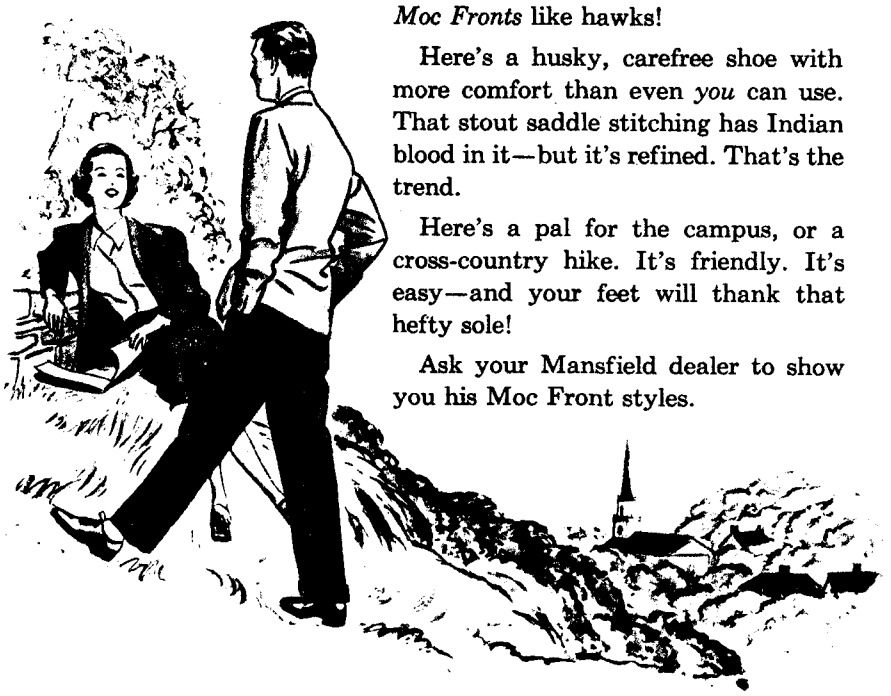



Something New to catch your eye... and hers!



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became his assistant in the administration of the archdiocese. His fund-raising ceased temporarily and, while he soaked up the larger financial and physical details of the archdiocesan structure, he served as pastor of the Sacred Heart Church in Newton, a few miles from the cardinal's residence. The cardinal was then nearing eighty years and his sight was failing.

When the cardinal died in April, 1944, Auxiliary Bishop Cushing was named diocesan administrator. The following September he was made an archbishop and took over the archdiocese. Next day he walked into the late cardinal's stone mansion in swank Chestnut Hill. Although it was intimately familiar to him, he surveyed it with new eyes. Its long marble corridors always had reminded him of bowling alleys.

### Servants He Could Do Without

He dismissed the cardinal's valet, Japanese servants and chauffeur. He would dress and serve himself. Next he notified the telephone company that the number was no longer to be unlisted. He would talk to callers personally. Later, he found that it was, after all, wiser to have it unlisted. The telephone was always ringing. "I did not mind it so much in the daytime," he told his staff ruefully, "but I found out the hard way how a fireman feels at three in the morning."

The archbishop decided that a smaller car would do, disposed of the cardinal's big black limousine, and for a chauffeur picked a man of Lithuanian extraction. The complexion of the archbishop's old neighborhood had changed. As waves of Irish immigration receded, Poles and Lithuanians had swarmed into the area. They got along well with the South Boston Irish.

Cushing walked through the halls and corridors of his new home, examining beautiful oil paintings and computing in his mind how much they would bring from art dealers and at auction, and how many young men he could send to the seminary on the money so realized. The archdiocese he envisioned would need many more priests, and art would have to be of a much more practical nature. The mansion, he decided, would not only be his residence; it also would be a house of study for selected priests he would send to Harvard and MIT to take special courses not available in Catholic colleges within the archdiocese.

The new deal in the Archdiocese of Boston was apparent almost immediately. The cardinal's residence always had been a show place. Now, visitors were astonished to discover that the cardinal's paintings had disappeared, along with his extensive rare coin collection, exquisitely carved wood and ivory pieces and priceless antiques. Instead, the house was filled with priests, drawing boards and blueprints. Even the cardinal's swimming pool was stacked with files and printed and mimeographed literature.

A cardinal or archbishop is the autonomous ruler of his domain, accountable to the Vatican only to a prescribed extent. Cushing's plans were of such magnitude that they made his clerical associates and lay advisers apprehensive; but he knew better than they how much money he could raise—and how. He had been doing it for years.

During seven years he has spent more than $25,000,000 building hospitals, schools and academies—not including churches, chapels, oratories and charitable services like feeding an average of 700 men a day on Boston's skid row. The archdiocese —which covers 23 cities and 124 towns— maintains 169 parochial schools, 71 high schools, 25 private schools—with a total enrollment of more than 117,000.

It has also eight general hospitals; two specialized hospitals, one for Mongoloids and mental defectives and the other for cancer cases and incurables; five homes for convalescents; two refuges for the needy; a charitable bureau; separate guidance centers for boys and girls, handling more than 3,000 problem cases a year, an educational clinic for backward children; social services, and staffs of unpaid religious and paid lay workers.

Not a penny is owed on any diocesan building completed. Currently, Cushing is building six new hospitals, two colleges, four central high schools, $5,000,000 worth of additional elementary schools, a new junior seminary to cost $1,600,000; chapels at the Boston Airport, on the water front and in rural areas to cost $300,000.

Cardinal O'Connell's administration of the archdiocese had been conservative old guard. In an era of lower prices, construction costs and lower taxes, he had built the first diocesan hospitals chiefly with bequests, grants and gifts of wealthy Catholics and non-Catholics.

With these sources dried up, Cushing has adopted streamlined fund-raising techniques, similar to Red Cross and Red Feather pledge cards, for example. Each card represents an obligation to pay a specified sum—however small or large—divided into equal payments throughout the year.

Nor is this Cushing's only application of modern techniques in fund raising. Some of the biggest spectacles each year are staged in the Boston Garden to raise money for his charities. Singer Dennis Day brought 15,300 persons there for his first appearance, and has repeated for three years. Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante, Ted Mack and his Original Major Bowes Amateur Hour, Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, Perry Como and Jerry Colonna have come to Boston for the same purpose; and Cushing has shared the stage with them.

Each year Monsignor Ralph Gallagher stages the city's biggest horse show to raise money for the archbishop's charities. During each season, the archbishop's charity fund gets the proceeds of a race at the Suffolk Downs, Foxboro and Rockingham tracks.

At the same time, propagation and extension of the Catholic faith, Cushing's first enthusiasm as a seminarian, has never flagged. Within the archdiocese he prosecutes it militantly, always reaching out for converts by radio, TV, in his public appearances and through the Catholic press. He has also brought to Boston the Paulist Fathers, whose chief concern is the non-Catholic as a prospective candidate for conversion.

One of Cushing's first acts as archbishop was to take The Pilot, a diocesan weekly, from under wraps. It had been Cardinal O'Connell's personal mouthpiece. Nothing he disapproved could appear in it; editors who violated his orders did not last long.

### More Authority for Editors

Cushing made its editor, John S. Sexton (and later the Rev. Francis P. Moran and Francis J. Lally), editor in fact as well as in name. He wanted a minimum of readers who bought it as a duty and a maximum who bought it because they liked it. Within six years its circulation quadrupled to 80,000.

Cushing never relaxes. He is always about his work, from six in the morning until whatever hour he gets through. He says Mass at six thirty in his private chapel. He recites the Rosary three times a day, each time before a microphone for a different Boston radio station. He has said Mass before television cameras for shut-ins and such non-Catholics as may care to look on. He presides at a televised Mass on Christmas Eve and a special Mass on Easter Sunday. Such appearances are unique among high-ranking church prelates. He spends much of each day in his car going from one function to another; but he holds office hours at the archbishop's residence, where visitors often are disconcerted to find him answering the doorbell in person.

He is an irregular eater and a problem to the cook. Often when he leaves the house in the morning, he takes a basket lunch. Usually, he returns at six or seven to the house, where two stenographers are waiting. He dictates his daily correspondence to them in relays.

He appreciates gifts from wealthy bene-

heap good sleep

Sleep the sleep of the brave (the Indian brave, that is) in these Wigwam Wonder pajamas. Wonderful to sleep in . . . to move around in . . . and completely washable. In tuxedo coat or pullover models. So braves . . . go to your happy sleeping ground in Wigwam Wonder pajamas. **$4.95**

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factors, and encourages them without holding out such bait as honorary degrees from diocesan colleges or church honors. His solid financial base is in the Catholic guilds and organizations in every business, industry, craft and public service within the metropolitan area: guilds of schoolteachers, telephone operators, post-office workers; plant men, State Street brokers, the beverage industry. Each sets its own quota. The Guild of the Beverage Industry, for example, gives him as much as $50,000 a year. All money so raised goes into a common "Archbishop's Charity Fund." The archbishop alone determines how it will be spent.

Millions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of church members, a social and civic administration running parallel to city and state, an organization of priests, nuns, Christian Brothers, members of religious orders and lay personnel totaling around 8,000—or as many as there are employees on the city of Boston payroll—all add up to a magnificent political potential.

Politics and the Boston archdiocese are inevitably tied together in the national public mind. The city proper, according to diocesan census, is 74.3 per cent Catholic. Boston's mayors have been Catholics with few exceptions for 40 years. The state's governors have been Catholics more than half the time for 20 years. A dormant political power of the church exists, but except in matters affecting Catholic morals, and—under the administration of Archbishop Cushing—in areas of government indicated by papal encyclicals, it never has been quickened.

The archbishop has not tried to manipulate politics either on stage or from the wings. He did champion Fair Employment Practices legislation. He told 500 representatives of labor at a conference sponsored by the Massachusetts branch of the Jewish Labor Committee: "A man's right to work must not be contingent on such irrelevant or accidental factors as race, creed or color." He told the 63d convention of the American Federation of Labor: "It is fashionable nowadays to accuse spokesmen for religion who have the courage to give moral advice of 'meddling in politics.' Is it 'politics' if you put your finger on the actual vices of the hour and dare to preach against the evils on which the big shots are growing fat?"

Catholic lay organizations have traditionally not been encouraged to act independently of the priest; yet, in a little-noticed address to a convention of the Union of Holy Name Societies, Cushing admonished priests to remember that parish groups are lay bodies, and must have lay leaders.

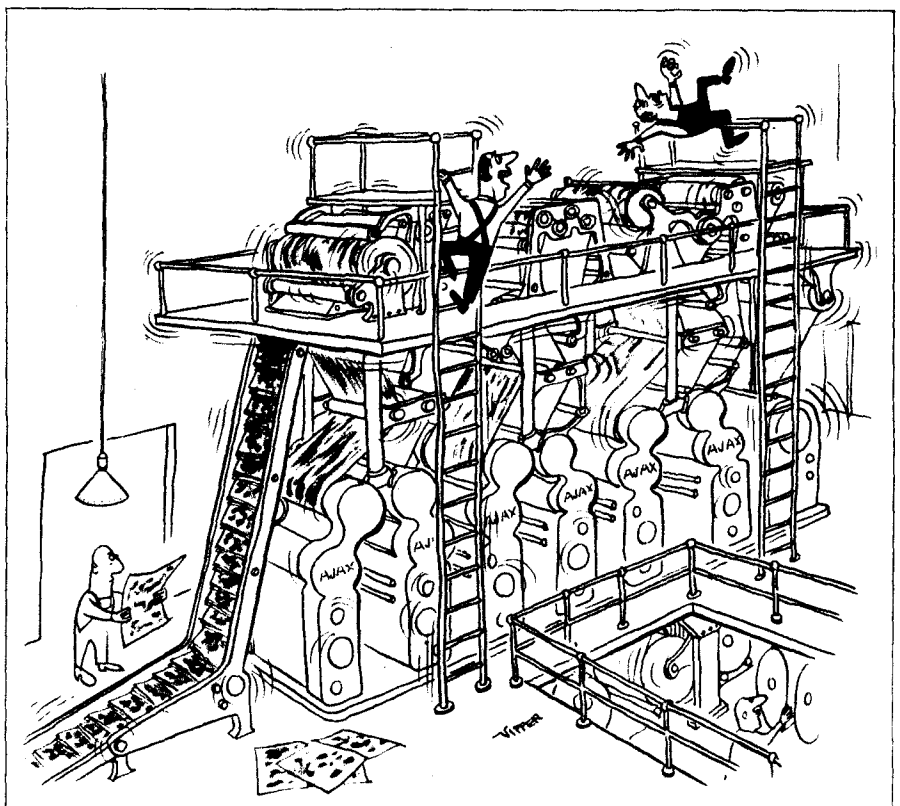
To deny that the Catholic Church in Boston is politically powerful in the city and state is ridiculous. The archbishop is a power on Beacon Hill, the seat of government; but his power is silent, and rarely involves a written or spoken word. It would take a brash authority to license a bar or night club handy to one of his churches, convents, academies, schools or hospitals. Censors never consult him about a play, movie or book; they know he would be astonished to be asked to define for them the difference between morality and immorality. He, his pastors and clergy have defined it so well and often that suggestive and too-revealing TV programs have much lower ratings in Boston than elsewhere.

### Public Officials Under Fire

Because the archbishop's influence on politics and government is confined to the realm of spiritual guidance, he can do nothing about specific acts of graft and corruption; though both almost certainly brush Catholics, who man the great majority of city and state public offices. There has been plenty of evidence of that on both governmental levels, and a cleanup has become the first mission of Catholic action in Boston. With a new charter in effect this fall, the city turns a new page. Candidates in and out of office may be unpleasantly surprised, partly because recent non-Catholic criticism of the church has caused Catholic laymen in the archdiocese to assess their own power.

Resentful of any charge or implication that the clergy influences them in purely temporal affairs, Boston Catholics have turned a searchlight upon themselves. The laity has been discovering its own political power and at the same time examining the character of men who assume or aspire to political leadership. It is certain to have effect on coming elections.

One of the sharpest of recent non-Catholic criticisms, Paul Blanshard's book, American Freedom and Catholic Power, was listed in Catholic newspapers and magazines as "totally objectionable *for general reading.*" (The last three words are emphasized here.) This directive made it clear that it was not banned for students—who read it widely and discussed it in Catholic schools and colleges—or for scholarly




COLLIER'S

**"So long, Burt . . . See you in the funny papers"**

VIRGIL PARTCH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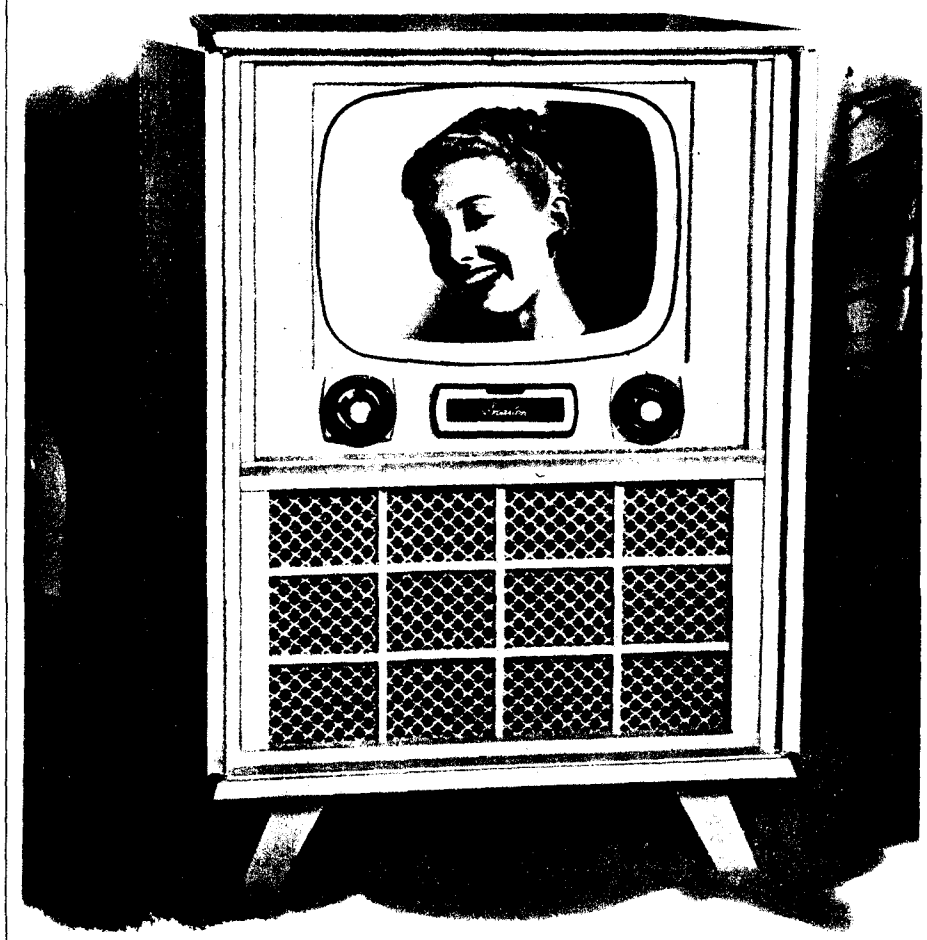

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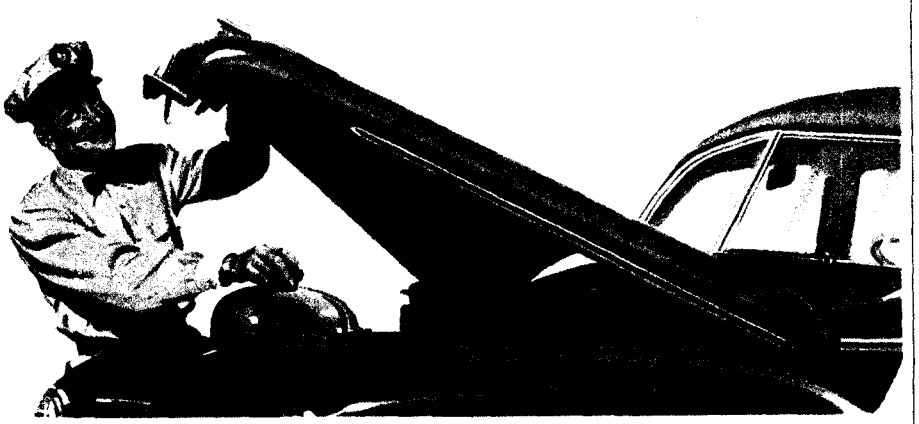

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adults. The clergy found the book variously irritating or amusing. The laity found it galling. Archbishop Cushing summed it up this way:

"What have the Catholics of this country ever done that their loyalty should be called in question by anyone? Have we ever taken up arms against our government? Have we ever plotted for its overthrow? Is a century or more of loyal conduct no argument in favor of the church in this country?

"With almost 30,000,000 Catholics, we exercise less influence on the thought and legislation of this country today than some of the weakest of the Protestant sects, though we number almost half of the active membership of all churches combined. Catholic religious power is therefore great, but it is false and vicious to talk of Catholic 'political' power."

Archbishop Cushing has no patience with religious prejudice, and will tolerate none among the 2,912 diocesan priests, Jesuits, Franciscans or members of other orders within his jurisdiction. He has made that clear to Catholics at large, and to non-Catholics at meetings of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Where local anti-Semitic episodes have involved Catholics, he has ordered pastors and clergy into homes for harsh straight talk with parents and children.

A frequently recalled address by Cushing one Christmas Eve, before the TV cameras, included this extemporaneous departure from text: "No man could have my faith concerning Christ, His life and His death without loving Him and loving the people who produced Him, the Jews. No man could have my faith concerning Christ, His life and death, without desiring to be more like He was and seeking always to serve, help, befriend all men without exception—white, black, gentile, Jew." The archbishop followed with a discussion of the attitudes of some Christians toward Jews, proclaimed to be based upon beliefs concerning Christ, and said with deep and moving sincerity: "I ask you not to believe these things. They are lies and they are said to divide us."

Tall, erect, with thinning hair combed back without a part, Archbishop Cushing at fifty-six is the soul of dignity in the red robes of office at the head of a procession—unless his eyes fall on a badly clothed urchin on the side lines. Everything halts then while he walks over, pats the boy (or girl) on the head, stoops and asks: "What's your name and where do you live?" He memorizes it, returns to the procession and at the first opportunity dictates it to a member of his entourage. The wheels of Catholic social service spin quickly. By the time he arrives back at his residence that night, a complete report of the child's circumstances is waiting for him, with an account of what has been done about it.

The archbishop is a hard man to keep in overcoats. He is forever stopping his car to hand them over to shivering strangers down on their luck.

Once, after he consecrated six Marist priests in the splendor of a cathedral ceremony, they stood in awe of him in the sacristy. He disconcerted them by humbly getting down on his knees, just as they had prostrated themselves before him earlier, and asking their blessing.

Lest lines queue up to kiss his episcopal ring, he departs from ceremonies quickly, hands clasped over his head, a symbolic personal handshake in farewell. If an elderly man or woman tries to bend a knee to kiss the ring, he is quick to put his hands under their elbows to prevent it and raises the ring to make it unnecessary.

Like the governor or the mayor, police headquarters or the water front, the archbishop is covered 24 hours a day by all Boston newspapers. When he was first elevated, a conference was arranged with the press to agree on rules. He would furnish a daily schedule and itinerary and keep them posted in advance on newsworthy callers. Above all, he would wait for photographers to be present. He always has kept his word. "Let's wait for the photographers," has become a refrain at public gatherings.

Once, when the scheduled time to speak to a convention of 500 women could not be delayed any longer, Cushing stepped to the center of the stage and faced them, stalling his opening this way: "The archbishop died," he said in the ringing voice familiar to all New England, "and went to heaven. Saint Peter met him at the gate. Michael was there with all of the archangels. Saint Peter came forward with arms outstretched to welcome him and escort him through the pearly gates; and the archbishop looked at Saint Peter and said: 'Hold everything. Let's wait for the photographers.'"

When his address was over, a woman asked him: "Did you mean any archbishop or more particularly yourself?"

He grinned, and parried: "When my time comes," he said, "I hope the Blessed Mother takes me 15 minutes before the devil knows I've gone." THE END

***In Collier's Next Week***

## Gen. Wedemeyer Says: LET'S DRAW THE LINE NOW

**Russia must be told that any new aggression means war, declares this famous soldier; for, unless we wrest the initiative from the Reds there can be only one result: "further deterioration of our position and, ultimately, our submission." An important article for all Americans**



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# Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

as it points out the weakness in the Soviet system; but it does not take into account the hatred engendered in the minds of the Communist youths who are being indoctrinated with anticapitalist venom which would cause them to march into the cannon's mouth with a fatal anticapitalist fanaticism.

Although your deductions are based on very good premises it is well to keep in mind the fact that the older people in the Soviet are passing on, and the infected, indoctrinated youth are taking their place with a fanatical enthusiasm recently demonstrated in Eastern Germany.

WILLIAM E. G. CRISFORD,
Victoria, B. C., Canada

. . . It seems to me you have missed the point entirely in your editorial when you omit the fact that we are afraid of our leadership and leaders. Russia has beaten us at almost every turn in the matter of diplomacy. An all-out war would be something we could grapple with, for so far we are not afraid of our military leaders. But the feeling that there is something decidedly off color, and being unable to do anything about it besides talk, is bound to make Mr. Average Q. Citizen have that feeling of fear. We don't fear what we can do something about, but we do fear Mr. Acheson and the State Department and the hold he has over our President.

ROWENA BRENNAN, Abilene, Kans.

### *Hot-Stove Statistics*

EDITOR: In Dan Daniel's Baseball Quiz (Sept. 22d), he said Phil Rizzuto is the shortest player in the major leagues. According to the Sporting News Baseball Register, Rizzuto is five feet eight inches tall, not five feet six inches as Dr. Daniel stated.

If Rizzuto's height is five feet eight, that would make Bobby Shantz of the A's, who is five feet seven inches, the shortest player in the majors. Am I right?

ARTHUR JUDGE, Windsor, Conn.

**According to the official New York Yankee roster, Rizzuto is five feet six and one half inches.**

. . . In the Baseball Quiz, Dan Daniel says that the longest home run was hit by Babe Ruth and traveled 540 feet.

I think you will find, if you look in the records of the Pacific Coast League, that Ernie Lombardi hit one 578 feet while playing for Sacramento a couple of years ago.

BRUCE RICHARDSON, Gambier, Ohio

**Perhaps Daniel's 14th question should have read, "Who got the longest major-league homer ever hit?" The quiz didn't go into the minor-league records, which sometimes tend to be a bit sketchy.**

. . . Dan Daniel states that the longest homer ever hit was made by Babe Ruth at Tampa, Florida, in 1919. The name of the hitter is correct but the place and the date are erroneous.

I saw the Babe hit one in Griffith Stadium when he was in his prime that cleared everything in the park in dead center field and even cleared the large tree in back of the flagpole. The inside wall in this stadium is over 400 feet from home plate. Ask Clark Griffith and then get out your tape measure. That one in Tampa was merely a bunt.

CLIF HEATH, Clearwater, Fla.

**The Babe did hit that tremendous wallop in Washington—but it didn't travel 540 feet.**

. . . In question 12 of Dan Daniel's Baseball Quiz the answer was no, but if I recall correctly, the 1949 Brooklyn Dodgers didn't lose any games to the Cincinnati Reds.

JACK DICE, Clemson, S. C.

**The Dodgers' 1949 record against Cincinnati was 17 won, 5 lost.**

### *Motion Seconded*

EDITOR: Will you please continue to publish articles urging Doctor Ralph J. Bunche to serve as ambassador to the U.S.S.R. and Korea?

We need someone like him to talk things over with Stalin, someplace, and finish all this tension and fighting and killing.

GERALDINE BUSH, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

# 48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

and finding to her satisfaction it was still raining, she stepped forth, only to puncture her inflated brim on a nail on the doorjamb. She has written us a sharp letter. What we don't understand is why she thinks we're somehow to blame. Anyway, she's got a new one and we hope it pours.

★ ★ ★

Good news. A stationery firm in Wilmington, Delaware, has cut prices 50 per cent. Offering all 1951 calendars at half price.

★ ★ ★

Among the various things we'd like to know is how much of all this crime the country's been deploring is traceable to the nation's so-called upright elements. We got off on this tangent because Mrs. Lydia T. Bothall, of Richmond, Virginia, tells us that a "huge number of our best citizens" recently brought heavy pressure on a Virginia judge who had revoked the license of a young man "of good family" for driving his car at 100 miles an hour in a 10-mile flight from the police. Again, says Mrs. Bothall, "a large number of prominent and respectable people" tried to pressure another judge into releasing a gambler from jail. She quotes Richmond Traffic Court Judge H. C. Maurice: "You'd be surprised," said he, "to know the names of some of the best people who urge me not to take up driving permits." Of course, this sort of thing is common throughout these 48 states. Sure. We've even heard of a state Supreme Court judge telephoning a lesser jurist to be as lenient as possible on a mobster charged with murder. Some of the big judge's best friends were good friends of the mobster. This is no indictment of our courts. We were merely wondering how much of our national crime should be on the consciences of "our best people."

★ ★ ★

All we said a few weeks ago was that we didn't like elk meat. Twenty-two readers, visibly trembling with rage, have assailed us with epithets ranging from "pantywaist" and "lily-livered" on and on to "feeble old pap-fed wreck"—the latter endearment from a lady in Wyoming who says she ate a large section of elk at the age of six. Somewhat more tolerant is Mr. W. J. Miller, of Spearman, Texas, who believes we are more to be pitied than censured. Says Mr. Miller: "Surely you jest when you compare the scorched hide of an elderly horse with the delicious, appetizing loin of a young stag elk or even the barbecued rump of a 12-point bull. Clearly you have never tasted the juicy steak of a young heifer elk." And from Miss Belle O'Brien, of Painter, Wyoming: "I can get along without elk, too; but having seen your picture, I'll take elk."

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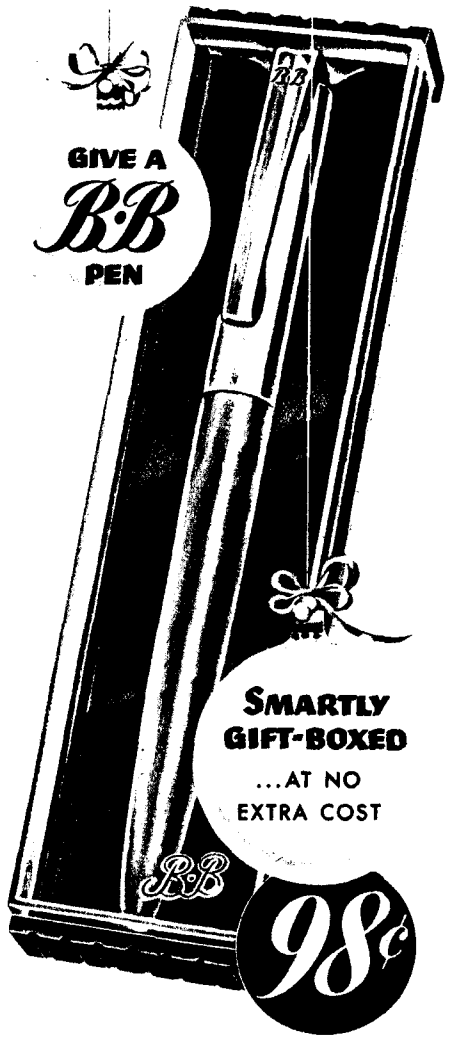


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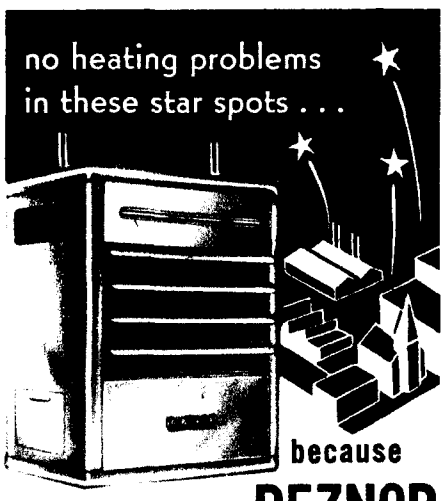


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# Men of the Mine Sweepers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

probably be manufactured at a rate just as fast as our recovery of them."

The enemy has laid thousands of mines around the coasts of Korea, of which we have so far swept less than half, despite continuous dawn-to-dark operations. Ninety-eight mines were "cut" recently in one day, just off Wonsan alone.

Exactly how these mines have been laid is the subject of much speculation among mine-force people, but it is generally assumed that most of them reach their destination by means of small boats or fishing junks. "We were so used to modern methods of mine laying, such as by aircraft or submarines, that we weren't prepared to cope with something as primitive as the sampan fleet," observed one mine officer.

"The whole idea gets grisly after a bit," said Commander Shouldice. "Some mines weigh as little as 750 pounds. So, a few coolies can pick one up and walk off with it. They can put four of them on a fishing boat with no strain at all. Or they can suspend a magnetic mine underneath an ordinary sampan by putting a few lines (which look like fishing lines, of course) over the side and conceal it that way. When they get the boat in position, they merely cut the lines and drop the mine."

To prevent this sort of thing, we naturally maintain a constant vigil, day and night. Task Force 95, the UN Blockade and Escort Force, under the command of Rear Admiral George C. Dyer, of Chevy Chase, Maryland, has a "flycatcher" patrol whose job is to intercept—and inspect—these small craft. But it is physically impossible, especially at night, to keep some of them from slipping through the blockade and seeding some mines.

With few exceptions, all the mines swept have been the common, moored "contact" mines—mammoth spheres with protruding "horns" which detonate the explosive charge when they come in contact with a ship.

To date, the best method of sweeping these moored mines is for a vessel to tow from her stern two Oropesa or "O"-type sweeps: these are steel wires stretched out from the port and starboard beams by steel "kites" or "otters" which are designed to submerge the sweep wires at the required depth and keep them there; they are attached to Oropesa floats, torpedo-shaped affairs known in mine sweep parlance as "pigs." These floating "pigs" stream out at an angle from the ship and keep taut the kite lines, along which are arranged, about 250 feet apart, series of cutters capable of severing the mooring lines holding the mines in position.

### Rifle Fire Will Sink Mines

When these lines have been cut, the buoyancy chamber within the submerged contact mine brings it to the surface, where it bobs about until destroyed by mine sweep crews, usually by rifle fire. (It isn't necessary to hit the horns or explode the mine; filling the buoyancy chamber with rifle holes is sufficient to send the mine to the bottom, where it stays.)

In normal operations, one of the mine sweep ships acts as a "destruck" vessel—a special job which is rotated among the sweepers. Equipped with rifles and 20-mm. guns, it "stooges around" the swept area and sinks the floating mines. Another ship draws "danning" duty, that of dropping dan-buoys at the end of each sweep so that the exact area cleared is plainly indicated.

Mine sweep ships operate in one of two kinds of formations: wide open, or "pig-to-pig"—that is, several ships abreast, obviously covering a maximum area but exposing all of the ships to the same dangers; or the protected formation, which results in maximum safety for the ships but minimum sweeping cover. By using this latter technique, developed in World War I, ships can proceed behind one another in a staggered formation so that all except the lead ship are protected by the sweep of the ship ahead. Obviously, this means some overlapping.

Time is the factor that determines the kind of operation a mine sweep commodore shall employ. "Naturally we can get the job done a lot faster with an open formation," explained Commander Shouldice. "Generally, we're being rushed, and sometimes we have to sacrifice the safety factor."

By and large, mine-force officers feel that their problems were not made any easier—at least in the beginning—by the lack of understanding all too frequently encountered among the high command concerning the capabilities and limitations of the sweeper craft. From others I had heard how Shouldice had suddenly been called back to Tokyo some months ago to get his orders for a forthcoming landing operation. The admiral in charge of those particular plans briefed the mine officer.

"We figure you should be able to sweep the area in four hours," he told Dusty, "so your ships will go in at H hour minus 4."

The salty mine commander exploded. "Four hours!" he said. "My God, sir, it would take—at the absolute minimum—*six days* to sweep that area!" Dusty has been in the Navy for 24 of his 42 years, doing just about everything as he worked his way up from "swab hand" to lieutenant commander, and his practical approach to problems and plans is not how good they look on paper, but simply "Okay, but will they work?" His forthright speech does not especially endear him to his superiors; but his husky, unforgettable voice, emerging from a six-foot 200-pound frame, has a ring of authority which makes them listen. And they also know by now that when Dusty says he will do something, they don't have to worry about it any more.

On this occasion, the admiral blinked and caught his breath for a moment. Then he looked at the calendar. "Six days, um? Well, today is D day minus 6. Guess you'd better get started." He called an aide. "Get Commander Shouldice to the airport as fast as you can. He is returning to Korea at once." The job took exactly six days, working at top speed.

### Orders From the Navy Brass

"We kept on getting orders: 'Sweep this area instantly!'" said one of the mine people, "when sometimes we wouldn't even know if the beaches were in friendly hands. We're small so that we can maneuver close to shore, but we're also slow. We'd ask the brass: 'What if the shore batteries start firing?' 'Very simple,' they'd say. 'Duck 'em. Take evasive action.' At *eight* knots? Good grief!"

Sweeping up enemy mines is unpleasant enough even when the beaches are "ours." Add to this the ever-present fire from enemy shore batteries and you have Wonsan—exactly as it has been for the better part of a whole year, except for the comparatively short time when UN forces held that important North Korean port. Neither Dusty nor anyone else in the mine force here is likely to forget those first sweeps.

Captain Richard T. Spofford, of Malden, Massachusetts, then commanding Mine Squadron Three, the Far East's mine force, described the situation: "The mine field ran 30 miles to sea. Altogether, the enemy had mined at least 400 square miles. The first sweep ran into such heavy concentrations, I could see we would never get there. Everything was tried to clear the way. Planes

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dropped 1,000-pound bombs to set off the mines, but that was ineffective. Underwater demolition 'frogmen' went ashore to hunt mine-control cables, but had no success."

Lieutenant Edward P. Flynn, Jr., of Ozone Park, New York, skipper of the Incredible, told me what happened on October 12, 1950:

"It was the third day of our Wonsan sweeping operation. We were determined to get our noses in. By about 10:00 A.M. we had got in between Rei-to and Kodo-to, a couple of the islands that guard the approaches. The Pirate, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Bruce Hyatt, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, the OTC (officer in tactical command), was lead ship; the Pledge (whose skipper was Lieutenant Richard O. Young, of Inverness, Florida) was second in the formation; the Incredible followed. The Kite and the Redhead were danning. Commander Hyatt said he was going to get in as far as he could. He was getting sonar 'pips' and echoes all over the place so he knew he had a good field.

"At 1154, the Pirate cut six moored mines with her gear," he continued. "Three or four minutes later, the Pledge cut three, and the Incredible cut four. And then, suddenly, the Pirate got hit in the starboard quarter. She foundered awfully fast, thrashed from side to side and sank in three minutes. Six men were lost and there were a lot of wounded."

Then the formation really started having trouble. "The shore batteries opened up from Sin-do and Rei-to with their 75-millimeters," Flynn went on. "They had an angle on the ends of two islands and therefore had us bracketed pretty closely. The Pledge took Sin-do under fire with her three-inch gun and the Incredible took Rei-to. The Endicott (our fire-support vessel) stayed outside the mine line and opened up with her five-inch guns, but still couldn't silence the island batteries. (We called for air and, 45 minutes later, our planes knocked them out.)

"After the Pirate sank, the Pledge's skipper, Lieutenant Young, said: 'We'd better turn around and get out of here.' He turned left about 15 degrees and I turned right. Then the Pledge hit a mine under the ship's wardroom just about the same time a shell hit it in the CIC (Combat Information Center) and killed a radar man. Young had broken his leg, but he kept hobbling about inspecting the ship and her men. The vessel stayed afloat about 45 minutes and then sank."

Lieutenant Young's official report says in part: "The starboard side of the hull, just forward of the superstructure, was rent from below the waterline to the topside. The deck was sheared from gunwale to gunwale. It was evident that damage throughout the ship was of such a nature as to prevent saving her from sinking. The silence that reigned throughout the ship indicated that casualties were very heavy. I therefore gave the order to abandon ship."

### With One Engine Gone—

The remaining ships put boats in the water and began picking up survivors. The Incredible turned right and started to back out. "About that time I lost my starboard engine and my number one generator," said Flynn, "so I had to go through the mine line on one engine. We had cut 14 mines and they were still floating around. Then all of a sudden I lost *all* my generators. We were under direct fire from shore batteries —and we were stopped cold. It was very embarrassing. Then Dusty came alongside, with the Chatterer and the Mockingbird on either side, and towed me out.

"They say a mine sweeper can't back up. But we did."

Ever since her almost miraculous escape, Flynn's ship has been known as the "Incredible Incredible."

For his heroic work in leading his ship into densely mined waters to rescue the survivors of the Pirate and the Pledge, and for towing the Incredible out with no casualties to his crew or damage to his ship, Dusty Shouldice was awarded the coveted Navy Cross. And there isn't a man in his outfit who wouldn't pin a dozen stars to it.

Finally, by October 18th, the date which had been set as D day for the landings of our troops at Wonsan, the mine sweepers had cut what they had every reason to believe was a clear channel right to the beach. But on that day, mine sweeping suddenly took a new and terrifying turn.

"It had been duck soup all day," Dusty recalled. "We had one hour to go to give the high command the go-ahead to let the big ships come in. They had said: 'We want it by 1600 hours, Dusty,' and I said: 'I'll give it to you by 1500' and we would've, too—and then, damn it, we ran into this 'influence' field. I was in the Mockingbird; the Redhead was ahead of us and the magnetic field around one of her otters triggered an 'influence' mine and set it off. That explosion set off a second mine next to it. Then a couple of ROK (Republic of Korea) mine sweepers got it, and one of them blew sky-high. And, of course, there went the 'clear channel' we'd promised the brass. It was sure disappointin'."

### Invasion Troops Had to Wait

The high command must have had some stronger words for it. The accidental discovery of just three or four magnetic mines —mixed in with the others in the channel— had neutralized for the time all their plans. Until the whole area had been thoroughly swept all over again—this time for *magnetic* mines—the amphibious force couldn't budge. It took another eight days—while the other ships just sat there. Meanwhile, of course, Wonsan itself had been captured by the Republican 3d Division, and our invasion force was never in serious jeopardy.

"But suppose it had still been held by the enemy on October 18th," observed one of the mine-force men. "Then you can see what we mean, about the mine being an offensive weapon of blockade."

The presence of magnetic mines in Korean waters was sufficient to frighten even a veteran like Dusty Shouldice. "Mines never really scared me until that first 'influence' mine blew up in Wonsan. And none of us has really been able to erase the element of fear since then."

The magnetic mine (a category entirely different from the moored contact type) is one of the "influence" mines, so called because they are activated by some specific property of an approaching ship—acoustic (tripped off by the noise of the propellers, for instance), magnetic, pressure, photoelectric or the like. Actually, there are no limits to the grisly possibilities: an inventor can mix them, for example, so that you get bizarre (and almost unsweepable) combinations of magnetic and acoustic mines, or acoustic coupled with pressure—and so on, until, as one of the mine sweep people said: "It drives you nuts just thinking about it." And the enemy, if he really wishes to be difficult about it, can set mines so that they do not become active until days after an area has been declared "swept." (Hence the necessity of continual "check sweeps.")

Influence mines are colloquially called "mudders" or "luggers" because they sink directly to the bottom of the sea and do not require any mooring lines or buoyancy chambers to keep them in a position where they will have physical contact with a ship. This complicates the sweeping problem, obviously, since they cannot be "cut" with ordinary sweep lines.

United Nations forces have captured intact some of these magnetic mines in Korea and have reported them to be clearly of Soviet manufacture, well constructed, extremely sensitive, and certainly equal in many respects to anything we have along this line.

In addition to the fact that the mines are of Russian manufacture, there are reports that Soviet advisers instructed a few North Koreans as to how to lay influence mines and then, to insure secrecy, later shot them. Admiral Sherman himself was credited with the statement that we have evidence that

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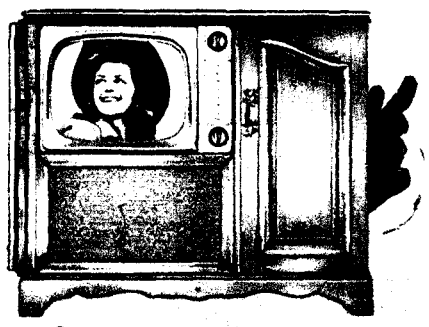

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many of the Russian mines had been laid in Wonsan prior to June, 1950, when the Korean war broke out.

While the current form of the mine itself is more than 350 years old, the magnetic mine is of modern vintage: its first use in warfare was by the Germans, when *Luftwaffe* planes laid several of them along Britain's east coast in late 1939. Several Allied ships were sunk before the British, working at top speed on the project, developed some countermeasures. In general, there still are just two: self-protection of the ships and sweeping of the mines.

The first countermeasure is known as "degaussing" a ship. (A "gauss" is a unit of magnetic field intensity named after Karl Friedrich Gauss, an eminent German mathematician.) Every metal object (such as a mine) has magnetic properties. When another object with different magnetic properties (a ship, for instance) gets near enough, a disturbance is created with triggers off the mine. To degauss a ship, coils or "girdles" are placed around its hull and very strong countercurrents are passed through them, theoretically making the vessel magnetically "nonexistent." The method, however, is not infallible.

When it comes to the other measure, that of sweeping magnetic mines, the problem is simply one of exploding the mine by deliberately producing a very strong magnetic field at a safe distance from the sweeper.

And that is precisely what we, aboard the gallant little Osprey, intended to do that dreary day when we sailed out of Inchon.

There were two of us on the mission; besides the Osprey, we had the Waxbill, whose skipper, Lieutenant J. W. Janecky, of Minneapolis, was OTC. (All the small sweepers, by the way, are named after birds. "Why?" I asked one of the sailors. "Beats me," he said. "Guess some joker in Navy headquarters belongs to the Audubon Society. Can you think of any other reason?")

### Warning Signals Are Hoisted

We were nearing So Sudo channel. "Hey, you guys," shouted one of the men, "give me a hand with those sweep balls." Visible for some distance, these black rubber balls are hoisted during sweeps as the international signal for sweeping. Signal flags were already at code Howe Fox: "Engaged in mine sweep operations. Keep clear."

There were no fancy communications aboard ship. The skipper, Lieutenant Levin, called his instructions through a wooden tube on the bridge. "All engines ahead one third." We were coming alongside the island of Palmi-do and very soon would be ready to sweep.

Lieutenant (jg) Lloyd Lauderdale, of Beaumont, Texas—a graduate of the Mine Warfare school at Yorktown, Virginia—was the mine sweep officer, which meant that he was in charge of the sweep detail and responsible for getting the gear in and out, a tricky business at best. He had already ordered the sweep detail to put on their life jackets and man their stations. While sweeping, all crew members except those engineers tending the main engines are required to stay on the upper decks to minimize casualties in case the ship hits a mine.

We began "streaming" (lowering into the water) our magnetic gear from the ship's stern. This consisted of two huge cables, a short leg and a long one, held together by canvas "marriage bands." Floats or "pigs" keep it buoyant. The long leg is allowed to pay out to about 1,200 feet; at the end of the short leg is a copper electrode.

When the sweep (known as a jig-sweep because it forms a "J" as it floats astern) is finally streamed, a powerful generator is turned on. This sends out a powerful-pulsed current which passes through the cables and the water and creates a strong magnetic field, capable of detonating any mines in that area—providing, of course, that the mines have been obligingly set to make this possible.

More often than not, magnetic—as well as other influence mines—are preset so that their mechanism is not tripped the first time a ship passes over, or the second, or possibly even the tenth. They can be set in any way the enemy chooses. This complicates the sweeping problem and requires an almost endless (or so it seems to the mine sweep men) number of "counts" over an area before mine commanders dare give the "all clear."

That particular day, our Osprey and the Waxbill swept all day along two different paths, going and coming, and thereby chalked up a total of four "counts" over the channel without setting off any mines. Possibly the mines which were supposed to be there had become inactive. (Fortunately, influence mines do not have a very long life, compared to contact types.) But, as Dusty had pointed out on innumerable occasions, greater than the fear connected with sweeping mines is the worry that maybe you've missed one, especially when a big ship is coming in.

So, this same outfit would have to sweep this same channel again and again and again, going through this same tedious, difficult, nerve-racking routine for an undisclosed number of times before they could safely assume that a threat did not exist.

By the time we steamed back into Inchon late that afternoon, I began to understand why the mine sweep force is often referred to as "the vikings of the modern Navy": wooden ships and iron men. I had had one day of sweeping and I was utterly exhausted; the Osprey's men, not so long ago, had had 48 straight days of it at one stretch without a break.

For weeks, on all sides, I had heard nothing but the highest praise for the men of this branch of the service. Now I could appreciate it. "Everybody in this outfit has got more spirit than I've ever seen before in my life," said Phil Levin, "and every other mine sweep skipper here feels the same way."

"No matter how tough it gets, they never gripe," agreed Lieutenant Commander Wells R. Bill, of Poughkeepsie, New York, operations officer for Mine Squadron Three (whose present commander is Captain R. C. Williams, of Baltimore, Maryland). "Most of them are reserves, thrown into the outfit in a hurry. Some of 'em have never seen a mine sweeper before; but they get indoctrinated in a hurry."

That the Navy is cognizant of both their heroism and the quality of the job they've done is evidenced by the fact that more than 250 awards have gone to mine sweep personnel in Korea so far.

And that we are now, it is to be hoped, finally aware of one of the greatest lessons of the Korean war—the urgent necessity for an improved and expanded mine force—is probably indicated also by the re-establishment a few months ago of an over-all command—Mine Force Pacific Fleet—at Pearl Harbor, with Rear Admiral John M. Higgins, of Madison, Wisconsin, who is one of the Navy's "most seagoing" admirals, as its commander.

### Mine War's Future Predicted

Admiral Higgins told Collier's: "It is obvious from the mine warfare we have been engaged in during the Korean action that these deadly weapons can and will be effectively employed by any enemy we may face in the future.

"It is a basic military fact that any small maritime nation, with only elementary transportation facilities, little technical experience and a minimum of improvised equipment, can deny the use of its ports and the shallow waters along its coasts to a large, modern naval force at little cost to itself, simply by the extensive laying of even elementary types of mines."

Korea has shown us that more complex mines are sure to be developed, and they will therefore be more difficult to sweep. However, it is well to remember that this only poses a challenge: for there probably never will be developed a permanently unsweepable mine. Mine laying versus mine sweeping, mine versus countermine—it's a race for superiority in research and supply.

Korea provides something of a basic proving ground, too. Already, it is good to report, we've made improvements in our techniques: the Wonsan and Chinnampo sweeping operations provided some thrilling examples of close co-operation among helicopters, PBM patrol planes, underwater demolition frogmen and sweeper craft, as well as very small boats equipped with midget gear—all clicking on one operation.

And we will have plenty of opportunity for developing many other improvements in gear and method: we are still sweeping mines laid in World War II; and come early peace or not, Mine Squadron Three will have to stay at the job of sweeping up Communist mines until they no longer pose a threat to our ships.

There will be no cease fire for the mine sweepers for a long time to come. THE END

## CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE



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# Coaching from Muskingum to Yale

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

wouldn't score and even money that West Virginia would win by at least 18 points. They had "points" even in those days.

Bryant Rittenhouse, a friend of mine, was commiserating with me before the game and I surprised him by telling him that I thought the odds were all wrong.

"We're going to win this game, Ritt," I said. "I've got it figured out that we had a better team than Penn State, even though State beat us. And State and West Virginia both lost to Dartmouth by the same margin, which makes them equal."

"Are you sure you still don't feel the effects of that bump on the head?" was all Rittenhouse said in reply.

We scored in the first three minutes when Snedegar passed to fullback Pete Callac, a transfer from Carlisle, for a touchdown.

An incompleted pass into the end zone was an automatic touchback. I had said to Snedegar: "We must score first, and if you are inside their 10-yard line in the first quarter, I want you to make one running play and see if West Virginia has drawn their defense in. If they have, I want you to pass on second down, even though all coaches would be against it, because I believe we can score." We got inside their 10-yard line in a few plays, and Snedegar carried out these instructions, as he did all instructions, to the letter.

Before the first half was over, Wesleyan scored again with our new trick play, the double reverse, and again this play worked for a touchdown in the second half. We won by 20-0 and managed to keep Rodgers pretty well bottled up all day. The upset was as much of a sensation as the one Wesleyan had scored five years before when I played—even more sensational, perhaps, because we clearly outclassed the Mountaineers.

It was this victory which moved me up to the front row of coaches in our neck of the woods, the first major triumph I had scored as a college coach. The papers in West Virginia and throughout western Pennsylvania were full of it the next day when I boarded a train to go to Canton for the Canton-Massillon game. College coaches made so little in those days that it was not at all unusual for them to play football on Sundays. Kellison, who had been playing tackle for Jim Thorpe at Canton, got me a job with him.

I found Pop Warner, who by now had moved from Carlisle to Pittsburgh, in the diner. I was going to the game to play in it, Pop to watch some of his boys play.

### Complimented by Pop Warner

Warner was the big football name in our part of the country, not only because of his success at Carlisle but for his work at Pitt. I had known him four years before when I had played with Wesleyan against the Carlisle Indians.

"Nice win yesterday, Greasy," said Pop. I was flattered at his attention and thanked him. He went on to talk football, college and professional, and I was hoping to learn something from the old master. Warner was then in his third year at Pitt and hadn't been beaten yet. His teams had won 25 straight and had been scored on only seven times during the streak! I didn't realize that morning that a couple of years later I was to take a coaching job of which the chief requirement was that I had to beat Pop.

"What's all this talk about that triple pass or double reverse or whatever you call it?" asked Warner. West Virginia had given Pitt its only close game of the season and Pop was amazed that a school as small as Wesleyan had been able to win so decisively.

Warner's question was right down my alley. Glowing with pride, I obligingly diagramed the play for him. West Virginia Wesleyan had used the double reverse from its single-wing formation, but the next year Pop had the play in Pitt's repertoire, working it from a double wing.

But, to return to my Canton pro job, Kellison got me a job as end for Jim Thorpe only after much wangling.

The big Indian had a Harvard man, Bill Soucy, at end and he doubted I could catch passes as well as Soucy. "Jim," argued Kellison, "Neale can shove one hand in his back pocket and catch passes better than Soucy."

"He's your friend," said Thorpe doubtfully. "I only have your word for it."

"Look," said Kellison, who was desperate by now, "if Neale doesn't do a good job for you, you can keep my salary and use it to pay him."

Thorpe finally consented and I caught six touchdown passes in the first game I played for Canton. Jim paid both Kelly and myself our wages. And, if you're curious, we each received $75 for that game.

### Ban on Sunday Pro Football

West Virginia Wesleyan decided it was undignified to have its coach and assistant coach playing professional football on Sundays. Professional football then didn't enjoy the social status it has today. Kellison and I were on our way to Canton on another Sunday when we got a tip that the school was sending the Reverend Richard Aspinall to catch us red-handed. Thus forewarned, we quietly backtracked to Buckhannon.

Our absence left Thorpe in quite a hole. Pro squads were small in those days. He had sent Milt Ghee, a Dartmouth All-America and one of his best backs, to scout Youngstown, and another halfback was out with injuries, which put the burden squarely on Jim. When the minister returned to school on Monday I innocently asked him if he enjoyed the game. "You bet," he replied enthusiastically, "I saw the best football player I ever saw in my life—Jim Thorpe. He won the game all by himself."

The second year of World War I, 1918, resulted in the curtailment of college football. After the shortened baseball season, I went to work for the Dayton Wright Airplane Company in Dayton, Ohio. I was a tracer in the stockroom and punched the clock six days a week at 7:00 A.M., even though I also coached and played on the football team, the Dayton Triangles. We had an unbeaten season and among the teams we defeated was the Columbus Panhandles, which featured the six Nesser brothers, who surely must have been America's foremost football family. These boys never went to college, but they were outstanding pros. One of them played tackle for the New York Giants at the age of forty.

Immediately after the 1919 World Series in which I played with Cincinnati against the Chicago White Sox (called the Black Sox after the scandal was discovered), I received an offer to coach Marietta College in Ohio. A World Series rather blots out football news, particularly when you're one of the participants, and when I learned about the job, Marietta already had played its first game and had been pounded 61 to 0 by West Virginia University.

The World Series had taken a lot out of me and I asked for another week before I took the job. Meanwhile, Marietta played its second game and defeated Georgetown College of Kentucky by 19 to 0. We never lost another game, a remarkable about-face, nor were we scored upon for the balance of the season. Among our wins was one over my old school, West Virginia Wesleyan, by a score of 27-0. After the game Don Drumm, who had succeeded me as coach at Wesleyan, declared Marietta had shown the best forward-pass attack he had ever seen.

I'm not quoting Drumm to hand myself




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any bouquets, for Marietta did have a fine passing attack, thanks to Don Whiting, our quarterback. Don was the best passer I ever saw up until the time I ran across Sammy Baugh of the Washington Redskins and Otto Graham of the Cleveland Browns.

Marietta lost only one game in the two years I coached there, to Boston College in 1920. We were the only team to score on BC except Yale. Whiting's passing in this game was remarkable. At one stage, he completed eight passes in succession. The Boston papers called him the best quarterback they had seen since Bo McMillin. Bo, who had played in Boston against Harvard with Centre College's famous Praying Colonels, was an All-America player. He succeeded me as coach of the Philadelphia Eagles for the 1951 season.

At Marietta I felt I was developing as a coach and was ready for a bigger job. I had learned a lot about forward passing and about pass defense and, more important, I was learning how to handle men. My baseball as well as my football experience helped me here. I always remembered how encouraging Buck Herzog had been to me as Cincinnati manager in 1916, my first year with the Reds. As a matter of fact, years later when Buck was a railroad passenger agent, I used to take my football teams over his line whenever possible, even if it meant going some miles out of our way.

In handling a football squad the first rule is to instill confidence in the team and the second is to scare them if they're overconfident. A coach, of course, can never know when his team is ready. Sometimes after a week of sharp practice, the squad will play dully, but often after a shoody week, the team will unexpectedly click.

Anything which can remove tension is helpful. Marietta went up to East Lansing to play the Michigan Aggies, now known as Michigan State. We had a squad of 20 men and the Aggies poured out of the dressing room 50 strong for pregame limbering up. I noticed our boys looking at them a little apprehensively and I remarked, "Remember, boys, they can only play 11 men at a time, the same as us." It was corny and trite, sure, but it relaxed the boys and we went on to win easily.

### Why Dobie Refused the Job

The big college job which was open in 1921 was Washington and Jefferson at Washington, Pennsylvania. It already had been offered to Gil Dobie, who was then coaching at Cornell, but Gil turned it down. And he gave R. M. (Mother) Murphy, W&J's athletic director, his reasons, too.

"The entire football season at Washington and Jefferson," said Dobie, "hinges upon defeating Pop Warner at Pitt and that's too much of a task."

When I had heard that the job was first open I made what was probably the silliest bid of my career. I said that if I couldn't beat Pitt I didn't want any salary. Harebrained as the offer was, it apparently made an impression, for in 1921 authorities from Washington and Jefferson approached me. I was asked how long a contract I wanted.

"One year," I said. "At the end of a year, you'll know whether you still want me or not and if you do you'll pay me more."

It wasn't exactly a princely salary that I was getting—$4,500. I had been offered $5,000, but I asked W&J to give $500 of that amount to Kellison to bring his pay as my assistant up to $2,500. John had joined me in my last year at Marietta after getting out of the Army and I found him invaluable. We were so close that each could almost read the other's mind, particularly if the other was thinking about football.

The Presidents had great material but some of the boys knew it and I had to lay down the law to them. In our first game against Bethany College, I had reason to believe they weren't putting out as they should, and I took the bull by the horns by jumping Russ Stein, the captain. I figured that if I impressed the big fellow, the others would fall in line—and they did.

Coaching is largely a matter of improvising. Kellison scouted Lehigh for me and reported that the Engineers, coached by Frank Glick, a former Princeton star, were using Bill Roper's old "flying end." The end played wide on offense and ran back laterally to his normal position as signals were called. This was permissible under the rules then and gave the end terrific momentum as he crashed into the defensive tackle.

I decided to utilize Stein's great talents by shifting him from tackle to end. Russ, who also called signals for us, played in that position for the rest of the season and was outstanding. Walter Camp named him to his first-team All-America as tackle, although Russ played very little at tackle for us, being an offensive end and defensive line-backer.

With the scrubs using Lehigh plays from the old Princeton punt formation, they moved the ball against the varsity at will. Kelly and I devised a defense against the flying end by having our tackles drop back and keep the end nearest the end low, while bracing themselves on the other leg. And, since we couldn't contrive a sound defense against the Lehigh plays, we simply adopted them for the rest of the season and used them right through the Rose Bowl.

We came up to the Pitt game unbeaten and with a string of seven straight. Now I was going to play Pop Warner, my idol of a few years earlier, with my job at stake. Despite the winning streak it seemed that a great many people around the school lacked confidence in me against Warner. Speed Rush, a Nebraska scout, was brought by some of the alumni to one of our practice sessions because Nebraska had beaten Pitt, presumably on the strength of his scouting, and anybody who could beat Pop was supposed to have a direct pipe line to heaven in that corner of Pennsylvania.

Among other things, I was told that I couldn't stop Warner with a six-man line. We were training a few miles out of town at a place called Wylie's Farm and the climax came when I discovered that a blackboard I had specifically requested had not been brought along. I could see the players' morale was shaken by the disputes between me and my self-appointed advisers, and I finally walked from the field. Mother Murphy, the athletic director, clutched on to my coattails to bring me back and I wasn't interfered with again.

The Pitt game was the first in which I ever signaled from the side lines, something I was accused of often in my career. I signaled because Warner was calling the plays for his quarterback by having substitutes turn their backs to the playing field so the quarterback could read their numbers and know which play to call. I'd like to state now that I have never given a signal from the side lines unless the other coach was doing the same. I never gave a signal at either the University of Virginia or Yale.

We got to Pitt's eight-yard line in the fourth period and then Harvey Harman, who now coaches at Rutgers University, broke through and tossed our Wayne Brenkert for a 12-yard loss. The mud was heavy at Forbes Field and the ball was soggy, but on the next play Brenkert got off a pass from a fake placement-kick formation which Herb Kopf caught in the end zone. Stein converted and Pitt was beaten, 7-0. We did not make a substitution during the game. It was the first time Washington and Jefferson had beaten Pitt since 1914 and the first time they had ever beaten Warner. A half hour after the game I was given a new contract at $8,000 a year.

### Two Postseason Challenges

The school had been $40,000 in the red when the season started, but after a Thanksgiving Day victory over West Virginia we were out of debt. Detroit, which was unbeaten, challenged us to a postseason game, and we hardly had accepted that when Pasadena called us with a Rose Bowl bid. We took both.

We beat Detroit 14 to 2, but I remember the game principally because it was the first time I ever saw Gus Sonnenberg. Gus already had won a couple of letters in Dartmouth but, as I've said, football players got around in those days. Gus, who later was the wrestling champion, if you take any stock in such titles, played tackle and also did the punting. He was a tough cooky.

On one play Sonnenberg went back to kick but ran with the ball instead. Stein was waiting for him when suddenly he heard a noise like an express train, and Joe Basista, our fullback, flashed by. Basista was one of the best defensive men I have ever seen and when he hit Sonnenberg it sounded like a collision between two trucks. Joe was out for 15 minutes, and I thought he was going to be out of the Rose Bowl, too. When Joe came to, I said to him: "You have less brains than I thought you had. That should have been your shoulder instead of your head."

Once the decks had been cleared after the Detroit game, we settled down to prepare for California. Coached by Andy Smith and featuring Brick Muller, who was supposed to be the greatest passer the game had ever seen, the Golden Bears had finished two straight unbeaten seasons and had a run of 18 straight. In the Rose Bowl game the year before, they had run roughshod over Ohio State, with Chick Harley and Pete Stinchcomb.

Charley Barrett, who had been an All-America at Cornell in 1915, had sent us the Bears' plays, and when we arrived there just a couple of days before the game, I asked Charley if he was sure he had sent us the right plays. "I've been playing Muller in dummy scrimmage for a month," I told him, "and I can't even get the ball away." It turned out that when the game was played, Muller couldn't either.

The California papers acted as though our presence in Pasadena was a deliberate insult. "All I know about Washington and Jefferson," one fellow wrote, "is that both are dead." The morning of the game one of the citizens told me that California would beat us by at least 14 points.

"Listen," I said, doing my best to keep calm, "California couldn't score 14 points against this team if they started now and played until it got dark."

As it turned out, nobody scored any points. Brenkert ran 35 yards for what seemed to be a touchdown for W&J in the first period but the head linesman called it back for offside. That was the closest either side came to scoring. If we didn't win, we certainly deflated California and Muller. They completed only one pass all day and

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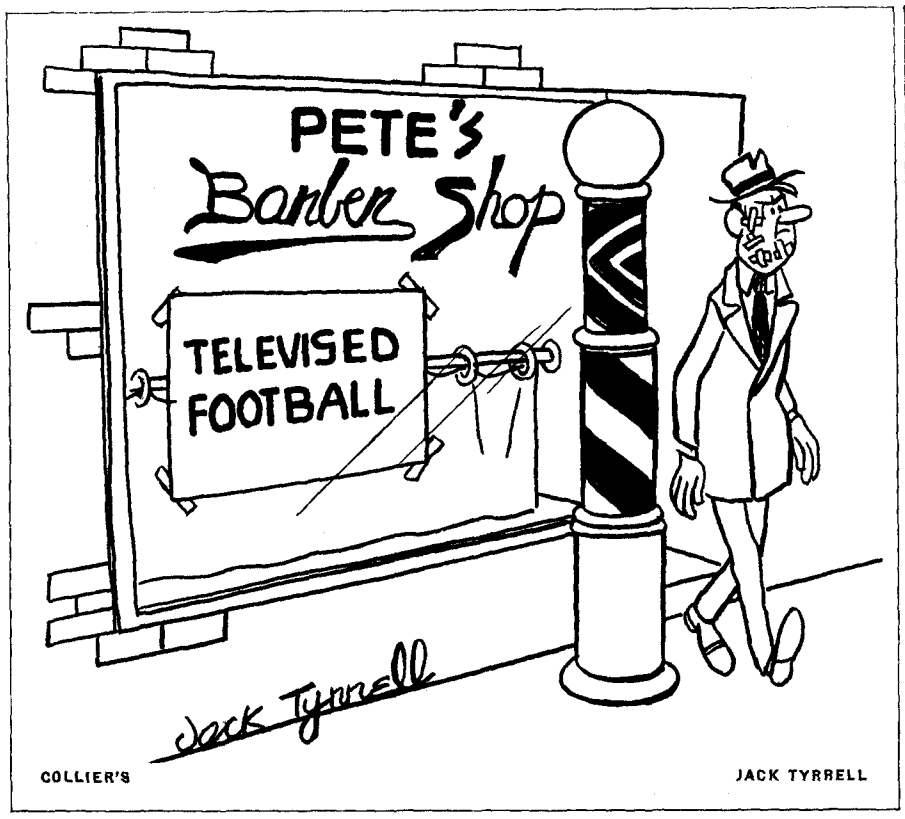


Basista threw the receiver for a one-yard loss on the play.

Muller didn't enter the game until the first time California had the ball. On his first passing attempt Brick was thrown by Kopf before he could get rid of the ball. Kopf wiped his hands on Muller's jersey when he entered the game remarking, "So this is the great Brick Muller." Our players kidded Muller so much that Umpire Tom Thorp finally requested us to cease and desist. Kopf from then on directed his remarks to Tom instead of Muller.

Kopf, who later coached Manhattan College and the Boston Yanks, was only a freshman in 1921 and he was one of the smartest players I ever coached. He came to me on the recommendation of his brother Larry, who had been shortstop on the Cincinnati Reds with me. In 1922, I had Herb calling the signals for us from end.

The Rose Bowl game proved there is no substitute for physical condition. W&J played the entire game without making a substitution and with only one time out. And the squad had had no contact work since the Detroit game a month before!

When we returned to Washington there was a great victory banquet, and during it I realized that I didn't have the wholehearted co-operation I believed I merited. A souvenir booklet carried a photograph of a former coach, and listed him as advisory coach, which he definitely wasn't. Furthermore, Kellison, my valued assistant, was not even called upon to take a bow.

"Kelly" is one of the best line coaches in the game. (He left the Philadelphia Eagles this year.) In our last four games in 1921 we gave up exactly six first downs, including two in the Rose Bowl. Yet there was talk about the campus that this fine line play was all the result of coaching the year before Kelly and I arrived. This carping continued through the 1922 season and I simply became fed up. Before we played Pitt, and while W&J was still unbeaten, I told the authorities I was through.

It was in 1922 that I had my first meeting with Jock Sutherland, one of the greatest coaches of all time. We played Lafayette at the Polo Grounds in New York. Jock's team had won 16 straight and led us 13-0 at the half. It appeared that we were headed for our first defeat under my regime.

Between the halves I lit into our bunch, especially Chet Weiderquist, our giant tackle and one of the easiest-going men on the squad. I felt that if I could inflame Weiderquist the whole team would catch fire and it did. Chet was in front of nearly every Lafayette play in the second half and we went on to win 14-13 with one of the most unusual finishes in football history.

This was the first season that it was permissible to run or pass for the extra point, as well as kick. As the teams lined up for the try, Kopf noticed that the entire Lafayette team came up to the scrimmage line in an attempt to block Wayne Brenkert's kick. He turned coolly and said, "Make it good," which was the signal for a pass instead of a kick. Herb then slipped into the end zone and took the pass perfectly to win the game.

### Sutherland Turns the Tables

Sutherland didn't like to lose, then or ever, but he congratulated me after the game. When I later coached at West Virginia and Jock was at Pitt, he beat me rather easily and then our paths crossed again in the pros when he was coaching Pittsburgh and I was coaching Philadelphia. In 1947, the Eagles had a 17-point lead on the Steelers but Jock's team won out by 35-24. I don't think any other coach in America could have rallied a team the way Sutherland roused the Steelers that day.

When the game was over, I went to Sutherland's dressing room to shake hands, and from that day on, whenever we played each other, the loser always went to the victor's dressing room, something which is not a common practice among the pros.

To get back to my first meeting with Sutherland, and the only victory I was to score against one of his teams for some time, I received word after the game that there were several coaching jobs open and that I was being considered for three of them, since it was known that I wasn't returning to Washington and Jefferson. One was at Columbia, where the final choice was the late Percy Haughton of Harvard. Another was at Alabama, which eventually selected Wallace Wade. The third was the University of Virginia, where I was to spend the happiest years of my coaching career.

I shall never forget my first meeting with Virginia's president, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, who was known as Tony to everybody on the campus. He was an impressive-appearing gentleman and, until the day he died, one of my best friends.

"We don't give athletic scholarships at Virginia, Mr. Neale," he informed me.

"That's all right with me, sir," I answered. "I'm interested in coaching students and will be glad to get away from the pressure of recruiting."

"Can you coach baseball also?" he asked.

I explained my baseball qualifications to Dr. Alderman and it finally was settled that I should go to Charlottesville in the spring of 1923 to take charge of the baseball squad. I remained there for six seasons, until I allowed Billy Southworth to persuade



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me to return to professional baseball as his coach when he was named manager of the St. Louis Cardinals in 1929.

Coaching at Virginia meant far more work, of course, because the boys weren't coming hand-picked or tailor-made, but I can honestly say that I never enjoyed coaching more. Many of my closest friendships today are with boys who played for me at Virginia or their relatives.

Virginia was my first contact with the honor system. In view of the recent expulsions at West Point because of violations of the honor system there seems to be a general misunderstanding of the system. I didn't understand it at first, either, but I soon realized its value and I believe I understand the decision at West Point to preserve the honor system regardless of the cost. It simply has to be preserved because it provides those who obey it with a code for the rest of their lives.

### One Pep Talk That Paid Off

There were some fine football players at Virginia, without proselyting, subsidization or tryout camps. Charley Mackall, a guard, won three games for me in one season, two with field goals and one with a blocked kick. After we had taken a one-sided defeat from Georgia that season, I lectured the squad at some length, saying that some of the players were big enough and good enough to play football if they felt like it. Mackall, a big man, apparently felt the remarks were intended for him for when the season was over he told me that he believed my talk after the Georgia game was responsible for the team's successful finish.

Carter Diffey, who was at Virginia my first three years there, was an exceptional back. He captained the 1925 team which lost only one game. Sam Maphis, our '24 captain, booted a ball 102 yards in a game against Virginia Poly at Blacksburg on a muddy field. The ball went 65 yards on the fly, lighted on its point and then bounded like a rabbit clear through VPI's end zone and on to a cinder track beyond. Ted Phillips, a center, and Howard Holland, a tackle, were linemen as good as any I ever coached in college.

In 1928, my last season at Virginia, we had a poor team but I just missed what I believe would have been the greatest achievement of my coaching career in the final game against North Carolina. Kellison, who had come to Virginia with me, believed we'd lose by four touchdowns.

About 10 days before the game, Dr. Alderman invited me to his office and asked what our chances were. He was eager to have Virginia make a good showing because he had been at North Carolina and because President Coolidge was coming from Washington for the game. I told him the scouts reported the Tarheels would win by four touchdowns.

"As bad as that?" he asked.

"Maybe not," I replied. "I've pulled surprises before."

"Well," he said. "I hope you have something up your sleeve for tomorrow."

I left the president's office, walked a bit and decided to return.

"Dr. Alderman," I said, "I do have something up my sleeve, but I'll need your help. Remember when we played at Chapel Hill last year and Kenan Memorial Stadium was dedicated? The game was held up for half an hour by speeches. The delay upset our boys and they made several damaging fumbles. Promise me you'll have Mr. Coolidge in his seat by kickoff time and maybe we'll surprise North Carolina.

"President Coolidge will be on time," promised Dr. Alderman.

The President was on time, too, and North Carolina was surprised but not beaten. Chuck Collins, coaching the Tarheels, used the regular Notre Dame 7-2-2 box defense, and I had a pass pattern against it which I thought was sure-fire. Through this pattern, which we worked from either side of our double wing, we scored six touchdowns against North Carolina but unfortunately only three of them counted, as three passes were dropped in the end zone, one in the final minute of play. We lost, 24-20.

After my return to professional baseball in 1929 as coach, I earnestly sought to go back to college coaching. In 1930, I wrote no fewer than 166 letters to schools and received exactly one reply and no offers. I coached the Tanks in Ironton, Ohio, that year, and also, at the age of thirty-nine, actually played a game with them.

Once more it was Harry Stansbury who galloped to the rescue. Harry had moved from West Virginia Wesleyan to West Virginia University as athletic director and he brought me there as head coach in 1931. The pair of us were now back at Morgantown, where we once had been burned in effigy because of Wesleyan's triumphs over the Mountaineers.

College coaching was precarious in the depression years of the early thirties. Even my friend Stansbury couldn't stretch the budget sufficiently to bring Kellison to West Virginia, and John took a three-sport coaching job at William and Mary. I had some good football players at West Virginia but unfortunately most of them were with me for only one season. We had Eck Allen, now an assistant at Fordham, Bill Karr, Tod Godwin and Joe Stydahar, now coach of the Los Angeles Rams.

Stydahar was so much bigger than the average high-school player that he was much sought after. In 1931, Joe went to a preseason training camp of the University of Pittsburgh, but apparently didn't like it because he came to Morgantown at his own expense. Even though Joe was paying his own tuition, Stansbury wouldn't allow him to play football his first year at West Virginia, lest he be accused of kidnaping him from Pitt.

Stansbury finally relented to allow Joe to play with the basketball team, and in 1933, my last year there, the big fellow came out for football. Denny Myers, my line coach, who later went to Boston College, whistled the first time he ever saw Stydahar throw a block. Joe had a hip block which was terrific.

Stydahar was just another tackle when I had him in 1933, but when I saw him later with the Chicago Bears I was amazed. He had improved his blocking technique tremendously, including the mastery of some of George Halas' "cloth blocks," which come awfully close to holding. Clark Shaughnessy, who was an assistant to Halas, was a great believer in Stydahar, and Stydahar was a great believer in Shaughnessy. Now that Joe has succeeded Clark as head coach of the Rams and Clark is assistant coach of the Chicago Bears, I don't know if that still goes.

### A Phone Call from New Haven

With the depression so deep at West Virginia that we had difficulty raising funds to send the track team to West Point, you can imagine how carefully I listened to a call from Jack Owsley, of the Yale athletic board, asking if I would be interested in going to New Haven as head coach.

My brother Widdy, who had played at Yale in 1922 and 1923, was chosen to be the intermediary. I met with Malcolm Farmer, Yale's athletic director, at Widdy's house. The original plan was that I was to be head coach with Kellison and Meyers among my assistants. Yale, however, had never had a head coach who was not an alumnus and the pressure of tradition was too strong for Farmer to break. Raymond (Ducky) Pond was named head coach and I was made backfield coach.

It was planned to bring in Benny Oosterbaan and Johnny Blott, a couple of Michigan All-Americas, as assistants, and Farmer went to Ann Arbor to get permission from Fielding H. (Hurry Up) Yost to deal with them. Yost expressed surprise that I was on the Yale staff. "Neale is the greatest subsidizer of football players in America," he told Farmer.

"It's a funny thing," replied Farmer,

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"but of the 50 or 60 applicants I interviewed, Greasy is the only one who admitted he ever subsidized."

The compromise didn't bother me a bit, although some of Pond's alleged friends told him I was hogging the headlines and getting all the credit. I told Ducky my interests were the same as his—to see that Yale had a winning team. Once this difficulty was ironed out, we got along fine and in the seven years Pond and I were at New Haven, we took part or all of the Big Three title five times.

I recall the first coaches' meeting at Yale in 1934, after we had lost our opening game 12 to 6 to Lou Little's Columbia Rose Bowl champions. We were a gloomy lot and the fact that we had been beaten by a good team did nothing to ease the situation.

"What do you think is wrong with the team, Greasy?" asked Pond.

"If you really want the truth," I replied, "it's this—we're too conservative. We play a kicking game when we can't hold the other team. We should try to keep the ball. We have a fine passer in Jerry Roscoe. Let's pass from anywhere on the field."

One of Pond's complaints was that Yale had no plays to the short side and I determined to put some in. I had a 35-millimeter film of Columbia's Rose Bowl victory over Stanford but it was so ragged it was impossible to run it through a projector. I got a magnifying glass, held the film over the top of a bridge lamp and studied Little's famous KF-79 scoring play until I thought I'd go blind, but I finally got it down pat. When Yale used it for the first time, sports writer George Trevor commented that our offense was "something like a bridal costume—something old, something new, something borrowed and something Blue."

Yale's spirit was remarkable. The greater the odds against them, the better the team played. Never was this more aptly demonstrated than when we went down to Palmer Stadium and upset Fritz Crisler's Princeton team when it seemed headed for its second undefeated season in succession. Larry Kelley made a one-handed catch of a pass from Roscoe in the first period and went 41 yards to score. And Yale, making no substitutions in the game, made the lead stand up throughout, with the assistance of some fine punting from Stan Fuller.

Kelley was an opportunist, pure and simple, as well as a great pass receiver. He could play an ordinary game for 40 minutes and then catch fire just when you needed him. Against Navy, Larry caught up with a loose ball but kicked it away from him instead of falling on it. He practically played soccer with it until he finally fell on it close to the goal line and set up a TD.

Against Pennsylvania at Franklin Field, Kelley took a pass from Charley Ewart for a 76-yard scoring play. As he stood in the end zone he looked up and saw a plane overhead bearing a streamer, "Kelly for Mayor," referring to John J. Kelly.

"Well, what d'ya know, boys," said Larry, "they're going to run me for mayor."

I have nothing but admiration for the boys who played at New Haven while I was there. Clint Frank, for instance, made himself a quarterback because he couldn't bear to be a part-time player. He certainly was one of the best college players I ever coached, maybe the best. I know I never saw a better defensive back in college football. Clint, who used to throw bullet passes that couldn't be handled, by hard and constant work learned the art of feathering the ball up there for the receiver to pick off. One of my most cherished possessions today is a wrist watch which Clint presented to me, a watch he received from one of the many All-America teams on which he was selected.

One day in 1940 the secretary in the coaches' room told me that Lex Thompson would like to meet me for dinner in Mori's.

"I'll be glad to have dinner with any alumnus of the school," I answered, "but who is Mr. Thompson?"

I was soon to find out.

*Although Neale had coached the Philadelphia Eagles to two pro league titles, he was told his services would not be needed again this season. In Collier's next week, he tells of his dismissal. Order newsstand copy now*

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The Apostles' Creed, for instance, is not merely a pious prayer. It is not just an idealistic declaration, based on conjecture and guesswork. It is a summary of truths revealed to us by God Himself. It is not something which we are free to believe only in part, for to do so is to set our own opinion and will against the specific command and will of God.

This, obviously, is not the intention of people who believe in God and wish to please and serve Him. It is due usually to the fact that many sincere people ... while familiar with the words of the Apostles' Creed ... do not understand its full meaning and tremendous significance.

As far as Catholics are concerned, the Apostles' Creed sums up our attitude toward God and our religion. We believe, as the Creed says, not only in God, the Father Almighty, but "in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary..." We believe that Christ died for our redemption... that He arose from the dead...that "He shall come to judge the living and the dead." We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting.

We believe these things because God has told us so. And because we believe them, our faith... and our hope for everlasting life with God... are founded not merely upon a vague and general belief, but upon absolute certainty. As we see it, the words "I believe" in the Apostles' Creed might just as well be "I know!"

**Free**

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HARRY DEVLIN

# One Sure Way to Cause A Good Big Blowup

A LOT HAS BEEN WRITTEN about President Truman's directive of September 25th, which ordered all government agencies to adopt the security classification system—in other words, censorship of news at its source—which the State and Defense Departments use. We are now going to write a bit more, because we don't think the issue is closed or the subject exhausted. We don't think they will be so long as the President's order remains in force in its present form. For the order carries with it the risk of explosion which is inherent in the suppression of any long-cherished freedom.

Mr. Truman may have acted from the highest motives. But his directive sounds like a free-wheeling invitation to clamp down on information. His admonition against abuse of this privilege, which he issued along with the invitation, does not reassure us. For actually there are no adequate safeguards.

What the President has done is to give a lot of functionaries, minor as well as major, the right to decide what information in their departments is vital to the nation's security. And he has given them the right to withhold that information at their discretion. In doing so he has bestowed the White House blessing on one of the most irritating evils of bureaucracy and, in effect, has ordered the administrative departments to compound the felony.

It's not surprising that this action brought a storm of protest from reporters, editors and publishers. The howls will be easily understood by anyone who has run into the booby traps of bush-league officialdom in Washington. Secrecy, especially in the civilian agencies during World War II, was carried to frustrating, ridiculous lengths.

We believe that this state of affairs is the result of an odd notion, prevalent among entrenched bureaucrats, that public business is none of the public's business. When there is any question about releasing information, a low-echelon official can be pretty sure that his superiors won't bawl him out for keeping his department's activities from the people.

So the searcher after news of what's happening to the people's money and affairs is likely to run into a good deal of suspicion and officiousness. And now, so help us, the President wants more of it, or seems to. Everyone with any authority, even though he is concerned with the most routine business of a routine department, is urged to scan all information and to decide whether it should be classified as restricted, confidential, secret or top secret.

An example of what the country may expect from all this came only two days after the Presidential directive. You will recall that an official of the Office of Price Stabilization issued an order which prohibited the release of any "internal information that might cause embarrassment to OPS." This followed so close on the heels of the President's order that it caused *him* embarrassment, and he asked that the decree be rescinded. But let no one think that the OPS man's definition of "security" is not deep-rooted in many Washington minds. We are not, of course, belittling the need of a zealous concern for our national security. But let the decision of what endangers that security be left up to someone less partial and more responsible than hundreds or thousands of unknown individual government employees. And let it be recognized that national security can be threatened by forces from within as well as from without.

In his directive Mr. Truman asked that the highest classification of top secret be used only if the disclosure of information "would or could cause exceptionally grave danger to the national security." To our mind, one of the gravest of such dangers is an uninformed, misinformed or poorly informed citizenry.

The public has not been fully informed in recent years because there have been cover-ups, at high and low levels of government, for policy reasons. In listing a number of what he called "suppressions of convenience," James Reston, the able, informed and unexcitable State Department correspondent of the New York Times, recently wrote that "the administration's approach to public information is very much like a press agent's approach," and that "there is widespread suspicion here (in Washington) that the administration tinkers with the news over and above the requirements of security." This condition will not improve if every official in the administrative branch is now privileged to clam up in the name of his own definition of "security."

We believe that it is easily possible to safeguard the nation's security in a proper, democratic way. The Committee for Economic Development, in a study published nearly two years ago, urged that "one full-time civilian member of the National Security Council be made responsible for a more effective flow of information relating to the national security." We agree that this should be done. And we believe that the council member should have under him a bipartisan civilian advisory board which would include men with backgrounds of responsible journalistic experience.

The American people need more, not less, information at a time when critical events are bringing government and government controls increasingly into their daily living. If the opposite trend continues, then our individual liberties and our national freedom will be in very real and very grave peril.



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